ON THE ROAD WITH LIZZIE

FRANK L. WENTWORTH

Yours

Frank L Newsworth

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BY

FRANK L. WENTWORTH

OF WINSTED

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DEDICATED

TO SUE, PAULINE AND POLLYANNA,

WHO WERE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH LIZZIE,

AND WHO ASSISTED IN THE PREPARATION

OF HER MEMOIRS

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

We are told that all men are adventurers at heart and that the most prosaic males, timid and retiring though they may seem, like to picture themselves fighting Indians, stalking lions or engaged in hand to hand combat with lawless desperadoes.

This is no new departure, rather it is as old as time itself.

It is reasonable to suppose that as long ago as Adam held sway, impecunious fathers of large families were subjected to the same gruelling interruptions they suffer today. Engaged in mortal combat with a monster Royal Bengal tiger the fateful moment has arrived when the next move threatens to be the last.

Just at this interesting juncture a small voice pipes up, "Poppa, can I have five cents for a lollypop?" or the old lady intimates, with a vinagery smile, if you don't cut some more wood the fire will go out. I didn't make this up, you understand, it is common knowledge, available to all.

The hero of this story is a plain, unassuming man. A man as docile and inconspicuous as the least of the common herd, a fact made evident by years of humdrum effort with no promise of anything spectacular or dramatic. He was born in Connecticut and lived fifty years in his native town, married early and was blessed with a large family. He worked twenty years on one job, seldom went out of town, never got drunk or was arrested, and never did anything to win the applause of

the wicked or worthy. Approaching the age sixty, he had never owned or driven a car. Bumped by an automobile, he was taken to the hospital and the local paper feelingly announced, "In spite of Mr. Blank's advanced years it is hoped he will recover." What more is needed to demonstrate that "Mr. Blank" was a quiet, orderly citizen, staid and commonplace?

And yet, strange as it may seem, one day "Mr. Blank" stepped out, bought a second hand Ford, assembled a camping outfit, and kissing his hand goodbye to his astonished friends and relatives, started out to see the world. During that trip which lasted more than six years, "Mr. Blank" camped in every state in the Union, crossed the country several times and saw many strange sights and had many interesting experiences.

Once while camping near Lake Champlain, he awoke in a blinding snowstorm ushered in by a seventy-mile gale, the roads were drifted deep with snow, and according to the papers hundreds of automobiles in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont were abandoned beside the road. He slept in his tent in Colorado when the mercury registered nineteen below zero.

One summer day in Iowa, he took a short nap while coasting down a hill, missed going off the end of an unguarded bridge by a matter of inches, went through a stout fence, taking off several sturdy posts, and wound up on the brink of a ravine where one fence post was all that kept Lizzie from taking a header into a dirty pool thirty feet below. In the mountains of Colorado a rear hub broke, and without a brake holding, Lizzie plunged headlong down a wild mountain road leading to the floor of the canyon two thousand feet below.

In Arizona one Sunday afternoon in February he shoveled through snowbanks on the continental divide at an elevation of eight thousand feet, and as he labored he could see the marks made by Cannon Ball Baker's high powered car which had preceded him. In the heart of the Mojave Desert he got off the road and out of gas a dozen or more miles from civilization. The day was one of the hottest, but undeterred he did a square heel and toe to Mojave town and got reinforcements.

In the Rocky Mountain region while negotiating a torturous canyon, Lizzie broke down in a wild region, miles from a house or any chance for repairs. It was just before dark on an April afternoon, an unpleasant season of the year in the mountains.

Starting without an overcoat, Mr. Blank climbed out of the canyon to the level country two thousand feet above and walked nineteen miles along an unfrequented highway in quest of a repair shop which he believed was on that road. The night was as black as a stack of black cats and in the darkness he passed the shop without seeing it. At eleven P. M., deciding that he had missed the place he was looking for, he built a fire beside the road and prepared to spend the night. But why write more? Surely enough has been written to demonstrate that there is hope for us all. That old and decrepit men with one foot in the grave and the other slipping, when the occasion arises, are often capable of extraordinary effort and unusual exertion, and that the path to adventure is barred by no insurmountable wall.

Frank L. Wentworth

LIZZIE AND THE AUTHOR

CHAPTER I

The Start

It was in June 1924 that I served notice on my immediate heirs and assigns, consisting of Pauline and Pollyanna, that on the following July first I should start on a camping trip of indefinite duration. They scouted the idea, they were curious but skeptical. "A camping trip, and alone, why you are too old and you don't know anything about a car. How will you live? In a tent, it was ridiculous, and what was the idea?"

I explained to them with some trepidation that I needed a vacation, that I had worked like a horse for many years and that I craved a rest. They took issue with me there, insisting that I never had worked like a horse. It was preposterous, but I stuck to my guns, with mental reservations concerning all of the horses I had seen grazing on the greensward and never doing a tap of work. Despite their objections, promptly on the first day of the following month, with Lizzie loaded to the gunwales, I pulled out of the old home town and started on a camping trip which has lasted more than six years and has carried me into every state in the Union. Once a staid married man and head of a large family, up to my ears in debt and with my poor old nose continuously on the grindstone, now a rover on the face of the earth. Clutching the throttle of a tin Lizzie I leave behind me a cloud of dust, sleep in an eight by ten tent and cook my meals on a decrepit sheet iron stove.

I have camped in places so dry that the vegetation was engaged in a life and death struggle for existence, in regions so wet that a boat was a prime necessity, in sections hot enough to make a salamander faint and in places cold enough to bring tears to the eyes of a polar bear, and through it all I have enjoyed life to the utmost. Enjoyed life as only those can who are favored with good health, who eat well, sleep well, and view the world as a passing show. My first flight was a short one. Starting, as I have stated, on the first day of July, 1924, I drove to an isolated spot in the town of Colebrook and made preparations to camp on the land of a friendly farmer.

My plans were delightfully indefinite, I had little idea of where I should go or how long I should stay, but at any rate I was on my way. Nearly forty years before, I had lived in a mining camp in Colorado, and it seemed probable that I might visit that camp; aside from that my plans were decidedly hazy.

More immediate problems confronted me. My equipment consisted of a second hand Ford car of the style called Suburban, an eight by ten wall tent, three large chests containing my provisions, extra clothing and bedding, a sheet iron camp stove, a 32-quart milk can for water, and a supply of cooking utensils and table ware sufficient for my modest needs.

Pitching my tent with the clumsy grace of an amateur, I placed two of the chests end to end at the farther end, on these I slept, excepting occasionally when I slept on the grass outside.

My bedding was in one of the two chests, and to fix my bed I had only to raise the cover, take out my camp

mattress, blankets and pillow, arrange them on the chests and my bed was made. In the morning I rolled up the bedding and dropped it in the chest where it was out of the dirt and dust until needed again. This arrangement was so satisfactory that I have followed it with little variation all of the time I have been on the road. As the weather was warm and sultry I set up the sheet iron stove outside the tent, putting on a length of stove pipe to give it draft, though in most of my camping since, I have had it inside the tent. As there was an abundance of dry wood in the vicinity the matter of fuel did not bother me.

Wild strawberries were just in their prime when my camp life started, and I have seldom seen them in greater profusion than in the field where my tent was pitched. They were in big red, juicy clusters, as sweet as honey, and so abundant that it took little time to pick all one person could use.

I made the most of them while they lasted and was sorry to see them go. Down in the wood below my camp was a spring of clear, sparkling water as cold as ice, and easily within reach, what milk I needed I got from the friendly farmer who owned the land. I stayed there a month and lived high on a bill of fare which would be hard to duplicate. I gathered strawberries, raspberries, and blueberries from the nearby hills, I whipped the neighboring brooks for trout, and bringing home my catches cooked them in generous supply on the sheet iron stove.

I visited the small ponds in the vicinity and came back loaded with pickerel, bull heads, frogs legs, and fresh water clams, which I cooked and served at my humble

board. I played chess, cribbage and pinochle with the men of the neighborhood, and Lizzie and I took the "women folks" on jaunts about the country. All in all it was a very pleasant month.

Exactly a month from the day I started camping, I pulled down my tent at Hilltop Camp and started for the Connecticut Shore. I had long had a desire to spend some time at the shore but the opportunity had never come my way, now my hopes were to be realized. A little after mid-day, following an uneventful trip Lizzie and I pulled into a pretty little shore resort located between New Haven and Bridgeport. I never had been in the place before so it was new territory to me.

There was a public beach where countless bathers disported themselves; children splashed in the water and farther out on the bar men were raking for clams. That interested me, for round clams appeal to me and I watched the rakers with keen delight. The tide interested me, too, for I had spent little time at the shore and though I had read much about it, I had never had the opportunity to watch its coming in and going out. So I loitered on the beach watching the tide, the bathers, the numerous autos, coming and going, and the men raking clams until the sun warned me it was time to find a camp-site. I had hoped that I could pitch my tent on the beach, but about the first thing I saw on my arrival was a notice declaring that no camping was permitted on the beach. That settled it, and there was clearly nothing to do but to start Lizzie and seek a place where we could make camp. I drove back through town and out into the rural neighborhood to the north of it. Stopping at numerous scattered farm houses, I made inquiries about

that prospective camp site but met with little success. Evidently the people were not accustomed to accommodating campers, and the idea did not appeal to them. Perhaps I did not make a good impression on them, and in some instances they did not look good to me. At last I found a farmer who was in a receptive frame of mind. He had a large mowing in which the grass was cut; there were apple trees for shade, and it was far back from the road. There was a pump in the yard supplying excellent water, and he had milk and vegetables for sale. When he said that I could camp there for the modest charge of fifty cents a week, I could hardly restrain myself from falling on his neck.

I camped there seven weeks, and I don't recall ever spending seven weeks more pleasantly. After my arrival I bought a clam rake, and from that time on until I took my departure the clams got no rest. And such clams! Thin shelled, white and clean, they were enough to make a clam eater's mouth water.

I had them raw, steamed, fried and in chowder, and in every style they were all that clams ought to be. They were not so numerous that there was any danger of their becoming a drug on the market, but just plenty enough so that persistent raking provided an ample supply. There were crabs in abundance, and they added zest to the occasion and contributed a pleasing variety to the bill of fare. Snapper blues, which doubtless everyone knows, are small blue fish, just as appetizing and tasty as the larger blue fish, were just coming in, and they provided additional sport. When the tide was in and sea sports waned, there was the Old Wheel Club where sundry good fellows gathered afternoon and evening to

play chess, checkers, cribbage and pinochle. Ah! those were happy days, and days to be long remembered, days filled with good living and good fellowship. My little camp was in an ideal location, so near the town yet so secluded that it gave one the feeling of being far from civilization. To reach it from the beach, the way lead through the center of the town and along rural roads and shady lanes to a barway in an old rail fence, and through the barway along the greensward down to where my tent stood beckoning. One day in late September I pulled down my tent in the farmer's orchard and took a farewell look at my sea shore camp ground, for the time had arrived when I was to bid farewell to the "Nutmeg State" and head for the boundless West.

At the last moment Pauline decided to accompany me and secured a month's leave of absence from the place where she was employed. It was on a pleasant morning in early autumn when Pauline and I said our last farewells, climbed aboard, and turning Lizzie's head toward the land of the setting sun rolled out of Winsted in a cloud of dust. Our way lead through Otis, Pittsfield and Albany, and along the main highway from Albany to Buffalo. West of Amsterdam we sighted the White Orchard Camp ground. As night was not far distant we decided that the White Orchard looked inviting enough to get our trade and accordingly we drove in and selected a place to camp. There was water and wood, and all of the essentials required for comfortable camping. An ice cream and soft drink establishment fronting the highway was the business headquarters.

After we had pitched our tent, a man came around with a book and invited us to register, taking down our

starting point, destination and the number of our car. That done he collected a fifty cent fee and departed. There was no sign of life in the ice cream parlor the next morning as we loaded the car and made ready to start. I was drawing water at the rear of the booth and noticing a little tent which was located a short distance from the faucet, went over to investigate. It looked as if it might be used for storage purposes and had a diamond-shaped opening in the front. I walked up to it and took a leisurely view of the interior. One of the proprietors lay on a cot at the farther side of the tent and as I stopped, he sat up, evidently prepared to negotiate with me, but as I had seen more than I had planned to see, and had learned the secret of the little tent, I passed on. The next night we camped at the Newark, N. Y. public camp ground. Approaching the town we swung sharply to the left, crossed a high bridge and were soon in the busy business center of a thriving town. Spying a policeman on the curb, I decided to stop at the first convenient spot and go back and interview him on the subject of camp grounds. Easier said than done. I am able, at times, to get past traffic officers and even break traffic regulations with fair success, but when it comes to getting past Pauline when she is on the main deck, that is another thing, and finding a place to park is thereby greatly complicated. She positively will not let you park near a hydrant, or between here and the corner, or on this side of the street, and so, fretting and fuming and struggling ineffectually to park, the policeman faded away in the dim and foggy distance. At last I caught Pauline off her guard, while she was looking at a piece of millinery, parked the car, stepped out on

the sidewalk and started back in quest of the white man's hope. He was right there, fastened to the spot, no doubt, since he had had ample time to disappear, and he possessed all the information I needed. There was a public camp ground right across the river. Go back, across the bridge and turn to the left, or, (he seemed to sense that I was not a free agent) go straight ahead, take your first right, cross the river on another bridge, and come back.

I followed the latter course, with Pauline's consent, and we soon arrived at our destination. In contrast to our last camp, nothing could be more remote or isolated, absolutely no signs of civilization. A large, waste area, treeless excepting small clumps of shrubby locusts, with a little grass, which was fairly luxuriant. There was a new shed, tables, benches, toilets, and a standpipe with running water. There was no officer or caretaker present, and not a tent or soul in sight, nevertheless it looked like a very comfortable and satisfactory place to camp. There was no wood save a sparse supply of dead limbs and twigs from the dwarfed locusts, but we managed comfortably.

Late in the evening a solitary auto hove in sight, and the party, consisting of a middle-aged man, a young man and a young woman, pitched their tent a hundred yards away. Waking about 4:00 A. M. I was conscious of a mumble of voices, then I took another nap and when I awoke about 6:30 our neighbors were gone. "Ships that pass in the night!" The next morning was overcast and in the forenoon a light, drizzling rain set in. It proved to be the only rainy day in more than six weeks of pleasant weather. That night just as it was turning dark

we pulled into Niagara Falls and inquired the way to the camp ground, which was out some thirty blocks from the center and on the road to Buffalo. It was level, grassy and of considerable size, with parallel roads and crossroads laid out through it and rows of young trees marking the lines of the highways. From the looks it might have been the beginning of a rural park, or merely an unbuilt residential section of the city. There was an office for the caretaker and a building larger than any we had seen containing wash rooms and toilets, neatly kept and lighted by electricity. A number of cars were parked on the ground, and there was a pleasing variety of variously colored and shaped tents.

There was no wood available excepting small, scattered branches and rubbish. We had a small gasoline stove, and that seemed to be the regular equipment of most of the camers, but owing to the coldness of the nights, we had discarded our gas stove and used the wood stove which was capable of making our camp very cosy, the subject of fuel therefore interested us.

I made the rounds of the waste paper cans and collected several arms full of newspapers, cornflake containers and like inflammable material, and with this supply of fuel we got along nicely. We stayed at the falls the next day and following night, and Thursday morning packed up in fair season to resume our journey. It was a cold morning, with frost so thick that coasting would have been quite possible, and while I was trying to coax the refractory Lizzie, a man from the next tent called over and offered to lend a hand. I had supposed that he was alone, but when I went over a little later to inquire about the road, a young and decidedly good-looking

woman appeared and when I asked her if the boss was around (a question designed to avoid complications) she assured me very sweetly that "Daddy had just gone after a pail of water." They were from Washington state and had not been on the road long.

Heading toward Buffalo on that crisp autumn morning, Niagara Falls was soon a part of the remote background. I am not much of a driver, I cheerfully concede that. I had driven only a little while and not more than four thousand miles in distance. To be sure, during my brief season of practice I had been up and down the Naugatuck valley several times, negotiated sections of the Boston Post Road quite frequently, and strange to say had never had an accident. But since I have been driving under Pauline's supervision I wonder more and more how I ever did it.

She certainly is a marvel. She sees everything, hears everything and imagines much more. She is prepared at all times to warn you against the results of your incapacity and recklessness. I have often thought she would be better if she wore blinders, and then again I have wondered if she wouldn't see too much if she were blindfolded. The subject intrigues me and sometime when she is especially good natured I hope to persuade her to let me experiment. That morning after leaving Niagara Falls we negotiated the outskirts of Buffalo and after an uneventful run, camped near the close of day in a little settlement answering to the striking name of North East, located in the northeastern part of Pennsylvania. A filling station stood in front of the camp ground, which consisted of a piece of smooth ground, flanked by one or two knolls with a few shade trees, and equipped with

fireplaces, running water and the usual outbuildings. On one side was a triangular pile of fence rails, carrying the suggestion that they might be designed for fuel, and nearer our camp a partly demolished rail which we appropriated. There were no cars there when we arrived, but they came straggling in during the evening. Before we left next morning, all but one had departed. The country we passed through that day was apparently untouched by frost. The cornfields were as green as in mid-summer and countless fields of grapes, ripe and luscious, hung upon the vines. We passed through Cleveland and along toward night camped in the outskirts of Elyria, Ohio. A filling station with not more land than would make a decent flower garden provided our camp ground.

After we had dispatched our supper I proposed to Pauline that we do the town and take in the movies. I have forgotten to mention that owing to Pauline's strenuous duties as master of motive power, it has been her custom to fall asleep immediately after supper and remain in a comatose state until sun-up the next morning. The course of procedure has always been the same. Right after supper she produces a copy of last month's magazine which she brought from Nutmegville, placing the light at the proper angle, she props herself up in a comfortable position and inside of five minutes is snoring to beat the band. At Niagara Falls I tried to persuade her to start for the white light district, but failed ignominiously. On the present occasion I started agitation at supper and waged a vigorous campaign, but all to no purpose. She said she was too tired, and needed the rest. So I started from camp alone in quest of the great

white way. Our camp was on the main road from Buffalo to Chicago, the No. 2 highway of Ohio, as indicated by the neat iron markers shaped like the state of Ohio and painted yellow with a large black 2 in the center. Looking from our camp down the street, comfortable looking residences were fairly numerous. It looked, in fact, like the outskirts of a prosperous place. As I hurried along in the darkness, I came suddenly upon a tall, colored gentleman who stood near the sidewalk, evidently trying to attract the attention of someone in one of the houses. He had something wrapped around his neck which in the dim light looked like a spotted adder, and his general appearance was somewhat grotesque. I inquired the distance to Elyria. "'Bout two miles, suh, turn to the lef' and follow the car track. Yes, suh, yo can't miss it."

I had gone about a half-mile at a brisk pace when I heard someone coming behind me. It was fairly dark, the sidewalk was deserted, but the party coming was traveling with the speed of a greyhound. In a moment he overtook me; it was the tall colored gentleman with the mottled neck. "Yes, suh, thought if yo didn't min', I'd walk with yo. No, suh, not goin' clear to town, but part way, suh. Yes, suh, some ways to town, but when yo used to it, yo don't min' it, suh, I make it so often I don't think nothin' 'bout it, suh. Only when I come out 'bout two o'clock in the mawnin', suh, then I don't like it. Too many holdups, suh. Mighty fine weather, suh. Got a letter from a fren' out in Ioway telling of a big rain, suh. Water eight feet deep in the main street. Notice how I'm rigged up, suh? He! He! Yes, suh, goin' to a Hallowe'en party. Yes, suh, goin' to be sev-

eral along right soon. Well, good-bye, suh. Got to leave you now, suh. Mighty glad I met yo. Yes, suh turn to the lef' and follow the car tracks. Yo can't miss it."

And so in due season I arrived in the white light district of Elyria, a prosperous appearing place with large stores all brilliantly lighted. I strolled about the town and studied its various attractions, looked in the store windows, talked with men on the sidewalks and sampled a few soft drinks. When I could think of nothing further to do, I took in the movies and witnessed a stirring drama centered in Paris. It was late when I started for camp and as I hurried along the deserted sidewalks in the blackness of that autumn night, I visualized the hold-ups which so distressed Mistah Coon when he was homeward bound. The next morning we breakfasted early, packed up and were soon on the road. Much of that day we drove past fields of corn and ripening grapes, and along the highway in front of the farmhouses were stands loaded with grapes and other fruits for sale. That night we camped just west of Toledo, at a little camp ground near Maumee, Ohio. It was back of a filling station, in an orchard, and after we had pitched our tent and had supper we went down to the filling station and spent a pleasant evening with the proprietor and his wife.

When the man learned that I was going to Colorado Springs he was interested at once. "I know a man there, one of the finest men in the world," he said. "Came from Toledo, used to be in the liquor business and is pretty well fixed now. You go and see him and tell him I sent you. Don't forget it—or perhaps I'd better write his name on a slip of paper, so you won't

make a mistake. His name is Joe Boleder and he lives at the Annie Oakley place." The next night we stopped at a camp ground ten miles east of South Bend, Ind. It was a private ground located in a large and sightly grove flanked by the four tracks of the New York Central, and all night long Twentieth Century Limiteds or heavy freights flew past or lumbered by, as the case might be. After we had pitched our tent, a tall, pleasant-faced young woman, very capable and helpful, called on us, invited us to register and collected the camp fee. It was here that we met the man from Minnesota who traveled with his family in a luxuriously equipped house on wheels. He was a man of means, who was sure that Coolidge would carry Minnesota, and had little use for La Follette. It was here, also, that we met the gentleman from the Black Hills. In fact he camped just beyond us and I won his good graces by offering my axe to drive down his tent pegs. He came in a little Ford, with a Black Hills pennant fluttering in the breeze. He was tall and wore a ten gallon hat and cooked his supper over a little campfire, holding his bear meat, hot dogs or whatever he cooked on pointed sticks.

In the course of our conversation he confirmed the news forwarded by Mistah Coon's fr'en' concerning the big rain in Iowa, with more illuminating information about the depth of the mud when it rained in that state. Despite the fact that he hailed from a section where things are notoriously wild and dreadful, he was greatly impressed by the dispatch with which things moved in Chicago. "They sure do put you through that town, Bo," he remarked to me. "I cum through yisterday, drove plum through on Main street. There was a lot of us, and

we was pikin' right along. I was doin' twenty-five miles an hour, and some was doin' better, when a mounted police rode up alongside. It looked like he was goin' to pinch me for speedin', and I aimed to tell him that some was doin' better, when he asked me couldn't I drive a little faster.'' The Black Hills man's old home was back in Ohio, but he seemed doubtful whether he should eventually go there, or not; he had doubts whether things would look right to him in the east, like a stranger in a strange land.

Leaving that camp ground about the usual time, our next objective was Gary, Indiana, where Sue, who lived in Chicago planned to meet us the next morning. We reached Gary early in the afternoon and drove in to get the lay of the land and to notify Sue by telephone of our arrival. That done, I strolled up Broadway, as the main street is called, and meeting a policeman, inquired about camp grounds. From him I learned that the only camp ground was two or three miles back on the road we had followed in. Going back to the car, we started for the camp ground. In driving up Broadway, we discovered that no left hand turns were permitted. Even Pauline's resourcefulness failed her at this juncture, but I solved the problem by running past the street, turning around on Broadway, and then coming back and making a right-hand turn. A criminal offense of aggravated degree, as I learned when it was too late. Only the fact that the bluecoats were all concentrated in another part of the city saved me from fitting punishment.

Unconscious of the enormity of my offense, we were sailing gaily eastward toward the haven of rest when a bluecoat stepped out into the road and held up his hand.

It seemed that there was a penalty of fifty dollars for driving on the boulevard with a truck body. We were on the boulevard and had a truck body, the officer said, and we didn't dare dispute with him. He finally explained how we could go to the camp ground without driving on the boulevard, and let us proceed with a reprimand. Reaching the camp ground, we drove in and were soon stuck in a sandy spot in the road, and so well stuck that every effort we made to get out only served to get us in deeper. From this predicament we were rescued by the combined assistance of all the campers.

These national highways upon which we were traveling, and about which there is so much comment in the papers are not newly constructed roads, in most cases, but consist in the linking together of the most available sections of roads already in use, and frequently, nationally known roads lap each other and follow the same highway for miles. As an illustration, on one occasion we were on the Buffalo and Chicago, Yellowstone Trail and Lincoln Highway at the same time.

On the following morning we made a brave attempt at an early start, but failed ignominiously and found to our discomfiture that Sue had been waiting for us in Gary the better part of an hour. Sue had canvassed the situation from all angles and had decided that the nearest available camp ground in Chicago was in Beverly Hills Forest Preserve, which turned out to be about steenteen miles from the city hall and about as far from any human habitation. As it seemed to be our best bet, with resolute hearts we set our faces toward Beverly Hills, and I must admit that that concluding phrase, Forest Preserve, had a mighty pleasant sound to me. I had

been hunting wood for a long time without much success, and it seemed as if a Forest Preserve would be the proper place to look for it.

After a long, complicated and circuitous drive, we came in sight of the Beverly Hills Golf Links, and the girls got out and started for the club house to inquire about the camp ground, while I took a much needed rest. The man at the club house did not feel qualified to advise them, but directed them to the sheriff's residence a quarter of a mile in another direction.

I have no doubt that his intentions were of the best, but as for me, I make it a point never to go hunting for sheriffs, traffic officers and such, always assuming that if they wish to see me they are perfectly competent to arrange a meeting without my help.

Fortunately, the sheriff was away from home, but his wife was on the job and gave the girls much useful information.

Following her directions, we drove out past the camp ground which was a pretty scrubby affair, without much forest preserve so far as I could see, and finally arrived at the corner of Ashland Avenue and 87th Street. This part of the program was due to the fact that Pauline was to stay with Sue in the city, while yours truly was ticketed for Beverly Hills.

When I had seen them safely on a trolley, headed toward town, I breathed a sigh of relief and let out my belt a few notches. I was a free agent now, and my own boss. I went into a drug store, had a coke and jollied the girl who waited on me. I drove down the street ten blocks and bought some magazines and an evening paper, two blocks in another direction and got some milk for the

commissary department, and back onto Ashland Avenue, where I had some ice cream and other refreshments.

When I could think of nothing further to do and realizing that night was fast approaching, I headed for the Beverly Hills Forest Preserve, and drove in over the bumpiest road I ever negotiated. There were several tents there, back from the road and whenever the condition of the road permitted it I gave them an appraising look. The campers looked a little more wild and wooly than any we had encountered. They cooked over open fires and the dogs and children were more numerous, prowling around and yapping and yelling with lawless abandon. I pitched my tent in a grassy spot under a large tree, had supper and settled down to spend a quiet evening. It was dark, but the darkness was dissipated by the flaring camp fires, and the stillness was broken by the barking of dogs and the wailing of children.

I spent the next day in Chicago sightseeing, and just as it was turning dark boarded a trolley headed for the Forest Preserve. It was nearly dark when I reached the little lunch counter at Ashland and 87th Street, where I stopped for refreshments, and quite dark before I arrived at camp. It was a picturesque scene which greeted me as I followed the bumpy road through the camp ground to my tent, which stood well back. The tents, the roaring camp fires, lighting the pitch darkness, the children and dogs romping before the fires, the dim figures flitting through the shadowy spaces beyond the firelight, all served to make a picture of unusual interest. I had had serious doubts about the advisability of going away and leaving things at the mercy of the ungodly, but I found nothing disturbed.

After preparing and eating supper, I took the axe and secured from a neighboring stump all of the wood I needed to keep fire, then hanging up my lantern in a good position, settled down to spend the evening over the papers I had brought from town.

The next day the program was much the same. I went into town in the morning, met the girls, spent the day in sightseeing, and when the shades of evening began to fall boarded the trolley for Beverly Hills. The following day, shortly after noon, Sue, Pauline, and I joined forces and again turned Lizzie's head toward the land of the setting sun. Sue had a girl friend in Chicago whose parents lived in Marengo, Ill., eighty miles to the northwest, and nothing would do but we must visit Marengo as the guests of these hospitable friends.

We reached there shortly after five o'clock and received a royal welcome. That night I slept in a bed, the first time in nearly three months and the second time since starting on my camping career on July 1st. I slept well, too, but not any better than when I lay rolled in my blankets with the stars twinkling overhead. Our next objective was Iowa City, Iowa. Here I must confess, we were disappointed in the attitude of Sue, who so far from looking forward to a night in the open, cooking on the camp stove and sleeping on the ground, seemed bent on reaching Iowa City, where a house and modern conveniences awaited us. We crossed the Mississippi at Clinton, Iowa, and on the approach of night camped on the pleasant little camp ground of Wheatlands, some forty miles from Iowa City. The next morning we drove into Iowa City, where we planned to stay for an indefinite period. In Iowa City, the girls lived in the house and

I lived in my tent, set up in the Geologist's door yard, where I prepared my rations as suited my fancy, and led the same free and easy existence I had followed all summer. To be sure I went in the house from time to time, for there was a girl of nineteen living there who played chess, an unusual combination, and chess is my favorite pastime. While in Iowa City, we took in one of the big football games and saw Iowa trounce Minnesota, attended a Hallowe'en party at a club house in the woods, up the river, and saw much of the life which prevails in a university town, for in a university town nothing exists but the university and students.

CHAPTER II

Westward Ho

After a short stay in Iowa City, the morning arrived when, sitting in the driver's seat, I turned Lizzie's head toward the Golden Gate and took a farewell look at the receding shapes and shadows of the proud old town. In the drivers seat, I said, but with this difference, that now I was not only driver but master of motive power and chief cook and bottle washer.

I had, it is true, two passengers in the form of Pauline and the little chess player, but they were only passengers and knew their place. At the last moment they had decided to ride out with me and walk back. Ten miles was the distance set at first but the morning was so fine and the lure of the road was so great that they rode twenty miles before they left me.

It was a warm autumn day, so warm that it was uncomfortable, with a south wind blowing a gale. All day it blew across my course, and so violently that much of the time I could not see the road, though putting down the curtains on that side of the Ford gave some relief. It had been my intention to camp west of Des Moines that night, but the roads were not of the best, and as the afternoon advanced the sky grew dark and threatening. About five o'clock, when I was still ten miles east of the capitol, I pulled up at a gas station and inquired for the nearest camp ground. It was not two hundred yards from the station, and so highly recommended by the gas man that I lost no time in getting there. There was a

nice little grove, with a log cabin, running water, abundant wood supply, and not a car, tent or soul in sight. The storm, which had become more ominous looking during the last few minutes, now seemed ready to break. As I dragged off the tent and unfastened the tent poles, the thunder was rumbling heavily and brilliant flashes of lightning seamed the sky. By the time I had driven in the four corner tent pegs and raised the tent, it was pouring. Dragging and tumbling the things out of the car into the tent, I put on a raincoat and seizing the axe, went out and hammered in the remaining pegs and tightened the tent up just in time, for the wind was blowing a hurricane.

The temperature had fallen rapidly with the breaking of the storm, so making a fire in my sheet iron stove with some of the dry wood I carried in the car, I was soon cooking supper and toasting my shins while the rain beat upon the tent and the wind kept it straining at the ropes. It was still raining when I turned in, but along toward morning, when I awoke, the stars were shining brightly and the mercury had fallen at least twenty degrees.

The next morning I passed through Des Moines, on my way to Omaha. It had been my original intention to cross the Missouri River at Nebraska City, and turning south strike the Pike's Peak and Ocean to Ocean Highway, leading direct to Colorado Springs, but the man at the gas station, who knew all the ins and outs of the road, advised me that I would have better roads if I went by way of Omaha.

When I left Iowa City, though I did not know it at the time, I was on the D. L. D. Highway (the Detroit, Lin-

coln and Denver), marked by a white band on the telephone poles with the symbol "D.D." And this road, which is identical much of the way with the National White Way No. 7, leads through Omaha. When I was some sixty miles east of the city, as it was getting late in the afternoon, I began to look for a camp site, and soon discovered a large sign reading "Camp at Lewis' Crystal Lake Camp Ground." That certainly looked good to me, for it reminded me of Crystal Lake Villa, and I had a vision of secluded camp ground, owned by a benevolent gentleman named Lewis, situated in the neck of the woods by a beautiful crystal lake. I needed a quart of milk, so I stopped at the next house to buy milk and inquire about that ideal camp ground. They had no milk, but the camp ground was a reality and located just six miles south. "You can't miss it," the lady said. I had no speedometer, so looked at my watch, made a rapid calculation and started for that scene of solitude. When I had gone about six miles, I stopped for further instructions. I confess I was a little disappointed; things did not look as secluded as I had hoped, in fact the houses seemed to be getting thicker every minute.

"Two blocks west and one block south," the man said That is like them out here. A compass is an absolute necessity. For instance, you ask a man the way to Omaha and he tells you something like this: "Go straight till you come to the next school house, then go south six miles. When you strike the gravel road, go west seven miles till you pass the Sinclair filling station. Take the second right beyond the gas station and go eight miles north till you strike the paving and that takes you

straight to Omaha." But to return to the search for Mr. Lewis' camp ground. I followed directions and inquired again. "In the park beyond the white house," said my informant. There was no fence around the shady little park, so I drove in and pitched my tent. If you can imagine a weary traveler driving into the park and pitching his tent in front of Joe Carroll's hardware store you will get a faint idea of how secluded I felt, for the park in Winsted is a quiet spot compared with the place in which I found myself. A band stand leaned against my tent, a church stood at one end of the park, a row of stores extended down one side and along the other end, while right back of my tent was a row of residences so near that I could have tossed brick bats through several windows. Across the park a big gas engine hitched to a brick building barked at the top of it's voice all the evening. And, as if this were not enough, it was Hallowe'-en, and as the evening advanced, tin Lizzies tore through the streets on errands of fancied deviltry, while the raucous yells of wayward bucks and the smothered squeals of their feminine assistants churned the night air.

I saw nothing of the benevolent Mr. Lewis, or of Crystal Lake, but later in the evening I went over to one of the stores to make a purchase. A little girl waited on me, a fair-haired, timid little thing, with a voice so faint that it was not much more than a whisper. "What place is this?" I asked as I turned to leave. She told me, but so faintly I could not catch the name, and finally she spelled it. "The name is L-e-w-i-s," she said.

I went back to my tent and undertook to read the paper, but the hilarity of the revellers waxed faster and more furious. Whether to keep my lights burning, be

pelted with flying rutabagas and receive visiting delegations or turn in and wake in the morning to find part of my furniture missing was the problem. But all's well that ends well, according to the old saying, and in the morning I still retained the major portion of my possessions.

That morning, when I broke camp, I filled my large milk can with water, highly recommended by a native, and when everything was safe aboard, started for Council Bluffs. I have been through that section several times by train, but it all looks different when one travels by auto. The roads are clay, as hard as concrete when they are dry, but when they are wet they must be at least knee deep. When they are dry and smooth they are as shiny as concrete, and when they are dry and rough they are rougher than a cat's back.

It is a rolling country, and I thought I knew what a rolling country was, but I never visited one where it rolled as hard as that. It is all up and down, with steeper grades than you can find on any state road in Connecticut—a succession of ridges lying close together. You go up a hill fifty or a hundred feet in height, slide down into a little valley, cross a flat of perhaps a hundred yards and go up another hill so steep that it does not seem possible the car can make it, and this continues for an indefinite distance.

On one occasion I was going up one of the longest and steepest of these hills and near the top, when Lizzie choked once or twice and died, and I had no self starter and my emergency brake would not hold, so I couldn't get out to hold a post mortem. It was unnecessary, in fact, for she died of a disease to which Fords are pe-

culiarly susceptible—not enough gas to make the grade. Nothing to do but to back down the hill and go back to town, three miles distant, and get a fresh supply. That done, she went over the hill like a wildcat.

Later that morning I passed through Council Bluffs, paid toll on the bridge crossing the muddy Missouri and rolled into Omaha. I didn't go through the congested district, but it was congested enough where I did go through. At one place a traffic officer blew his whistle and held up his hand so suddenly that I stalled Lizzie on the spot, and as it was on a steep grade I was in the same fix that I was on the hill, she wouldn't stand for me to get out and crank her. Fortunately there was a space in the traffic behind me, so I backed down against the curb, cranked her and went on as smart as you please.

A little later, when I was going along, attending strictly to my own business, a bluecoat held up his hand and halted me in the middle of a cross street. He looked pretty sour, and I could see that he had a long and dirty speech prepared, but when I looked around and saw the traffic piling up around me, I said to him (taking pains that he didn't hear me) "Make it snappy, old boy, my neighbors are in an awful hurry," and, as usual, I was right about it, for he had to send me along before he got the speech well started.

A curious thing happened here. I stopped at a news stand to buy a Chicago Tribune. It was Saturday, about noon. "Saturday's or Sunday's?" asked the clerk. I took Saturday's. That ought to have enlightened me, but it didn't. Consequently, on Sunday when I bought a Sunday Tribune to get the Saturday football scores I found it didn't have them in.

That night I camped on the public camp ground of Greenwoods, Neb., twenty miles east of Lincoln. There was one other auto party camping there, a family of seven, moving from Wisconsin to California. The man came over to call. Besides his wife, there were two rather pretty girls in knickers and three smaller children. They had intended to go by way of Colorado Springs and New Mexico, but reports of deep snow in the mountains caused them to change their plans and select a more southerly route through Oklahoma.

That was a plain, primitive camp ground, made with an axe and a bucksaw. Even the toilets looked as if they had been hewed out by main strength and they had no roofs, suggesting that stormy weather was uncommon or that tourists were not expected to linger during the rainy season.

That morning I passed through Lincoln, made famous as the stamping ground of William Jennings Bryan, and later the home town of Brother Charley. It was an ideal autumn day, warm and sunny, with just enough politics in the air to make it interesting.

Shortly before dark I pulled into Hastings, Neb., and camped at the public camp ground. This was the most up-to-date camp ground I had encountered—a large grove, lighted by electricity, with roads laid out through it, a large building, roofing over a roomy unfloored space containing tables and seats, with room enough to drive cars in beside the tables. Another neat stucco or concrete building, lighted by electricity, contained a kitchen and dining-room all equipped. Here, through the windows, I could see the wives and daughters of the campers preparing supper and men and children surrounded

by the comforts of home, waiting for their evening meal. While I was pitching my tent an elderly man came around with the usual book and took down the usual statistics, informing me how many nights I was entitled to stay, that auto repairing, excepting tire repairs, was not permitted on the grounds, and that I would find hot water in the kitchen, etc.

Here I met the man from Oregon. He and his wife left Oregon in the spring, driving an old Buick. He had traded the Buick for a Maxwell and eighty dollars, the Maxwell for a Chevrolet and fifty dollars, the Chevrolet for two Fords, had sold one of the Fords for seventy-five dollars, and figured that he had paid all expenses and had money enough to get back to Oregon, but was worried about snow in the Yellowstone trail.

There were a dozen or fifteen autos camped here, which is a good many considering the lateness of the season.

Morning, and I was on the road again. At Arapahoe, Neb., I took the Red Star Highway for Norton, Kans., leaving my old friend, the National White Way, No. 7, behind me, and it seemed like leaving an old friend, too, for more than five hundred miles through Iowa and Nebraska I had followed that broad white band on the poles with the large seven or the symbol "D. D." till I felt lost without it, but I was going to Colorado Springs and could save nearly a hundred miles by not going to Denver.

That night, about five o'clock, I rolled into Norton, Kans., and stopping at a filling station, asked for road maps. "Where are you going?" "Colorado Springs." "You don't need any maps. Just follow that mark on the poles." I looked where he pointed and saw a pole

with with a crimson band above a white one, and on the white the symbol of the Pike's Peak and Ocean to Ocean Highway.

I camped that night on the Norton public camp ground. If I was looking for a secluded camp ground, I certainly didn't miss it this time. It was one of the most isolated and remote places, though not far removed from the city, and reached by the most circuitous and devious road I have ever followed. A grove with little bridges across dry water courses, the toilet house, substantially built, equipped with running water and lighted by electricity, the doors wide open and banging in the wind which whistled through the tree tops. A scene of utter desolation, not a sign of a human habitation in sight and nobody home but yours truly.

I was now in western Kansas and after my start the next morning and as I approached the Colorado line, the range of vision seemed to expand and the landscape unfolded on a larger, broader, clearer scale. This was not only due to the wider range of vision but to the wonderful brilliancy of the atmosphere, which makes objects miles distant stand forth clear and distinct.

After leaving Norton, Kans., I got off the road and by the time I had discovered my mistake and had retraced to the Pike's Peak Highway I had wasted a good ten miles. The cause of my blunder was due to the fact that I was on the main road to Denver and did not turn off when the road forked for Colorado Springs.

Late that afternoon I entered Colorado and just before dark pitched my camp at Burlington, at an elevation over four thousand feet. Burlington is on the plains, and there is nothing about the surrounding country to

suggest the elevation. The mountains are to the west, and not yet in sight, while the rise from the Mississippi is so gradual that it is not noticeable. I camped on the public camp ground, which was a bare, shelterless area in the outskirts of the town. Two other outfits pulled in during the evening. After putting up the tent and making everything secure I started for the business section, and, locating a restaurant, indulged in a porterhouse steak with fried onions and French fried potatoes and later took in the show at the local theater.

The next morning I started on the last lap of my journey to Colorado Springs, where, if I found weather conditions favorable, I planned to stay for an indefinite period. In the course of the forenoon I overtook a tall man carrying a handbag, and though lone motorists are advised not to pick up strangers, I gave him a ride, and we were soon engaged in conversation. He was extremely dark and sallow and talked with a peculiar drawl which made me think that he might be a Mexican or a Cuban, but it soon developed that he was a native of Missouri, a small farmer suffering from poor health and blessed or burdened, according to the way you look at it, with a large famliy. He owned a small farm in Missouri, barely sufficient to support his family, and had started out with the hope of benefiting his health and finding a locality that would yield a larger income.

A hazardous undertaking at best, and in his case doubly so, it seemed, for he had always lived in a farming country and evidently knew no other way to make a living, while eastern Colorado is a dangerous place for small farmers, owing to the limited rainfall. I quite liked the man, the more I talked with him, and sympa-

thized with him in the seriousness of his outlook, for he couldn't seem to grasp the idea that there were other lines of work more profitable than farming. He left me at Limon to look at some farming property in the vicinity of Hugo.

That afternoon I crossed the divide and the Rocky Mountains in all their grandeur with Pike's Peak in the center of the picture, loomed up before me. In the immediate foreground they appeared, though at the time they were some forty miles distant. That was my first sight of snow for the season. The mountains were fairly well covered, the higher peaks with thick blankets.

It was a little after dark when I struck the paved roadway of East Platte Avenue, and Colorado Springs, brilliantly lighted, lay in the valley in front of me. At the filling station where I inquired, the man said that all the public camp grounds were closed, but if I would take the first right and drive five blocks north I could camp in his door yard until I found a better place. Thanking him, I accepted his offer, for it was too late to be fussy, and started for his house, where a pleasant and rather pretty girl piloted me into the aforesaid dooryard. The moon was shining dimly and by its feeble light I undertook to set up my tent, a vigorous wind doing its best to defeat my efforts.

Each hundred miles west from the Mississippi the ground had increased in hardness and the difficulty of driving tent pegs had multiplied. Here, in spite of my most vigorous efforts, aided by a good axe, I was unable to drive the wooden pegs in far enough to hold the tent, and several times it fell after I had raised it. Now I know why in the west it requires several pair of horses

or a tractor to draw a plow. Fortunately I had some steel pegs which I had never used and getting them out, soon had the tent upright. The next morning when the light was better, I discovered that I had pitched my tent under the family clothes line, and in raising my tent I had raised the clothes line far beyond the reach of human hands.

A day or two after my arrival my wood supply began to dwindle, so I consulted the filling station man on the subject of buying wood. "Don't go to the coal offices or to any of the sharks around town to buy wood," advised my friend. "You will surely get stung if you do. A cent a pound is what they charge. Buy it of some of the outsiders who bring it into town and you will get your money's worth. There is a man running this company's filling station on North Nevada Avenue. You see him before you buy." I did. It was more miles out to that filling station than I had expected. Distances are always greater out here, but I found him at last and he was thoroughly informed on the subject of wood. "I sure know where you can get a load of wood for your money. Dr. Bronson is your man."

"Hasn't a telephone, has he?"

"No, I reckon not."

"Is it far to where he lives?"

"Why, no, I wouldn't say it was far. He lives out in Black Forest. I wouldn't say it was mor'n twenty miles." That dampened my ardor considerably. Twenty miles out in the Black Forest, wherever that might be, and on an extremely cold blustering afternoon was not a pleasing prospect.

My friend still rambled on, "If you went out there

and brought the wood back, you could get it at your own price." I sat and thought the matter over while he sold gas to a string of cars. There is no time like the present, and I had as much time at my disposal that afternoon as I was likely to have, and my supply of wood was very low, so I decided to go. "Drive due north to where they are putting in a new bridge, three or four miles beyond the end of the paving, and ask the men there where Dr. Bronson lives." I did as directed, and the men applied to assured me that they had never heard of Dr. Bronson. Later I met a man who admitted that he had, and he volunteered to direct me. "You go two miles beyond where they are building the gravel road and then go about three miles east and take your second left and your first right," etc., etc. "How far is it to where I turn east?" "Bout eight miles, I should say." I thanked him and took a fresh start.

I followed directions to the best of my ability until I came to a fork in the road which was not specified, and I did not know which way to turn, but I could see the Black Forest stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and realized the fitness of the name. The normal Colorado landscape is yellow at this time of the year, and the Black Forest is pine and against the yellow of the hills it looked as black as your hat. As time passed, the sky was getting darker, the wind fiercer and the cold more nipping, while stray snow flakes fluttered through the air.

I took the right-hand road, which turned out to be a poor one, and some minutes later arrived at the Red Roan Ranch. The man was away, but the woman had never heard of Dr. Bronson. She said some carpenters

working on a house about two miles up the road might know. The carpenters didn't know, but said that the man who was drawing their lumber would probably know and he lived about a mile and a half in another direction. I balked on going to look for that man, so they said there were two or three shanties about two miles up the road and the people living in them might know. I was already about eighteen miles from Colorado Springs, on a narrow, rough, untraveled road. The wind was blowing a gale; the sky was dark and overcast and the snow was sifting steadily over the landscape, but I needed wood and went on. When I reached the shanties there was nobody home, and that was the last straw. I had no desire to be caught in a driving snow storm twenty miles from Colorado Springs, so I turned the car and started back.

Beside the road was wood in abundance, pine boughs three and four inches in diameter, lying where they had been trimmed from the trees. Stopping where they were thickest, I loaded Lizzie with them and started for camp with a generous supply of dry wood. Before I reached town the clouds disappeared, the sun came out, the wind quieted down, and everything was as pleasant and as peaceful as a June day, and while I had not succeeded in finding Dr. Bronson I had secured a supply of dry wood on very reasonable terms. That night was a cold one. I felt it in my tent, and the next morning the mercury registered fourteen degrees, the coldest yet.

I had now been in Colorado Springs several days, and although I had made several inquiries I had not succeeded in locating Joe Boleder or found anyone who knew about the Annie Oakley place. I had a vague idea that

a woman named Annie Oakley, an expert rifle shot, at one time traveled with Buffalo Bill, and it seemed, if this was the character, that there would be no difficulty in locating her former residence. But still I met with no success. One day, in a hardware store, I asked to look at the city directory and not finding any clew to Joe Boleder in it, I applied to the stenographer, a young woman of uncertain age, for assistance, telling her what I knew about the matter. As I talked she seemed to fall into a reminiscent mood. "That is very strange, very strange," she repeated. "I was trying to recall something which happened nearly twenty-five years ago. I attended a wedding. A girl I knew named Annie ——— married a man named Oakley and after the wedding they kept house over toward Manitou.

"They were building a house over in that neighborhood and one morning Mr. Oakley hitched up his horse, drove to Colorado Springs, put his rig in a livery stable and has never been heard from since."

"That sounds interesting," I said. "When I have succeeded in finding the Annie Oakley place, perhaps I had better keep right on and find Annie Oakley's husband." The stenographer paid no attention to my feeble joke. "I think," she continued, "that it would be advisable for you to make some inquiries in that neighborhood. Go west on Colorado Avenue until you reach 3700. Go into the little grocery at Adams' Crossing and tell the man there what you have told me, and if he does not know he will send you to someone who can direct you."

The next morning I started for Adams' Crossing. Whatever Adams' Crossing was I had no idea, but the name intrigued me. I found the grocery and interviewed

the proprietor. He did not know, but sent me to the West Side Post Office. The man in charge there did not know, but called in two or three carriers, and one of the carriers knew Joe Boleder, and knew where he lived. The whole difficulty arose from the fact that the gentleman's name was Bowler instead of Boleder, and the Oakley who owned the place was not Annie Oakley but Annie Oakley's uncle. I called on Mr. Bowler and was hospitably received. When Mr. Bowler learned that the man from Maumee had sent me and that I was a camper, nothing would do but I must move over there forthwith, camp anywhere, or, better still, live in the house, where there was lots of room. And, two days later—it was the day when the women of the household needed that clothes line which my tent had raised beyond their reach—I broke camp on Nob Hill and pitched my tent beside Mr. Bowler's residence, which stands near the entrance to the famed Garden of the Gods.

Mr. Bowler was a ruddy complexioned, rotund man of seventy-nine, a veteran of the Civil war, sound as a nut and active as a cat. Age had not impaired him either physically or mentally. His wife was dead; his family consisting of himself and two grandsons, boys of twelve and fourteen. He kept a car and led the life of a man of means.

When I related my experience in getting wood, he said, "Why, Lord love ye, man, none of us people owning cars ever buy any wood. We drive out to the Black Forest or up to Woodland Park when we are short and bring in a load. If you have nothing else on next Saturday, and the day is fine, we will go out to the Black Forest and bring in a supply." And next Saturday being fine I made my

second trip to the Black Forest by a different road and under vastly different weather conditions.

The Pike's Peak Region is the title under which Colorado Springs and its suburbs transact business. The city is a health and tourist resort with large and luxurious hotels and the names of four of the largest of these begin with A—the Acacia, Alta Vista, Alamo and Antlers, while the most artistic of all, the Broadmoor just misses it. Possessing a climate which is generous in sunshine and all of the attractions of an up-to-date city, Colorado Springs is surrounded by places of unusual interest.

There is Colorado City, generally referred to as Old Town, which was once capital of the state; Manitou, at the foot of Ute Pass, with its boiling springs; homes of the cliff dwellers and cog road up Pike's Peak; the famous Garden of the Gods, with its richly colored and wonderful rock formations; South Cheyenne Canyon, with the Seven Water Falls, and the stairway of a thousand steps leading to the wild spot where Helen Hunt Jackson the writer was buried; and north of the boulevard to Manitou, the little municipality of Ramona, named for her most famous book, written in the interest of the Indians.

In a resort like Colorado Springs every effort is made to cater to the tourist. Hotels are erected, apartment houses are built, and dwellings are planned to cater to the tourist trade.

If you have a little space in your side yard or even your back yard it is the proper thing to put up a few little dog houses, called by courtesy, tourist cabins, and offer them for rent at $1 per day. I have in mind such

an aggregation where the individual cabins, four in number, bear the following names above the doors; All Inn, Fall Inn, Step Inn, and Tumble Inn.

It used to be said of Colorado Springs that the invalids lived on the climate and the people on the invalids. In such a place one would expect prices to be high, on the contrary many things sold at surprisingly low prices, as the following list will show: fine quality lignite coal, $5.50 per ton; anthracite $8.50; milk ten cents per quart; doughnuts and crullers 20 cents per dozen; potatoes 75 cents a bushel and meat at the following prices per pound: Hamburg 10 to 15 cents; pork sausage 15 cents; liver, two pounds for 15 cents; porterhouse steak, 20 cents; fancy dressed fowls, 18 to 20 cents; spring chickens, 25 cents; ducks, 25 cents; turkeys, 28 to 32 cents. In a restaurant a ham sandwich, coffee and three doughnuts cost me 15 cents.

One restaurant serves a special boiled dinner every day, nicely cooked and generous in supply, consisting of beef, potatoes and cabbage, bread and butter, tea, coffee, or milk, price 20 cents. Gas sells for 16 cents and a Ford license costs $5.

CHAPTER III

The Greenhorn Store

My stay in Colorado Springs came to an end near the close of the holiday season. The city was looking its prettiest in Christmas trimmings, especially at night when the lights were on. The street lights are equipped with very graceful urn-shape globes set on posts on either side of the roadway, and the streets present a very pretty appearance when one stands on high ground looking down through those parallel rows of white urns.

In the center there are four lights to a post, and during the holidays half of them were white and half red, which, with the pines and evergreen trimmings, gave the city a genuine Christmas aspect.

On New Year's eve the Adaman Club gave its annual fireworks display from the summit of Pike's Peak. The club, a local organization, takes its name from its practice of adding a new member each year. Every year, on the last day of December, regardless of the weather, which on Pike's Peak is apt to be boisterous, the members of the club climb the peak on foot, a distance of ten miles to the summit, with a grade of about a thousand feet to the mile, packing their supplies on their backs, and camp at the summit. At nine o'clock New Year's eve, the heavy guns of Colorado Springs remind the people of the city of the great event, the street lights are dimmed as a signal to the club that the public is in the grandstand and the display begins.

The fireworks continue for about thirty minutes and

then await the New Year's arrival. Just on the dot of twelve o'clock the final display ushers in the New Year.

During my stay in the springs the weather had been so mild and I had been so busy writing folks about the dandelions in blossom on the lawns and the checker players sitting in the parks that the weather stole a march on me and took me unawares. It started with a sleet and ice storm one night, followed by a chill, bleak, overcast day, when the wind blew gustily. Then the mercury began to fall. There were no checker players in the park that day and not a dandelion in sight, and I went home from town and cooked my supper with serious misgivings. After supper I consulted my thermometer (a Merwin and Brown guaranteed) and was shocked to find that it registered twelve below. That was enough for me. I got back into my tent, fastened the flap and crawled into my blankets, while the wind through the pines whistled "Down Went McGinty." That night the official thermometer at Colorado College registered nineteen below. Three nights within a week the same thermometer registered sixteen below or better and most of the nights for ten days it hung around zero.

A friend of mine in the Springs has a brother who has been ranching for ten years, but that cold spell convinced him that he had ranched long enough and he quit. He had been a city man most of his life, but ten years ago the call of the wild became too strong for him, so he bought a ranch and moved out into the country. His wife was dead and his sons grown up, so when he moved he moved alone. His ranch house was a cabin with a dirt floor, neighbors were few and calls infrequent, and as time went on he lived the life of a hermit. He saw so

little of the human race that his interest was diverted to the creatures and birds which came under his observation.

Rats and mice were numerous and inclined to be friendly. But the mice gnawed his boots and committed so many depredations that he soured on them and regarded them with disfavor. On the other hand, the rats conducted themselves in such an orderly, well-behaved manner that they made a favorable impression on him and it became his habit to throw them a few ears of corn when food was scarce. One day he discovered that a stranger had moved into the cabin with him and showed no signs of leaving. It was a big bull snake, and he was not pleased with the intrusion. He was not afraid of the snake, however, nor was the snake afraid of him, and as neither got in the other's way there was no trouble, and when he discovered one day that the snake was spending all his spare time catching mice, even going into the holes after them, he was well satisfied to let him stay.

So things went on until one day, or night, he heard the sound of something digging under his foundations. Some time elapsed before he could see any evidence of excavation work and then one day he discovered what appeared to be a burrow in the ground back of his cook stove. It was cold weather and he was cooking breakfast one morning when a skunk came up out of the burrow and warmed himself by the stove. After that the skunk always sat by the fire on cold days and enjoyed the comforts of home. As time went on, the rancher and the skunk became quite friendly and when the rancher was toasting his shins and reading the paper, the skunk would rub against his boots as sociable as a cat. Win-

sted will have to go some to keep up with Colorado. There is nothing like sitting by your cheerful fireside with a bull snake and a skunk for company.

Each section of the country has its special delicacies which appeal to the sectional appetite. Who has not heard of the beans of Boston, of the diamond-backed terrapin, and 'possum of the Sunny South, or the pumpkin pie of old Connecticut? In Colorado it is chile. Chile was originally imported from Mexico, but so long ago that Colorado has forgotten, and thinks that she invented it.

The grocery stores advertise chile con carne, which is Spanish, meaning chile with meat, and when you go in to purchase it, you are handed a neat little pasteboard package which looks like a print of creamery butter. The restaurants not only have it on the bill of fare, but introduce it by suggestive little notices—"We serve chile—our own chile"—and other interesting little signs calculated to create the impression that their chile is so delicious, so appetizing and so captivating that life without it is nothing but a fizzle. Passing one of the largest and most aristocratic churches in the city recently, a large blackboard on the sidewalk attracted my attention with the message, "Chile supper here tonight. Come and bring your friends."

Who am I to pass up the delicacies of the region in which I am sojourning? I made straight for a restaurant and ordered a bowl of chile, and presently it was placed before me smoking hot. In appearance it resembled our old friend beef stew. It was about as large, about as liquid and quite as innocent looking as a well-watered beef stew. No layman should undertake to dis-

sect a bowl of chile and catalogue its contents, and I have no intention of undertaking anything so foolhardy, but broadly speaking there are three ingredients of chile which make no attempt at concealment—beef of the pattern and texture common to beef stew, beans of the variety and style usually served in restaurants and red pepper enough to choke a horse.

My first impulse when I had slipped a generous spoonful of this delicious mixture into my mouth was to ring in a fire alarm, but my iron reserve which has pulled me through many a tight place came to the rescue and, drawing the bowl a little closer, as if it was something too precious to be allowed to escape, I went to work on it with all of the ardor of an addict and managed, with the aid of copious draughts of cold water, to keep up the pace until the last spoonful had disappeared.

In the movies I have seen a man take a drink of bootleg liquor and immediately belch forth smoke like a locomotive. I have a notion that a man with a bowl of chile under his vest could do even better than that and I plan to try it some day. Each individual maker of chile has his own secret formula, but the essential difference to laymen is that the nearer you get to Mexico the more pepper it contains. And as I am heading now toward the land of the hidalgos, I figure it is only a question of time before I get some chile hot enough to blister an alligator.

One morning shortly after the arrival of the new year I struck my tent, packed my goods and chattels, bade my hospitable friend Bowler good-bye and took the road to Pueblo. The sun was bright and warm, but the wind was chill and biting and a six-inch blanket of snow cov-

ered the ground. I had ordered my mail forwarded to Santa Fe, N. M., three hundred fifty miles distant, and that was my destination, but the depth of snow reported on some roads and the cold weather prevailing, made the date of my arrival problematical. My road lay due south, while on my right, in plain view, the Rockies, covered with snow, but black with a thick growth of evergreen, paralleled my course.

A few miles south of Pueblo, the second city in Colorado, I overtook the man from Texas. He was on foot and headed for home, but readily accepted my invitation to ride. He was young, agreeable, and something of a talker, and his favorite expressions were "You bet" and "Shor nuff,' which is orthodox Texan. The further we got south of Pueblo, the deeper the snow lay in the road, and the more difficult travel became. When we reached the Greenhorn Store, twenty-two miles south of the city, we were warned that we could not get through, that the road was blocked less than two miles below. I was inclined to heed the warning and camp near the store, but my companion had other plans and persuaded me to go on. "Those store keepers," he explained, "shore do like to tell people the road is closed. They'd ruther have 'em stick around a while and spend a little money." And when we had covered four miles without getting stuck, I began to think that he was right. A mile farther, however, at the foot of a big hill, we ran into deep snow and came to a stop, and, try as we would, we couldn't make any progress. At the top of the hill we could see what looked like two or three cars stuck in the snow, and a little while before a man with a pair of horses had gone in that direction.

The man from Texas surmised that the two-horse team had gone up the bill to pull the cars out, and proposed to go up and see if the man wouldn't help Lizzie up the hill. I made no objection so he started. And that was the last I saw of the man from Texas, for he did not return. I backed Lizzie out of the snow, and sat down to await developments, for the afternoon had come off warm and pleasant and it was not later than two o'clock. A few minutes later a big truck heavily loaded came along with a man ahead of it shoveling most of the time. Its progress seemed slow but reasonably sure. I had no chains or shovel, but fell in behind the truck, thinking that I could follow in the path it made, but a little later it got set, and in backing down to turn into a lot, Lizzie was crowded off the highway. In trying to start the motor, I found that there was not enough gas in the tank to start it where it stood, and that being the case there was no use in trying to start it until I had secured a fresh supply. Arriving at that conclusion, I hurried up and caught up with the truck near the top of the hill and asked the driver if I could ride into Walsenburg to get a shovel, a set of tire chains, and a can of gas and come back with him on the return trip.

He said that I could, but that Walsenburg was fifteen miles away and that they might not be able to return until the next day, while the Greenhorn Store was only five miles from there and had all of the supplies I needed and a good bed to sleep in if I cared to stay all night. So I decided to go back to Greenhorn. The truck was near the top of the hill and from the summit the view was interesting to say the least. Between twenty-five and thirty cars, going in both directions, were trying to get over

the hill. Some of them were in the road and more of them were in the lots, and many of them were in a more or less helpless condition. In one car, a Ford coupe, was a man who had started the day before and spent the night in his car. I went back to Lizzie, drew off the water from the radiator and then started on foot for Greenhorn. It was then about 4:30.

About this time the jam broke and cars began moving in either direction. Perhaps the cause of this activity was the fact that the truck had gone over the hill and rolled a track for the other cars to travel in. I walked some distance but finally caught a ride with a man and his wife bound for Pueblo. They had a touring car and the back part was filled with boxes and bundles of bedding and clothing. But they said they could carry me if I could get in, and I got in and lay over back with my feet and knees as high as my head, but fairly comfortable for all that. It was almost dark, and my benefactors thought I must be crazy to think of starting back on a five-mile walk loaded with a shovel, a set of tire chains and five gallons of gas, with the mercury headed toward zero, so when I reached the store I had decided to spend the night there. The brothers were glad to accommodate me, but their view was that I must be crazy to think of leaving the car there. "What," they said, "leave your car there all night? You won't find anything there in the morning." Why, their brother's sedan was partly wrecked in a collision up the road one night, and they went up and took off the tires and lights, along with the tools and everything portable that they could think of, and in the morning when they went after it the carburetor was gone, the windshield was missing, and even

the glass out of the side doors had disappeared. So many Mexicans around, they said. But in spite of their dismal forebodings, I spent a very pleasant evening at the Greenhorn Store, sitting by the red hot stove and watching the trade dribble in.

The Greenhorn Store is located in a little hollow on the main road from Pueblo to Trinidad. It is a modest building with a cement platform in front and contains an infinite assortment of merchandise. To the right stands a farm house, to the left a gas station, across the road a garage. All these are the property of the proprietors of the store. Not another building is in sight. It is thirty-two miles from Pueblo and twenty-two from Walsenburg, an oasis in the desert. Here I elected to stay on that zero night and watch the drama unfold. I took a seat on a box beside the stove. A clerk stood behind the counter sawing bread and making pimento cheese and cold ham sandwiches. He was one of the brothers who operate the store. The man who sat in his car all night came in and ordered a cup of coffee and sandwiches. Four young sports came in and stamped around the store while they ate sandwiches and pickles, and swapped small talk. A man who had been pushing cars in the snowbound road and had wet feet helped himself to a pair of stockings from the counter and put them on behind the stove.

A high school teacher from Walsenburg, traveling toward home with his wife and baby, came in when he learned the road was blocked and engaged quarters for the night. He bought lunch and wanted milk for the baby. They had none, but told him that there was a place a mile up the road where they kept cows, but if he got any

milk it was likely he would have to do the milking. He said he could do it if necessary, and started. His wife and baby remained by the fire, while the regular loafers put on their company manners and tried to appear like society men. After a long absence, the professor returned with a quart of milk and the family adjourned to their room upstairs.

A tall, good-looking young buck wearing a trim black leather vest, arrived on horseback. He didn't seem to have any very pressing business, but sat around a good while jollying everybody, and was ready to start for home a half dozen times when another party arrived. A man, a woman and a very pretty girl came in to get warm. After they had been there a while the woman said that she was quite tired and she thought she'd stay over night. She was addressing the man. He said it was necessary for him to get to Pueblo and if she planned to stay he would start alone. The woman explained matters to me later. She and her daughter (the pretty girl) lived in Trinidad and had started for Boulder, some two hundred and fifty miles distant, where the daughter was in college. They had started in her car. She had driven for fifteen years and thought she knew how, but when they got where the snow was deep she was so frightened, "why, they went out of the road and up over hills and rocks and dropped off places three and four feet high. It was simply terrible. About this time a man in a Studebaker came along and he had a man with him who offered to drive her car, so they rode in the Studebaker."

After the gay young buck in the leather vest, whose name it developed was Floyd, had seen this party, noth-

ing could persuade him to go home. The loafers hinted that his horse was getting cold, that his sister was waiting for the letter from her beau, that his father would be worried, but nothing moved him. Then the ladies departed for their room above and there was great bustle and activity incident to starting a fire on the second floor. A little later one of the proprietors came in and said that someone would have to chop wood for the stove upstairs, and Floyd promptly proffered his services. The boss held the lantern while Floyd chopped wood, and then the boss gathered up all the wood and started for the second floor, but Floyd let out such a roar that he was obliged to drop part of it and each took up half a load. All through the evening snowbound motorists kept dropping in, singly, in pairs or in parties and it kept one of the brothers busy making sandwiches and putting up lunches.

Every little while a new brother would appear, until my eyes began to bulge and I began to wonder if I was seeing things. Finally, when I could stand it no longer, I said, "For heaven's sake, how many of you brothers are there?" "Only seven," said the brother making sandwiches. About nine o'clock they locked up the store and I was shown to my room, and a very comfortable room it was, next to the wood fire on one side and the room occupied by the ladies on the other, as I discovered by the suppressed giggling which broke out from time to time. Despite the pessimistic prophecies I had heard, I couldn't believe that it was likely that anyone would stop to strip a car on a night like that.

The next morning shortly after seven, I dressed. My neighbors had been up for some time and had been try-

ing to start the fire, somewhat unsuccessfully, it appeared. When I joined the party, I volunteered my services as fire builder. I am fairly expert in starting a wood fire and soon had a good one gathering headway. About this time one of the brothers came up stairs with a can of oil and an armful of kindling and, whether he was not satisfied with my work or felt that it was his duty to start the fire, he piled on the kindlings and poured on the oil and we soon had a fire going which was nothing short of a hummer.

The bill of fare consisted of what could be picked up at the store. For breakfast I had a cup of coffee, some cheese sandwiches and a box of imported sardines. Later I saw the ladies start, had my supplies put up and was ready to set forth. It was Sunday morning. The old song begins, "Sunday morning just at nine, Dan McGinty, dressed so fine." It was just nine o'clock when I started from the Greenhorn Store carrying a set of tire chains, a large iron shovel and five gallons of gas—a load not to be despised under favorable conditions, and something of a burden to carry five miles through deep snow. I had covered less than two miles and was perspiring freely, for the walking was hard, when I heard a car coming behind me. I signalled him to stop, but he ran a hundred feet past me before coming to a standstill. I ran down where he was, told him about my car down the road and asked for a ride. He said he didn't see where there was any room, and indeed, there wasn't much, for the car was a little, stripped down racer, about as near a skeleton as they make them. Either the gas tank or a tool box was over the rear axle. "Couldn't I sit on that?" I asked. "You couldn't stay on, could

you?'' I climbed on, set the can of gas beside me, put one arm around the can, had the tire chains over my shoulder, carried the shovel in one hand and held onto the seat in front for dear life. It certainly was necessary. It would have been bad enough in good traveling, but following the winding track through deep snow was a difficult matter. The fellow drove like mad and the little car, striking the sharp turns in the deep wheel tracks, leaped from side to side like a crazy thing, while yours truly and the can of gas did a double shuffle on the contracted surface of the little tool box. It certainly doesn't express it to say that I was relieved when my car appeared out of the haze ahead and we drew up alongside. A close inspection revealed that there was nothing missing but a monkey wrench. The wind blew so hard that I lost part of my gas while pouring it into the tank, as I had no funnel.

I had shoveled a path through the snow and was trying to get started when some trucks came along and two or three men jumped off and gave me a boost. I was nearly through the drift and into the lot when the trucks started and the men had to go. When I got into the lot I headed back to Greenhorn, for I was afraid that I had not enough gas to go through and no water in my radiator, and moreover I had about decided to camp in Greenhorn, near the store, until the road was in better condition. After I got back to the store, two or three cars left, going south, and as none of those which had gone before had come back, I changed my mind and decided to fill up with gas and water and make a fresh start. Meanwhile one of the brothers, Charles by name, had started with a truck for Walsenburg. The wind be-

gan to blow and before I got started he came back and reported that he went four miles and found the snow filling in so fast that he gave it up. I had changed my mind so many times that it was getting tiresome, so I stepped on the gas and pulled out.

When I reached the big hill where Lizzie spent the night, the road was full of cars.. Six or eight of them were directly ahead of me and the men were taking turns pushing them up the hill. As I was a new arrival, they left me to my own devices, but before I had done much, four or five cars came up behind me, and as they couldn't get past, they all turned out and pushed me up the hill and into the lot where the other cars turned in. Then I went back with my new shovel and shoveled the wheel track for those following. Up in the lot the snow was so deep and one or two pitches were so steep and rough that it didn't seem as if a car could go up, but the men pushed them up by main strength. There was a heavy old car ahead of me, with no chains, and I stood back of it and heaved while the spinning wheels cut through snow and dirt. I didn't notice it at the time, but in the evening when I entered a swell restaurant in Walsenberg I discovered that from ankle to waist, my boots and riding breeches were plastered with frozen yellow mud.

Getting over the hill, we went on, sometimes in the road, more often in the lots, a score of cars of as many different makes and sizes, frequently stopped by deep snow or bad places. Of the twenty-odd miles from Greenhorn to Walsenburg, we traveled several miles through the lots, often out of sight of the road.

At one place we came through a rancher's barn yard, after traveling some distance on his property, and he

was right there levying assessments. Each car as it came through a narrow space he stopped and collected tribute. When I came along, he came over toward me and just then two cars undertook to race past. "Wait a minute," he yelled to me, and sprang out in the gateway and stopped the other cars from going through. When he had collected from them, he came back and sized me up. I hadn't been shaved for nearly a week and was plastered with mud and dirt. "You're a working man and driving a truck," he announced. "I never charge you fellows but those dressy guys with the big cars are the one's I'm after." Thanking him, I passed out onto the highway. The traveling from this point on was much better. Not that it was possible to stay in the road, but when the track led through the lots there was not snow enough to interfere with progress. The delay in the rancher's barnyard had put me behind the procession, the long line of cars had forged ahead, and as I approached Walsenburg there was not another car in sight.

The sun had disappeared behind the hills, it was just turning dark and the cold was beginning to nip, when Lizzie rolled into Walsenburg and I began to look for a garage. In a few minutes the car was safely housed and yours truly, cold and hungry, was hunting for a place to dine. Small wonder that I was hungry. Not only had I worked like a horse most of the day, but I had gone without dinner, and my breakfast and supper of the night before were the merest lunches. In fact, yesterday's breakfast was the last substantial meal I had eaten. The first restaurant I came to looked good to me. It was brilliantly lighted and warm as toast and made a favorable impression on me as I entered and took a seat, an

impression which improved a few moments later when I set to work upon a juicy steak and the usual accompaniments.

When I had finished the food to the last scrap, having the Saturday Evening Post with me, and the place being so warm and comfortable, I said to the proprietor, "I think I will sit here and read a while if I am not in the way." The restaurant was fairly well filled with a well-dressed crowd—single men in their Sunday best, married men with their life partners, and young fellows with their girls. I must have looked sadly out of place in that wellgroomed crowd, but the proprietor was the soul of courtesy. "Sit as long as you like, sir; there is plenty of room," he said, and I took him at his word and stayed about two hours until I was thoroughly warmed through. Afterward I strolled about the streets. It was Sunday night and the sidewalks were filled with people and the curb lined with parked cars.

On every hand was evidence that Mexico was drawing nearer. Dark complexioned, dark-eyed girls and women, swarthy men wearing highpeaked hats, the ever-present restaurants placarding their chile and hot tamales and in the store windows white felt Mexican hats with enormous crowns and wide brims and showy Mexican boots, while the little Mexican groceries displayed gaudy strings of chile (red peppers) in their windows.

I did not make an early start, for the next morning was cold and cheerless and my room was snug and cozy. I had not pitched my tent since leaving Colorado Springs. It was bad enough to start out in zero temperature, but when it came to pitching your tent in a snowbank, that was more than flesh could bear.

The road from Walsenburg south was in fairly good condition. It was plain that there had been deep snow, but it had been well scraped and I had no difficulty in getting through. I reached Trinidad about noon—a progressive little city of 10,000 inhabitants—and stopped for coffee and sandwiches.

My road from Trinidad led over Raton Pass, which is just across the line in New Mexico. It is some climb up to the pass, a winding road, which twists and turns and loops, snake-like, to make the grade, which is steeper coming from the south, but is steep enough going in either direction. To my left wound the tracks of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, which crosses into New Mexico at this point. The elevation at the summit is 8,800 feet, but there was no great amount of snow and a large sign board announced to the world that the pass is open for travel summer and winter. Going down, the grade was steeper and the road doubled and twisted and looped and turned with constant warnings to motorists to go in low and use extreme care, but the view was magnificent. Raton, a pretty place of 7,000 population, lies at the foot of the mountain road which is jointly the National Old Trails Highway and the Santa Fe Trail. Raton appealed to me, and I was tempted to camp there, for, sheltered by the mountains, there was no snow, and the air was warm and balmy, but my mail was piling up at Santa Fe, and I was long overdue, so, casting a reluctant look at the summery landscape, I spoke sharply to Lizzie, and soon Raton lingered only as a pleasant memory.

The road from Raton south runs through a level country with a broad outlook, essentially different from the

road from Trinidad, and the weather was warm and sunny, but to my deep regret before I had covered ten miles, I ran into snow again, with a disagreeable drop in temperature, and snow that stayed with me all the way to Albuquerque, more than two hundred miles. I stopped that night at the hotel in Springer, a little place on the Santa Fe Trail, and started the next morning on the last lap of my journey to Santa Fe.

This is a range country, where grazing is an important feature of the ranch industry and the traveler over these national highways is confronted at intervals by gates, usually open, but displaying notices requesting drivers to close them, and in the gateways are cattle guards, much as our New England railroad crossings were equipped a few years ago.

One thing which has impressed me in my drive of more than four hundred miles from Colorado Springs to Albuquerque is the number of cattle and horses out in the snow-covered fields, many of them evidently out over night in zero temperature, and even in Albuquerque it was an every day occurrence to see horses which apparently spent their nights in the open, with the mercury registering minus, though in all fairness it should be stated that this had been a very dry season, with a corresponding shortage of fodder, and that the cold weather which had prevailed in this section for a month or more was almost unprecedented.

About noon I reached Las Vegas, a pretty place of about 10,000 inhabitants. Las Vegas is Spanish for The Meadows, and the meadows stretched away to the east for miles, while on the west the city is flanked by the foothills of the mountains. Modern as much of the place is

in its general appearance, its history dips back into the misty past. Coronado, the Spanish explorer, passed through here in 1541. In more recent times the wagon trains of the pioneers on the Santa Fe Trail circled in the old plaza to stand off attacks from the Indians.

Here in 1846 General Kearney commanding his Irish Brigade, stood on an adobe house top and proclaimed the sovereignty of the United States. Here Billy, the Kid, the famous outlaw, killed his first man, and here Theodore Roosevelt gathered the Rough Riders for their first reunion after the Spanish-American war.

Along the street came three or four burros loaded with wood. It is nothing uncommon to see a pack train of those patient, long-eared fellows, plodding along, each carrying a staggering load. The wood is cut two or three feet long and strapped along their sides and up over their back making a wide, high, arched load of very generous proportions.

Passing through the city, I met a team of four burros hitched to a farm wagon. Much as I would have liked to linger in Las Vegas, my stay in the city was short, and I was soon on my way to Santa Fe. The road follows a fairly broad valley with high, green clad hills on either side, the green effect extending to the valley itself, which is filled with a sparse growth of stunted evergreens. A few miles from Las Vegas is a small Mexican village, consisting of a score or more of dimunitive adobe houses all of one pattern; a school house and a church. This is a dry country, of limited rainfall.

Everywhere water is scarce, and the places where it can be procured are frequently far apart. My motor becoming overheated, I discovered that the water in the

radiator was low, stopping the car I put in snow until it cooled off, and then drove up the road to where, in the distance, I could see a house upon a bank. Taking a pail I started up the path and just before I reached the door discovered it was a schoolhouse.

The teacher came to the door, she was about twenty years of age and unmistakably a Mexican, though she spoke fair English.

"There was water down the hill to the left, no, I would not need an axe, it was not frozen." Following her directions I found a large spring and soon had the radiator full. All through this region are ruins of all descriptions inviting inspection—homes of the cliff dwellers, Indian pueblos and Spanish ranchos. Forty miles from Las Vegas is the little hamlet of Rowe. Here are the ruins of the old Pecos church, built soon after the year 1600, and nearby are the ruins of the old pueblo of Cicuye, at one time the largest place in New Mexico. The pueblo of Cicuye, it is said, was occupied continuously for more than 1,200 years, and when Coronado led his Spanish troops up the valley Cicuye contained two communal buildings each four stories high, housing five hundred warriors.

Twelve miles beyond Rowe is Pigeon's Ranch, an old stage station on the Santa Fe Trail, and here was fought one of the early battles of the Civil war. The old buildings are still in evidence and travelers are shown the old government well which dates back to the early days of the Santa Fe Trail.

A few miles beyond Pigeon's Ranch the road passes through the little settlement of Glorieta and crosses Glorieta Pass, elevation 7,400 feet. Glorieta Pass is the

high point on the road between Las Vegas and Santa Fe. Next comes the Canon del Apaches, scene of many an Indian fight, where was fought another battle of the Civil war. There was plenty of snow on the ground and the wind had been keen and chilly, but as I neared Santa Fe it went down and the sun shone so warmly that I decided to pitch my tent and camp. The road at this point was in fair condition and covered with small crushed stone but not rolled. There was a level space, well outside the wheel track and this I selected for my campsite, stopping Lizzie just beyond it. I was then about ten miles from Santa Fe.

Taking the shovel, I cleared off three or four inches of snow and levelled things up preparatory to pitching my tent; then went to the car after it and was thunder struck on finding it gone. The rope had broken and it had slipoff the load. My first impulse was to go back and look for it, but the more I considered the matter the more I doubted if it was worth while. The tent was a new one, costing about twenty-five dollars, but the chances of finding it were too slight. The place it had occupied on the load was not visible from where I sat, it might have fallen off seventy mlies back, and even if it were not more than ten miles, quite likely someone would have picked it up before I got there. Moreover I was on a lonely mountain road, ten miles from Santa Fe with a winter night close at hand, so I cranked Lizzie, stepped on the gas and headed for the city of the Holy Faith, which is the meaning of Santa Fe.

Before I reached the city I passed scores of signs advertising various camp grounds, and as I rolled down the hill through the old part of the town, one loomed on my right.

It was then just sun-down, late enough to pull into port on a zero night, so I drove in, hired a cottage, and unloaded my equipment. The cottage cost a dollar a night. There were others more expensive, with garages alongside, but as Lizzie had stood out in the weather continuously for more than six months, there was no use in pampering her. The cottage was a cozy little structure, twelve by fifteen, with a gable roof and built of inch boards. Two windows lighted it, a spring bed without bedding was hinged against the wall, folding up when it was not in use. A two-hole laundry stove stood opposite the door, a pile of kindling and a hod of coal beside it. A plain table and two benches completed the furnishings and the cottage was lighted by electricity, altogether a comfortable and cozy berth on a winter night. Across the yard were wash rooms, with bowls, bath tubs, hot and cold water and other conveniences. I journeyed to the postoffice, less than a quarter of a mile distant, secured my mail, and returning to the cottage, started a good coal fire and was soon enjoying the comforts of home. Some days before my arrival, when I learned that Santa Fe is 7,000 feet above sea level, knowing that it couldn't be warm in winter at that elevation, and Albuquerque is 2,000 feet lower, I planned to push on to the latter place, after staying one night in the capital. But when morning dawned I couldn't bring myself to leave, without spending at least one day in the city.

Santa Fe is widely advertised as being within the most wonderful fifty mile square in America. It may be so, but zero temperature, with six inches of snow on the ground, is not the best time for extensive sightseeing, so I confined the limited time at my disposal to the City of the Holy Faith itself.

It is a quaint old place with narrow streets, squat adobe houses, and public buildings of the long, low, Spanish type of architecture, many of the newer buildings following similar lines, while some are patterned after styles found in the Indian pueblos. I am not much on antiques, but I have to confess that I was impressed by many things I saw. The Palace of the Governors, a long, low structure, now occupied by the New Mexico Historical Society, was erected by De Vargas in 1605 and was in continuous use as the executive mansion and office of the governor from 1605 to 1887. Our old buildings have passed away, but here is a structure which has been in continuous use since before the English settled Jamestown. From the camp ground I could hear the angelus ringing from an old church belfry, and that angelus has sounded without interruption since before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. Then there is the Cathedral of St. Francis, where De Vargas was interred; the ruins of old Fort Marcy, built by General Kearney when he took possession of the city in 1846; and the weather-beaten monument to Kit Carson, the pathfinder, which stands in front of the Federal Court House and was erected in the sixties.

As I strolled about town, a large, picturesque looking building at the head of the street on which I was walking attracted my attention. A tall, gaunt old man, who reminded me of the late C. E. Messenger, was passing in the street, pushing a long, low vehicle with handles like a baby carriage and wheels like a bicycle. It seemed that he was a milk peddler. "What building is that?" I enquired when I had succeeded in attracting his attention. The old man jammed a pint bottle of milk into

each of the side pockets of his sport coat, pushed his delivery wagon up to the curb, and came over where I stood. "The building was the Scottish Rite Masonic Cathedral patterned after the Court of Lions of the Alhambra at Granada, Spain." The old man drew a long breath, got into fighting posture, and launched a red hot dissertation on the Masonic order, its past history and its present status. I was glad that there were no Masons within hearing, for I am at heart a man of peace and what he said would most certainly have made their hair curl.

I think his discourse would have lasted all day had I shown a disposition to remain. He said, among other things, that the weakness of the church today was due in great measure to the growth and popularity of secret societies, and said so much about the church that I was constrained to inquire as to which church he attended—this to guard against getting in bad along religious lines. He said he had been so busy lately that he hadn't attended divine service for some time, but the United Presbyterian was the church of his choice. I finally bought a quart of milk of him and left him glaring at the Scottish Rites Cathedral.

Everywhere and in every capacity you see Mexicans, on the streets, proprietors of small stores, clerks in large stores, and clerks and carriers in the post office, and every where in the west letter carriers ride or trundle their bicycles, for the cities of the west are laid out on such a generous scale that bicycles are indispensable. The clerk in charge of the camp ground was an amiable soul, very suave and dressy, but not overloaded in his upper story. His stock response to nine-tenths of the words addressed to him was, "Absolutely." When I made ready to depart from Santa Fe, I stopped at the

office to shake hands with my friend and express my regret that I could stay no longer. "I am leaving you," I said, and we shook hands.

"That cottage is a cozy place," I continued. "Absolutely," he murmured. "I shall not forget you, I may come back, have a place in reserve for me. "Absolutely," he said fervently, and we shook hands again. The impressive ceremony was over and Lizzie and I were on our way. It was a cold, winter morning, but clear and bright, with three or four inches of snow on the ground and plenty of pep in the air. Before noon I went down La Bajada, which is one of the features of this section.

The name is Spanish for descent or drop and is not inappropriate, considering that the road drops eight hundred feet in a mile and a half. If the road were straight, the grade would not be excessive, but it is cut out of the face of a lava cliff and swings back and forth, with twenty-three hairpin turns, some of them having a very steep grade. In days gone by La Bajada was feared and avoided by motorists, but recently it has been greatly improved, the turns have been widened and stone retaining walls have been erected at dangerous places to keep cars from going off the road. It is rated as a marvel in the road building art.

Between La Bajada and Albuquerque is the little town of Bernalillo with a population of 1,000. It was settled by the descendants of Bernal Dias del Castillo, who was a compatriot of Hernando Cortes in the conquest of Mexico, and it seemed like meeting an old friend, for in years gone by when Prescott's history of the conquest fascinated me, old Bernal Dias was a prime favorite of mine. He either wrote a history of the conquest or re-

corded in his diary the details of that great adventure and as quoted by Prescott his comments are highly entertaining. Twenty miles north of Albuquerque I came to the pavement and rode into town over as fine a road as a man could ask for. Entering the city from the north I passed numerous camp grounds, and stopping at one engaged a cottage at the modest price of $3 a week. Later I drove down to the center where I had an excellent dinner, made a few purchases and looked around a bit. About five o'clock I returned to the camp ground, unloaded Lizzie and took possession of my little cottage. A roaring fire was the first essential and that attended to, I busied myself by arranging my equipment and supplies.

Albuquerque was apparently, not much warmer than Santa Fe, but hot or cold, there I planned to stay as long as the staying was good.

CHAPTER IV

Lady Luck and the Roadrunner

Some people hold to the theory that there is no such thing as luck. I disagree with them. I am no believer in the potency of luck as a substitute for well-directed effort, but I do believe that luck plays an important part in the results we achieve. No man ever became a power by the grace of good luck alone, but a little bad luck could easily have put him out of the running. Say, a powder mill blows up and is a complete wreck. The entire plant is destroyed and every employee on the premises is killed but the man who was mixing the powder which exploded, and he is unharmed. From this standpoint he is a lucky man. On the other hand, a man is driving his car along a country road. There is no apparent danger and no extra need for caution. The boss of a construction gang, out of sight down the road touches off a blast and a chunk of rock the size of a cake of soap sails through the air, drops on the head of the man in the car and ends his earthly career. From the standpoint of his heirs and assigns he was unlucky.

"Lady Luck don't smile but a little while," says Mistah Coon, and Mistah Coon is not far from the truth, though it is a fact that Lady Luck did smile generously while I was on my way from Winsted to Colorado Springs. Leaving Winsted on two old tires which had been condemned months before, I rode into Colorado Springs on the same tires, and on the same air with which they were filled in Winsted, and with no car ex-

pense except for gas and oil, and while I stayed in Colorado Springs Lady Luck was on her good behavior. But when I took my departure the fickle jade went back on me. Pueblo is but forty-three miles from Colorado Springs, but in that short distance I began to realize that Lady Luck was smiling no longer. When nearly to Pueblo I stepped out of the car to look at a front tire which was pretty punk and discovered that a rear tire was flat. I was near the city and the weather was cold, so I drove slowly until I located a tire shop.

I had a spare for the front, and that was quickly changed, and as the rear tire was new and only slightly worn, I apprehended nothing more serious than patching the tube. When the tire was taken off, there was no tube visible—ground to powder, and tire was ruined. The new tire and tube cost $13. As previously related, five miles south of Greenhorn Store I got stuck in the snow and returned to the store to spend the night. My bill there for accommodations and supplies was $8.50. Reaching my car next morning I found a large monkey wrench missing. The next day going down the mountain from Raton Pass, I broke the reverse lever on my car and put the reverse out of commission. The same day before I reached Maxwell, N. M., the other front tire blew up and as that was too old to repair, I paid $12 to replace that. And, as if that wasn't enough, I found just before I got to Santa Fe that I had lost my tent, which represented $25.00 more. Altogether the fact that Lady Luck refused to smile while I was negotiating the four hundred and odd miles between Colorado Springs and Albuquerque cost me upward of a hundred dollars.

Albuquerque is somewhat smaller than Colorado

Springs, which it resembles in many respects. Like Colorado Springs, it is a health resort frequented by those suffering from lung trouble, has the same dry, sunny climate and is about the same elevation above sea level. It is not as old a resort as the Springs; there is not the same evidence of wealth here, and the hotels are not as large and sumptuous. Nevertheless it is a very progressive and enterprising place. The old town was founded in 1706 and took an active part in the history of New Mexico under Spanish viceroys, Mexican governors, American military rule, and finally as a state of the Union. The old town plaza was a center of life and activity one hundred and fifty years before the coming of the American army. Then it was a military post from which expeditions went out against the Apaches and Navajos. The town was an important trading post and saw the coming and going of wagon trains, pony expresses, hunters, trappers, miners, and cowboys, with all of the picturesque and varied life of the border.

In 1880 the railroad came, and the new town was built, appropriating the name which had belonged to the old municipality for nearly two hundred years, and gradually shifting the business portion of the town a mile to the east. It is the center of the Indian country. In my younger days Indians were easily the most fascinating creatures on the face of the earth and the old-time dime novel their most entertaining interpreter. How often have I dreamed of the happy days when I should be crawling through the forest glades, pushing my trusty rifle before me, while gorgeously painted redskins danced the war dance within easy range. The dream has materialized—at least I am in the Indian country,

on the stamping ground of the fierce and warlike Apache, for redskins in Albuquerque are as numerous as bootleggers in Winsted. You can't turn around without bumping into one.

One night as I was walking in the outskirts, I became conscious that I was being followed, that silent-stepping pussy-footed trailers were overhauling me. There was a breathless silence. "Lo," said a friendly voice. I looked around, and behold, a vision of my youthful days padded past in moccasins. A couple of copper-colored, black-eyed, husky-looking braves showed their white teeth in greeting and shuffled up the street. Yes, they wore blankets. I didn't see their tomahawks, but their black hair was bobbed like a girl's and they were bare headed and each wore a bright red ribbon around his head as the young ladies do. One had his blanket over his shoulders, draped down his back; the other's blanket was twined around his supple waist, the ends hanging down to his knees.

I was playing chess at the Y. M. C. A. and during the game spectators gathered to watch operations. As the game progressed, I heard a guttural grunt which carried my mind back to the good old days, and looking up found that two red men were studying the contest. I saw an Indian farmer driving down the street one day. He wore a white hat and his stiff black hair was tied in a little brush, sticking out like a gawky school girl's. Close to his head it was tied with lurid colored ribbon. Bright red seems to be the prevailing color.

Many of the women wear very handsome blankets and the young Indians frequently wear bright red caps, which show off well against their black hair. Down the street

comes a brave wearing a richly colored blanket which is belted around him like a jacket. He is tall and straight and his arms, which he carries under his blanket, are folded across his back. A hundred yards beyond you meet two old women padding along in their white boots, which reach to their knees and resemble felt boots except for the color. Their skirts are short, with much embroidery, and they wear their blankets over their heads, with just their faces showing.

There was a large government Indian school, for both boys and girls, located near my camp ground, and one Sunday I took a walk past the establishment. There are a number of very substantial brick buildings inclosed by an iron fence. There was snow on the ground and some forty or fifty Indian girls from twelve to fifteen, wearing red sweaters, were racing about, yelling, squealing and giggling as girls do anywhere. I couldn't have told from the noise that they weren't a bunch of New England Yankees having a high old time, which seems to indicate that girls are girls, whatever their race, and giggle with just as little provocation. The young fellows from the school look very trim on the street, dressed in olive green uniforms, with military caps and high boots or leggings. Their black hair is cut close and they are a sturdy-looking lot.

Works of art are not very plentiful in the tourist camps, but there was a picture in my cottage, and a duplicate in every cottage on the camp ground. On a black background is a large red wolf with fangs showing. Across the top of the picture is a lurid glare, with stubs of trees showing against it, and the words, "Fire, the Outlaw. Don't turn him loose on the national forests."

The trolleys here were all one-man cars, and the motormen were all girls, wearing snappy khaki uniforms and military caps. They work standing instead of seated and are designated in the papers as motorettes.

Strolling down the street one day I noticed a sign reading "Barbecue," and a little later another, "Old-fashioned barbecue." Just what an old-fashioned barbecue was, I couldn't conjecture, so I walked over to the window and looked in. There was a small lunch counter, and back from one of the front windows was a coal grate about four feet long and three feet high, with perpendicular bars. A bright fire was glowing in the grate. An iron bar driven lengthwise through a ham rested on two supports in front of the grate and a small motor kept the ham turning, a pan below catching the drippings. Afterward I saw roasts of beef and spare ribs cooking in the same manner. It was a little place, with one man in charge. Going in, I asked what he had for sandwiches. "Barbecue beef and barbecue pork," he replied. I took pork. He split a roll, took some thin slices of meat from a warming table, dropped a spoonful of sauce over the meat, and I had one of the most delicious sandwiches I ever tasted, all for ten cents. I assumed, however, that the appetizing qualities of the sandwich were as much due to the gravy and sauce as to the barbecued meat.

Everywhere one sees the little flat-roofed adobe houses (pronounced "doby"). Many of them are rudely built and frequently the pole rafters project through the walls a foot or so. Their natural color is a light sandstone. They are built of rude bricks, usually about nine by fourteen inches and four inches thick, though the size varies according to the preference of the maker. Sometimes

the bricks are all plainly visible and sometimes they are plastered over with mud of the same material and smoothed off; occasionaly they are kalsomined or stuccoed and handsomely finished. The man who looks after the camp ground had a stack of bricks, all ready to build so I interviewed him on the subject. "What's the idea of an adobe house?" I inquired. "The idear of a doby house," he answered promptly, "is that it's the best and cheapest house to build, the coolest in summer, and the warmest in winter." "Do you make the bricks yourself?" I asked. "I sure do," he replied, "but we don't call 'em bricks, we call 'em dobies." "Where do you get the material?" "Anywhere you dig your cellar. Just take a little dirt and stir in some water, pick out a level space to set your mold, fill it with mud, lift it off and let the sun bake 'em. I'll show you the mold," he said, and going into his shanty, brought out a frame made of inch boards, four inches wide, the boards set up on edge. It was about twenty by fourteen with no top or bottom, and one division crossways in the middle—making two dobies at a time. Who can blame a man for building a doby house when the material is free and he can do the work at his leisure?

During the early part of my stay in Albuquerque the weather was cold. I seldom rise before nine, and it is arranged this way. I reconnoiter from the safe shelter of my blankets from time to time, and when I see that the sun has reached the cook stove I figure it is time to turn out.

That reminds me, did you ever sleep in your overcoat and boots? "Certainly not," you reply, with some asperity. Then you have missed one of the rare pleasures

in living. When you are camping in a cabin or tent with the mercury hugging zero, you can't beat it. I have a sheep-lined ulster and a pair of felt boots I bought for sleeping purposes, and when the weather is really cold I will back that outfit against any nightshirt in the state of Connecticut. When I crawl out of my blankets on a zero morning, with my fur collar turned up, felts on my feet, and a blue knit skating cap pulled down over my ears, I care not if the water pail is frozen solid, if the front door is wide open or the wind is blowing a gale, everything looks rosy to me. The first thing is to start a fire in the old cook stove, and as I always have a good supply of dry wood in the cabin that is easily accomplished. The next thing is breakfast, and that out of the way I usually sit down and plan the day's work.

One day I put an axe in the car and drove up the road ten or twelve miles where I got a load of wood on the bank of the Rio Grande, the second day I borrowed a crosscut saw from the caretaker of the camp ground and sawed the wood, the third day I split it and carried it inside. It snowed that night, about five inches I should say, and the next morning the local paper announced with great flourish, that Albuquerque had experienced one of the heaviest snowfalls in its history.

Every day I go to town, get my mail, visit the Y. M. C. A., call on my friends and returning to the camp ground about 6 p. m., have supper, read the papers, answer letters, and turn in.

During the last two weeks of my stay in Albuquerque the weather was delightful. It was mid winter, but the snow had disappeared, the cold weather was a thing of the past and the sun was as warm and the weather as

pleasant as Indian summer in New England. Although the snow was gone the camp ground was as white as if it had been dusted with flour, covered with alkali extracted from the ground by the melting snow. This is a poor country for the small farmer, and very treacherous. One season there may be abundant rainfall, good feed on the ranges and a generous hay crop. Lulled by the prodigality of nature, the farmer raises or buys more stock and then for three or four seasons in succession the rainfall may be so meager that there is no feed or fodder and they are wiped out financially, their stock being practically valueless because so much of it is pressed on the market at once. The farmers, divided between Americans, Mexicans and Indians, look poor and are poor, their horses are undersized and shaggy, their harnesses old and spliced with pieces of rope and their wagons rickety and dilapidated.

The camp ground was owned and operated by a grass widow, very accommodating and capable, and an excellent business manager. Here I met the man from Kankakee. He was a camper and out of work, with a very limited supply of cash, an intelligent, well built man of thirty who had seen something of the world. In his younger years he had been a cowboy and had ridden the ranges of several western states. In the World war he was a Marine and fought in the Argonne Forest. After the war he sailed the high seas, touching at Honolulu, Australia, Japan and widely separated points, and here in the desert he had his pack with him, containing his blankets, haversack, canteen and sheath knife, nothing missing but his rifle and bayonet. He could find no work, so when I pulled out of Albuquerque and headed

for Globe one bright winter morning he accompanied me, and very thankful I was for his company before I reached my destination. The road to Globe leads down the Rio Grande valley and twelve miles from Albuquerque we came to Isleta, an Indian pueblo with a population of over a thousand, descendants of the Indians who lived there when the Spaniards under Coronado first came up the valley in 1540. The men are farmers and sheep-raisers and the women are potters, making finely-balanced jars, painted in intricate and beautiful designs.

Their adobe out-of-door bake ovens are curious looking little affairs and their kiva ceremonial houses are of perfect Indian architecture. Their adobe houses are as neat as wax and the old mission church, built in 1620, has adobe walls seven feet thick and contains old pictures which came from Mexico.

Down the valley the farmers were plowing and agricultural operations seemed to be starting with a rush, an unusual sight for New England eyes in early February. It was a perfect day, with the sun shining through the brilliant atmosphere common to this region, and on either hand were bold mountain ranges which seemed to recede the longer we drove toward them. We were following the Rio Grande, but the river and road separated, and much of the way we drove for miles without seeing a fence, a house, a human being or any signs of water. At one place we passed a peak which contained the crater of an extinct volcano, the black, glistening lava showing down the side of the mountain. Lava is a common sight along many of the roads. In appearance it resembles slag from a blast furnace. Our road now led up hill, and after some climbing we came out on top of a ridge and

followed it for miles, a winding, twisting ridge, with a crest so narrow that a deviation of a few feet on either side would have rolled us down hundreds of feet among the brown, barren gulches which branched off at right angles from the main canyon. About three o'clock we reached Socorro, eighty-two miles from Albuquerque, and stopped for lunch. A quaint little Mexican town with a plaza in the center, as every orthodox Mexican town must have. As it afterwards developed we had not seen that plaza for the last time by a long shot.

We filled up with gas, put in a quart of oil and about four o'clock started for Magdalena, in the mountains. We swung out across a mesa and, traveling a few miles, entered Blue Canyon, where the road became steeper and curved and twisted along the mountainside. Signs along the highway warned us that it was a steep mountain road for six miles and to drive with extreme care. All went well at first and we got along without difficulty. It was a narrow, but not very deep canyon and the road climbed along the side, with a sharp grade most of the way, but when we got up four or five miles Lizzie began to misbehave. The motor would run, but as soon as we struck an extra sharp grade it refused to pull. We backed down and tried it over again. We got out and pushed and boosted. We cleaned the spark plugs and adjusted the coils, but still she sulked. We had filled the radiator at Socorro, but we had not filled the big milk can. This we planned to do at Magdalena, and all the surplus water was in the two canteens owned by the man from Kankakee.

We started Lizzie again and again. We pushed and struggled and grunted and growled, but all to no pur-

pose. She refused positively to climb the grade. Night was near at hand, and what was to be done? We decided that our trouble was due to the gas we had purchased at Socorro and we condemned it out of hand. We had had no trouble before and it must be the gas. The man from Kankakee wanted to go back to Socorro. I couldn't see what we would gain by that. We had climbed about five miles and I wanted to hold it, and so we decided to camp beside the road. It was rougher than a cat's back, not badly out of level but covered with chunks of lava and sowed in between with sharp-cornered small stones three or four inches across. But we pushed Lizzie out of the road, put up the new tent which I had bought in Albuquerque, picked up the stones inside and started supper. It was a wild, forbidding-looking place, perched on the sloping side of the canyon. As darkness settled over the land our anxiety was augmented by the shortage of water, we hesitated to use it for soup or tea, for there was no certainty when we would see any more. We drained the radiator, for it was a sharp night, and saved the water as carefully as if it had cost a dollar an ounce.

We had finished supper and were discussing our situation, when a dog looked into the tent. A moment later a boy of seventeen or thereabouts walked into the line of light and greeted us. He was a big, straight-forward, serious-minded boy, plain and honest and poorly dressed, and was walking from Magdalena, where his home was, to Socorro, twenty-four miles distant. He carried a gun, and another dog appeared. He seemed tired, so we asked him in, and he joined the family circle, taking a seat on the ground. He attended the Magdalena High School, which had about fifty pupils, and the school bas-

ket-ball team, of which he was a member, was fighting with its back to the wall against the teams of the larger schools pitted against it. He had been kicked by a burro a month before Christmas and one or two ribs were broken, but he played on the team just the same.

The county was poor and couldn't afford to provide the high school with a gymnasium, but the boys had raised a little money and got an old building and by doing all of the work themselves had put it in shape so that it made a fair gymnasium. We gave the boy the remains of our supper, and while he ate the hot soup he told in broken, disjointed sentences of the fight they were making to keep their basketball team in the front rank. It was nine o'clock and dark as pitch when he shouldered his gun, called his dogs and left us to make his way down to Socorro, a stubborn, unconquerable lump of a boy. We turned out about seven o'clock. The morning was clear and crisp and the sun, gilding the variously-colored peaks, made a brilliant spectacle. The rock formations were strikingly interesting. Fantastic and grotesque looking peaks of widely differing colors reared their heads thousands of feet above the road. Some of them were as bare as a Mexican dog and one color from base to summit. They ranged from terra cotta and maroon to blue, gray or any old color. From the boy we had learned that we were not more than a mile from the top of the mountain, and if we reached the top we might be able to get water and then be able to negotiate the more moderate grades between there and Magdalena. We pushed Lizzie back into the road, gave her our limited stock of water and started. We progressed slowly; the road was narrow and steep and

Lizzie was still refractory. Two or three cars came up the hill while we were working and as we were blocking the road, they gave us a boost until they could get by, and much valuable advice as to what to do for Lizzie, but they differed regarding the remedy. A man in tweeds, who looked like an Englishman but talked with a slight foreign accent, assured us that the trouble was in the carburetor. We tried everything and made no headway.

We were within a quarter of a mile of the top when the brake band on our low gave out and she refused to start. We wondered at it, for I had had a new set of bands put in at Albuquerque. We turned around and backed some distance, until a man came along and told us that after we reached the top and went down into the hollow we would have to climb both ways. That settled it. I hated to go back to Socorro, but it seemed the best thing to do, so we started down the mountain. Before we reached the foot, the bands on the reverse and foot brake quit, and unable to check our speed for the last half mile, we went at a furious pace. Reaching Socorro, we hunted up a Ford service station operated by a Mexican, told him our troubles and ordered a set of brake bands put in. When he had taken Lizzie apart, he said, "You are out of oil, and that is the whole trouble. That is why she won't pull and your brake bands burned up." I told him that I had the crank case drained and a gallon of oil put in when we were leaving Albuquerque and a quart at Socorro, and we hadn't run a hundred miles. "Can't help it," he said. "You had a leak somewhere and lost the oil."

The garage man, a very capable fellow, put in the

brake bands and a new timer and we filled up with gas and water and started. Twice we returned to the garage for minor corrections and finally, about 4 o'clock, after a loss of twenty-four hours, we were again on our way to Magdalena. It was slow traveling up the mountain, but this time we went right along and reached the top of the hill in due time. There was much lava along the road, cactus and prickly pears dotted the roadside and on the neighboring hills was a scattered growth of stunted evergreens. From the summit of the hill the road descended onto a broad and level grassy plain. As we neared Magdalena, several grotesque-looking peaks reared their heads high above the plain and on one of them was a plainly-defined human head.

We camped that night beside the railroad track in the outskirts of Magdalena. Magdalena is fifteen hundred feet higher than Albuquerque and about two thousand feet higher than Socorro, and the nights were correspondingly colder, but we were comfortable with a good fire, for we were able to pick up some wood and then I had brought a respectable supply from Albuquerque.

The next morning we stopped in Magdalena and got a few supplies, among which were potatoes, for which we paid twenty-five cents for six pounds. It seems incredible, but in places as remote as Magdalena, life seems about the same as in Winsted, you see the same kind of people, they look and act much the same and talk the same old talk. As we drove westward the most wonderful color scheme developed, and I regret that I am not enough of an artist and have not the proper appreciation of color to describe it. The land was in the nature of meadow land, smooth or slightly rolling and backed by

peaks of striking colors. It was winter, there had been snow on the ground and for upwards of two months zero nights at intervals, so you would not expect much of the vegetation, which, call it grass if you will, was so short that it seemed like a carpet on the land, stretching away from the road to the mountains, perhaps a half mile distant. In one place it was an exquisite mouse color, not a stone, tree or patch of soil broke the delicate shading.

It was as if a fine piece of dress goods were spread out before you without a spot or blemish to mar its entire surface.

Another wide section, in as perfect a setting, was steel gray, another a saffron yellow. One was blue, like the blue grass of Kentucky, another a soft green, and in the background the mountain peaks, black, maroon and terra cotta.

The next place beyond Magdalena was Dutil, which consisted of not much more than a gas station and a store. Beyond Dutil we passed through a gateway into a national forest and rolled past the ranger's cottage, with the trim little buildings surrounding it. We were rising steadily now, but the grade was so deceptive that sometimes when it surely looked as if we were going down hill, Lizzie was working like a Trojan.

Between Dutil and Quemado we crossed the continental divide at an elevation of eight thousand three hundred feet. We were on the same grassy, far-reaching plateau, with mountains in the distance, and it was fairly warm with no snow in sight. From the shrubby growth of evergreens to which we had become accustomed, the trees had increased in size to tall, lordly pines, scattered along the road or covering the distant hills.

The man from Kankakee recommended pine cones for kindling material, and at one place we stopped to lay in a supply. Taking the axe I salvaged some dry pine for fuel while he picked up a gunny sack full of cones. As night approached and the sun went down, the air grew chill and a biting breeze blew steadily. It was getting dark when we pulled up and selected a sheltered place to camp, with a clump of young pines between us and the wind.

I had known for sometime that the stove drew better when the tent was placed so the wind blew from the fire-box toward the back, but we had paid little attention to the matter and had had very little trouble. When we pulled up this time and prepared to camp, the wind was northwest, I concluded that it would be a wise plan to pitch the tent so we could sleep on the side away from the wind, in fact to have the stove between us and the cold. We followed this plan in setting up the tent, and while I was tightening things up, the man from Kankakee started a fire in the stove, using a liberal supply of his favorite pine cones for kindlers. In a moment he came tearing out of the tent with a cry like a wounded wolf. In reply to my surprised inquiry, he said, "Look at the smoke, for heaven's sake look at the smoke!" I looked. Black smoke was rolling out of the stovepipe and black smoke was pouring out of the doorway of the tent. Inside it was as black as your hat and rapidly increasing in density.

We decided that the stove must be reversed. There was just room in the tent to turn it around and I volunteered to perform the operation. The smoke was so dense when I went in that I couldn't see anything, and

it got in my eyes so I couldn't keep them open, but I found the stove and getting hold of it, prepared to do the turning act. About this time I had to breathe, and one breath settled it. Choking and strangling I ran around the tent like a rat in a trap until I found the door and tumbled out. We finally had to take the pipe off from the outside and run in and drag the stove out, shedding legs and fixtures at every jump. Then we turned the tent around and started another fire, and it worked beautifully, heated like a furnace and didn't spill a whiff of smoke all the evening. We were up and off the next morning in fair season. It was bright and sunny, but the air was crisp and biting. Quemado, consisting of a few people, a filling station and a store, was the next place on the road. Here a young fellow asked for a ride to Springerville, which was the next place on the road, but over the line in Arizona.

I hated to refuse him but we were heavily loaded and Lizzie had not been acting well along back, so there was nothing else to do. A few miles farther we crossed the New Mexico-Arizona line and before eleven o'clock entered Springerville, where we restocked with gas, oil, air and water purchased a few supplies. Since leaving Albuquerque gas had been rising by leaps and bounds. At Albuquerque it was 25 cents; at Socorro 27; at Magdalena 30; at Springerville 40 and at McNary 50 cents.

This was high water mark; when we reached Globe it was 29 cents.

Before leaving Springerville we visited a lunch counter to buy milk and bread. A thin-faced, capable woman waited on us. We inquired about the road to Globe and she asked if we were going the regular road or over the

mountains. I did not know, but showed her the map of the road we had been following. "That," she said, "is the short cut road over the mountains. The regular road through Holbrook is two hundred miles farther. Cannon Ball Baker left here one day last week and went over the mountains to Globe and on to Phoenix, two hundred fifty miles, in a little more than seven hours. It has not snowed since, so you can probably make it." We thanked her and started on our way.

Doubtless all the world knows by this time that Cannon Ball Baker, driving a Rickenbacker Six, left New York in February and drove to Los Angeles in fifteen hours less running time than the time of the fastest train across the continent, but what the world does not know is that Lizzie, the man from Kankakee and I trailed Cannon Ball all the way from Socorro to Globe, a matter of nearly three hundred miles. I wouldn't say that we were hot on his trail, though we certainly were on his trail, and unquestionably hot enough much of the time. On the whole, we were just as well satisfied that we were behind him, for what we would have done if he had overtaken us at some points in the mountains, I am unable to conjecture, for I hate to hear a man swear, and a man who does business under the name of Cannon Ball and travels at that rate of speed ought to be a past master.

We rolled down hill a long way after leaving Springerville and then began to climb again. Here we ran into snow, light at first but steadily growing deeper as the altitude increased. We were still in the National Forest and the farther we advanced the heavier the forest became.

We met two or three other cars, and at one place over-

took a well-dressed, gentlemanly-appearing young fellow on foot. He asked if he could ride two or three miles, and we took him in. He told us that it was six miles to the top of the hill and the elevation at the summit was 8,200 feet, 100 feet less than the continental divide which we had crossed.

As we climbed the hill, the snow was in the neighborhood of two feet deep; there was a fair wheel track, but the heavy grade made Lizzie groan. We came to a saw mill in the forest, and our passenger thanked us and got off. A few miles farther on we came out of the forest into a large open place like a meadow, which extended for miles along the mountain. Here the road was more exposed to the wind and had been dragged, throwing the snow up in ridges three and four feet high at the side. Then the wind had blown and had filled in the cut for a long distance. Where it was the deepest there was a track where a car had turned out and made a detour, but no track through the deep snow. When we undertook to follow the track out of the road, the sun was high and had warmed things up so that the car cut through the heavy snow and went in all over. It was rocky and soft and so uncertain that we voted it too hazardous and, working the car back into the road, prepared to shovel out the cut.

I chopped the snow in blocks with the axe while the man from Kankakee plied the shovel, but in spite of our most determined efforts it took us all of the afternoon to clear that short stretch of road, and it was 5:30 when we got through the drift, with no knowledge of what lay ahead of us. We were at an altitude of 8,200 feet, with deep snow all around. A winter night was coming on and we

had not seen a soul since we parted from the young man at the saw mill. In the shelter of the pines ahead of us appeared the one bare spot on the landscape, a grassy place two or three rods square, where the snow had melted off. Here we pitched our tent and prepared to spend the night. It was most certainly a solitary winter scene, but we had wood, water and provisions enough, with a good tent for shelter, and were in a country where, when the sun comes up, it shines so cheerily, that you forget other features of your surroundings.

Starting the next morning, we ran into a snow cut which required no shoveling, but one of the tent poles hooked onto a frozen drift and broke. We were on the high point of the ridge, and as we were headed toward the south and going down hill we figured that it would not be long before we reached a level on the southern slope where the snow would be gone. We were right in our conclusion, but before we reached that warm country we traveled for miles over a road which had been plowed up by a big car while it was soft and was frozen harder than the celebrated Pharaoh's heart. But steadily we rolled down hill; steadily the snow shrank in volume and before noon we entered the suburbs of McNary, the next town on the map. It was in the woods; the road coming down a grade onto a flat. It was muddy among the trees, and drivers seemed to have discarded the road and picked their course according to personal preference. We were stuck there for a while, but not for long. It should be understood that from lack of moisture there can not be frost enough to cut any figure. The only mud we saw came from melting snow.

McNary was a much larger place than we had seen for

some time, and was evidently a saw mill town built to order. The houses were all the same size and of uniform pattern. They were built of rough lumber and unpainted and as uniformly placed as if they stood on a checker board. The streets were muddy and in some places the auto track abandoned the streets and wound in and out among the houses. Nowhere was there a sign of the main road which we were supposed to be following. I stopped at a house where a colored woman sat on the porch and inquired the way. She seemed rather dense at first, but finally explained how our road left town, and warned us not to attempt to follow the road in front of the house. "You'd better go around back 'count of the mud," she said. We undertook to follow her direction but got stuck during the process. We had got out the shovel when two hard-featured, peaked-hatted buckos, looking near enough alike to be twins, came along in a car. "Stuck," asked one. We assented. He backed up his car; produced a small chain and deftly hitched it to his spring and our axle. "I built this layout and I can't allow anyone to get stuck in the mud," he said, then started his car and, presto, we were out.

We neeeded water and provisions and while I was prowling around locating the sources of supply I asked a man I was talking with, about the road to Globe. He didn't know, but a friend who was right there knew all about it, and the friend was produced. He was a Mexican of fair intelligence but of an unduly pessimistic disposition. He asked which way we were going and when he learned that we were going over the mountains he shook his head sadly and sorrowfully and made a speech, of which I gathered the substance. The regular road was a fine road, two hundred miles farther, but a fine road

just the same, but the road over the mountains was a bad one. It was not much over one hundred miles to Globe this way, but he shrugged his shoulders and held out his hands, palms up.

It was all right until you reached the White River crossing, fine, but from there it was straight up and rocky as hell, and if there was snow or it was a little slippery—malo—you couldn't make it at all. And that wasn't the worst, oh, no! When you got over the mountain beyond the White River and dropped down to the Black River crossing, the mountain beyond was the worst you ever saw, steeper and rougher than the other, four miles straight up, and if there was snow or mud—he shrugged his shoulders disdainfully as if to say, "What is man to fight such a road?" We stopped at a nearby gas station and filled up with water, but balked at gas 50 cents a gallon when we learned that we could buy gas at White River town, and it was all down hill there. The colored man in charge of the station sang the same song as the Mexican about the mountain road. "Believe me, Boss, I've done seen the cars come in from that run with the transmission wrecked and in mighty bad shape. I sure have."

We thought of all the trouble we had had with Lizzie, and the difficulty we had had in persuading her to walk up lesser hills, and the thought of those awful mountains was a nightmare. But, on the other hand, we had had our eyes glued to the map of that road so long that we couldn't visualize ourselves entering Globe by any other way. And, then, hadn't Cannon Ball Baker crossed those same mountains at a high average rate of speed and gone through Globe like a sky rocket? So we set our teeth, filled the radiator and milk can with water and

started. As I said, we didn't buy any gas, but we had regretful moments. When you fill up with gas and water in this benighted country, there is no certainty that you will ever see a man or meet another human being until you have crossed to the golden shore. As the governor of one Carolina is reported to have remarked to the governor of the other Carolina, "It's a long time between drinks." Our road led steadily down hill, not at all rough or rocky but rutted some, and the weather was warm and pleasant, with no snow, in contrast to the higher altitudes.

"See that bird," said the man from Kankakee, as a bird the size and color of a partridge, but slimmer, and with a long tail and long legs, walked across the road in front of us. "That's a road runner. They call them that because they run in the road ahead of a horse or an automobile—don't seem to have the sense to turn out. I've heard that they run in front of a railroad train the same way. The Mexicans have a queer notion that road runners kill rattlesnakes by catching them asleep and building a cactus fence around them, which exasperates the reptile so that he falls an easy prey. I don't know as there is a thing to it." A few days later we had an interesting demonstration of what a road runner could do when he set out to exceed the speed limit.

We were driving on a long, fairly level stretch when a horseback rider came in sight around a bend far ahead. He was riding at a furious pace and as he rode he plied his quirt from side to side, sending the horse along as if life and death depended on his speed. We pulled out to give him plenty of room and watched him as he came tearing down the road. Finally we discovered the cause of his hurry. Twenty-five yards ahead of the horse, with

neck outstretched and wings outspread, ran a road runner setting the pace for horse and rider. Not one inch did that flying horse gain on that slim bird as he came down that long stretch and, thundering past us, disappeared in a cloud of dust. We were now in the Apache country. Correcting a former statement, the Indians around Albuquerque are Pueblos. As we neared White River town, we met several Apaches, men on horseback and men on foot, women on horseback, with children hanging on behind; and we drove by clusters of canvas or thatched wigwams with stacks and ricks of fodder alongside. On one or two occasions, when the road led up sharp pitches, Lizzie gave us trouble and aroused our apprehension as to what would happen when we struck the mountain road pictured by the Mexican.

It was about four o'clock on a warm, sunny afternoon when we rolled into White River town and located the only place where gas was on sale. It was a large country store, perhaps trading post is the correct title. When I went in, there were in the neighborhood of twenty-five Indians of all ages and descriptions scattered about the place. The man in charge was a square-jawed, resolute-looking fellow of about forty, and while he put up my purchases I asked him about the town. There was an Indian school there, he said. After he had filled the tank with gas which cost 40 cents, I asked him about milk. They handled it, but had sold the last bottle. There was only one place where there was any chance of getting it, and that was the house beyond the church. I took an empty milk bottle and started while the man from Kankakee set out in search of a meat market. I went up the road and, passing a group of Indians, asked one—a bright-looking fellow—where I could buy milk. He sug-

gested the store, but when I told him what the storekeeper had said, he said, "Yes, that's right. Next house to the church, up to the missionary's."

As I passed the church, I noticed that the tablet on the corner read "Lutheran Apache." I stopped at the next house beyond and rapped. It looked like a residence, but I suspect now that it was the chapel or community house, or something of that sort, for I rapped three or four times without raising anyone. Someone was playing a piano in the house next beyond, so I went to the door and rapped vigorously, but the piano was making so much noise that I couldn't make anyone hear. Waiting until the music paused, I pounded on the door until a slim, pretty girl of fourteen or fifteen appeared. I explained my errand and she invited me in, saying that she would see if there was any milk to spare. A little boy of about two was toddling about the floor, and a plump-faced, black-eyed little girl of three, who answered to the name of Dorothy, sat in a chair by the door. Dorothy was very friendly and talkative. All three were children of the missionary, who, with his wife, had gone to Holbrook, eighty-five miles distant, but expected to return before dark. The girl found that there was milk to spare and filled my bottle, and after talking with her a few moments I returned to the store. The man from Kankakee had returned with his purchases, so, after inquiring about the road, we started for the White River crossing, twenty miles farther on, where we had reason to believe that our real trouble would begin. We couldn't be very cheerful when we thought of Lizzie and her balky spells and pondered on what she would do when she saw that mountain road which had been painted in such black colors.

CHAPTER V

The Awful Mountains

It was a warm, sunny afternoon, and about 4:30 when we rolled out of White River Town and headed for that barricade of mountains which we had been warned had proved the undoing of many a husky car. We understood that there was a place at White River crossing, twenty miles distant, where we could get gas, and there we planned to stop and make our final arrangements. The tank was to be filled with gas, and the radiator and milk can with water, for gas and water were two things we could not do without. We had run about four miles when we came to a road which turned to the left, heading back rather than ahead, and across the river, perhaps a mile distant, we could see the town of Fort Apache. Our map showed Fort Apache four miles beyond White River Town, on the straight road to Globe. Here was a triangular situation which the map did not show, and if our road went through Fort Apache, we must turn here and cross the river. Personally I did not believe that this left-hand road was the road to Globe, but guide boards are scarce and sometimes you drive for miles without meeting a person and I hesitated to take a chance. A man was walking along the bank of the river near the bridge, a quarter of a mile distant. I hated to drive down where he was for we were on a bluff, with a sharp drop to the level of the river. The hill was not very long, but exceedingly steep and freshly covered with soft dirt, and I was pretty sure that Lizzie would kick up a rumpus if we asked her to climb it.

We drove down the hill and across the bridge, waiting until the man reached us. He was an Apache and could not talk or understand English well, but he understood what we wanted and by pointing indicated that we should go up the hill and down the road, as we were going before we made the turn. We cleaned two or three spark plugs and did everything we could to placate Lizzie and then started. She went about half way up the hill and stopped. It was not more than two hundred yards to the top, but it took us an hour of backing down and going ahead, with much boosting thrown in, to get her there. And it increased our pessimism as to what would happen when we actually reached the mountains.

We had hoped to camp that night near the crossing of the White River, but we had used up so much time that night was not far off when we reached the top, and a few miles farther was the best we could do. We were now traveling through a fairly level country, with a high range of mountains on our left, which it was a safe bet were the mountains we had been warned against.

About this time we met a car from California, containing a man and his family. They had come from Globe over the mountains and confirmed the direful stories we had heard, with a few extras thrown in for good measure. It was now beginning to get dark and the road went down hill through a forest, where camp sites were not numerous, but watching out, we spotted a place beside the road where there was just room to park our car and pitch the tent, and there we made our camp. The night was fairly warm and our surroundings were pleasant. Lulled by the comfortable condition in which we found ourselves, we forgot to drain the radiator and in the

morning it was frozen. I was genuinely frightened when I discovered it, for the radiator was leaking badly before and it seemed as if this was the last straw, with the mountains ahead and water as scarce as hen's teeth. But when we got under way, the radiator did not seem much worse for the experience, and we were just beginning to breathe easier when a tire blew out. This did not take long to fix, but all these things added to the tension under which we were working.

More than this, the way we were traveling did not seem right from my standpoint. The road persisted in swinging back in a direction contrary to my theory of the way it should go, and the White River was nowhere in sight. Finally we began going down a very steep hill. The road hung on the right hand side of the mountain and was a mighty rough old trail, as full of stones as a Winsted garden, so narrow that two cows would have had trouble in passing, and it hung over the edge in a way to make your head swim. It kept turning to the left as it hugged the mountainside, and soon far below us we could see the river.

The canyon was so narrow that we turned at right angles when we went onto the bridge, and almost at right angles when we struck the dirt on the other side. There was a small shack and a corral two or three hundred yards below the bridge, with a path or rough trail leading to it, but nothing looking like a gas station, so we did not go down to it.

We filled the radiator and milk can from the river, which was a small stream at this point and discussed the advisability of lightening our load. I had carried some wood for the stove ever since leaving Iowa City, and at

Colorado Springs and Albuquerque I had stocked up with a fresh supply. This came in very handy, for in many places wood was entirely lacking. But this was a time for drastic measures. So we threw off every stick of wood and everything else which could be spared and moved our load farther ahead.

While we were shifting the load, two cowpunchers came along on their ponies and we asked them how far it was to the top of the mountain. "Three miles," said one, "and the longest three miles you ever traveled." They went across the bridge and we started Lizzie with a running jump up the grade. The road was on the right-hand side, still hanging over the edge, full of stones and steep and very narrow. I doubt if there were half a dozen places to the mile where cars could possibly pass. Lizzie went up a quarter of a mile and stopped. I had elected myself to the position of chief booster. The man from Kankakee was lighter than I and a more experienced driver, and he seemed to have the faculty of coaxing Lizzie to do a little more than I could, so he drove and I boosted. At one place where we were stuck we saw a car coming down the hill far above us. Fortunately, the driver, a tall man with a gray moustache, saw us and stopping his car at a place where there was just room to pass, came down and helped us up the hill.

I walked much of the time, as Lizzie required considerable help in the steep places, but the man from Kankakee persuaded me to ride on the running board. I was on the down-hill side as the other running board was loaded. The road was sidling and full of stones. I clung to the posts and when the car struck a rock the top would swing out over a landscape that was anywhere from 100

to 500 feet below. Enough is enough, and it didn't take a long ride to persuade me that I had ridden on the running board as far as I cared to. Pretty soon we met a young fellow in a Ford runabout. It was one of the widest places on the road, but there wasn't quite room to pass and the cars hooked together. We all got out and by lifting on the rear axle of the runabout managed to get it past. Then we all went to work on Lizzie and coaxed her back into the road.

As he was leaving, the young fellow said, "You want to look out when you get up a little farther. There's a gang of Indians up there and they are getting ready to blast, got the fuse all in and are ready to touch it off." We encountered the Indians according to program. It was just about the top of the mountains where we came onto them—a gang of thirty or forty of them, I should say, and more than a hundred holes with the fuse in ready for the match. We got by the Indians without incident and started rolling down hill. The drop to the Black River was in the neighborhood of 2,500 feet; the road was a trifle wider than the hill we came up and no more rocky, but still a wild road to travel. Two-thirds of the way down a Ford car stood in the road and a young woman by it. I got out to see if we could be of any assistance. They were out of gas, she said, and her husband had gone back to the road camp to see if he could get any. What a country to be out of gas! One might as well be out of air. There was just room to slide by the Ford, so we continued down that winding, precipitous road.

Near the foot of the hill we met the man with about two gallons of gas and stopped to inquire what chance

there was of our getting any, "Pretty poor," he said, "I talked an hour to get this, and I wouldn't have got it at all if I hadn't promised to return it when I came back Saturday." On leaving him we rolled down the hill, across the Black River bridge and sighting the road camp a hundred yards beyond, I stopped the car and leaving the man from Kankakee in charge, went down to the camp to plead for gas. An Indian was the only person in sight, but before I got to him I heard someone stirring around in one of the larger covered trucks which formed a part of the camp equipment.

Coming to an open door, I caught sight of a large, red-faced man with a wooden leg. He was mopping the floor and I surmised that he was the cook. "Where is the boss?" I inquired. "I'm that same party," he said loftily, "What can I do for you?" "The boss when the boss is absent. Quite likely the boss is up in the mountains with the Indians," I reflected. "We are short of gas and want to get a little to carry us up the hill," I said. "Nothing doing. Nothing doing," he roared. "Folks must think this is a filling station by the calls we get. This outfit is the property of Gila County and I have no authority to supply you with gas or anything else." "You understand that I will pay well for it?" I said. "It wouldn't make any difference if you would pay $100 a gallon, I wouldn't let you have a teaspoonful and that's that!" he said. "And why didn't you get your gas back at the White River Crossing?" "There wasn't any station." "Yes, there is a station, down there in the brush. Don't tell me that. I know better." It was evident that nothing was to be gained by prolonging the discussion, so I asked how far it was to the top of the moun-

tain and how far to the next gas station, and went back to the car.

It was eight miles to the top and ten to the nearest gas station, up a road as narrow and steep and rough as any we had encountered, a road where the right of way clung to the side of the mountain for many a weary mile. A half mile beyond the road camp we struck a place so steep and soft that Lizzie could not get up aided by my most vigorous efforts. We were there an hour or more, in a place so narrow that there was hardly room to walk past the car, and finally got out by lifting the car with levers and putting a plank, which we found down the road, under the wheels on the soft side. It was a long operation and slow and tedious work and before we had the plank under the wheels as we wanted it, the car had slid perilously near the edge of the road. But she started and went up a half mile farther before she stuck on a curve. Here we were apparently stuck in earnest. We tried every device we could think of, but the pitch was too steep for Lizzie to climb, and we finally decided to unload her, drive her up empty and carry the load up to her.

The emergency brake was not holding, so we had the wheels blocked with stones. We were neither of us in the car. I was carrying things up the road and I don't recall what the man from Kankakee was doing when she started down the hill, gathering headway with every turn of the wheel. He was nearer and started after her, and with a running jump managed to swing on board. The car was now running at a dangerous speed. Suddenly it swerved, not toward the canyon but toward the bank. If it struck the bank at that angle and that speed it was

certain to turn turtle with a crash that would wreck the outfit. I held my breath in suspense. In the nick of time the man from Kankakee got his foot on the brake and brought Lizzie to a stop, well up on the bank. We got her up where she had started from, blocked the wheels more securely, unloaded her and finally persuaded her, with much jockeying and boosting, to go up that steep pitch to a good place to start, then carried the things up, reloaded her and were ready to proceed. All this was hard and hot work.

Before starting I gave the man from Kankakee his final orders. When he got started he was to pay no attention to me, but to keep on as long as the car would run, until he reached the top. I would look out for myself. After being boosted on two or three pitches, one of which was so steep that the gas failed to reach the motor, and aroused my apprehension as to how long the gas would hold out, she started. A half mile up the road, I caught a glimpse of her as the man from Kankakee was just starting, after a little tinkering; then she disappeared. I plodded on, dead tired with all the lugging and boosting, but with only one prayer in my heart and that was that I should never see that old girl again until she stood at the top of the mountain and I overtook her. Anything was preferable to carrying her up the hill.

As I climbed that steep, rough mountain road, my reflections were along this line: What a country for a man to attempt to negotiate alone, as I should be doing if I hadn't picked up the man from Kankakee. What would happen if a lone man got stuck in the mountains, got out of gas or water or broke something? He couldn't stay there long unless he had an unlimited supply of provi-

sions, water, and wood. Suppose he went for help, there is not a telephone, a house or a human being for miles. How far would he be obliged to go for help or gas, with gas stations fifty miles apart and mountain ranges between? What would he find when he got back to his car? As like as not the car would be stuck where there would not be room to pass. Suppose another driver came along and couldn't get by. He couldn't stay there all day and perhaps he couldn't go back. What would be easier than for him to push your car over the cliff and drive along? Or suppose you got back and found everything portable missing? In Colorado they spoke of the Mexicans as if they were the limit, but the camp ground men in Albuquerque said that though the Mexicans were bad enough, they were not in it with some of the tourists, who were too lazy to work and who beg, borrow and steal everything that they can get their hands on.

With these and other pleasant reflections to chew on, I plodded up the mountain. A mile farther along I found some sacks which had fallen off the load, then for a long way I didn't see anything to indicate that the car had passed, not even a track I could be sure of. There were steep places, as steep as any which had stopped us before. There were rocky places so rough and steep that it did not seem as if the car could have climbed them unless it was traveling at a high rate of speed, nor even then without wrecking the outfit.

As I traveled the next mile I became apprehensive. If she hadn't passed that point, she must have gone off the road below, and if she had gone off the road and wasn't in sight she must have dropped into the canyon. So I began to formulate plans as to what I would do if I

didn't find the car at the top. Go back, of course, and look for the pieces and arrange for the funeral of the man from Kankakee. The road I am describing passes for a national highway; the road maps issued by a leading oil and gas company classify it as such and even the Rand & McNally maps show it as a main road, with no explanations. The presence of the gang of Indians working on the road and other evidences seem to indicate that at least they are making an effort to widen it so two cars can pass before the opening of the tourist season.

On that sunny afternoon, when hot and weary, I was toiling up that steep mountain road, reflecting on the possible fate of my partner and Lizzie, suddenly I saw in the road before me a canteen belonging to the man from Kankakee, and by that token I knew that they were on ahead, and it revived my spirits wonderfully. I have mentioned the gang of Indians blasting out the highway to widen it for the coming season's tourist travel. It was certainly providential that we were traveling in an off season. From the time I talked with Old Red Face at the road camp which was before noon until 6:30 that night we didn't see a car or a human being on the road. And what we would have done if two or three cars had come down the mountain facing us, I am unable to conjecture. A mile farther on I spied Lizzie in the road, and coming up with her sat down on the running board and took a much needed rest. Ten minutes later the man from Kankakee appeared from up the road. He had been scouting and reported favorably on the outlook. We were now on a broad plateau, rough and irregular in places but, though the grade was prodigious at times, we were not hanging over the edge as we had been for several miles back.

I got in and we rolled along at a fair rate of speed for some time, encountering nothing beyond Lizzie's capacity, and finally came to a little roadside camp where two men of sixty or sixty-five were sitting on the grass beside a fire. They were evidently connected with the road gang. We stopped and asked them how far it was to the top of the mountain. "Fifteen miles," said one, but when he saw our looks of dismay he hastened to explain that though it was fifteen miles the grade was moderate and the road was in good condition. There was no gas nearer than Rice, which was thirty-five miles distant. "But," I said, "the road boss near the Black River said there was a place ten miles from there." "He meant the saw mill near the top," said the man. "The man who runs the mill has gas, but don't fool yourself that you can get any of it away from him. It will only be a waste of time." After a little further talk, we started along. It was getting dark, so after a mile or two more we made camp—selecting a smooth spot under a giant pine, on a corner where two roads appeared to leave the highway. It was a level tract, with few trees, and the roadways seemed to cross it in various directions. We found later that the road camp had been located there for some time, away back from the road, and these roadways were where the trucks came out to the highway.

That pine was a big one, not one of these low, wide-spreading trees one sees in the open in the east, but three feet in diameter and forty feet up to the first limb. Before starting a fire, I raked the ground inside the tent, for it was littered with pine cones and carpeted with needles, and I was afraid that a coal from the stove might start a fire which would take the tent and all our

belongings. We were high up, but it was much warmer than where we camped both east and west of Springerville, and not a trace of snow. That night we were in a more cheerful frame of mind. The bogey of the mountains was behind us. To be sure we were thirty-five miles from Rice, the nearest gas station, and were not sure that we could make it, and we had several miles to go before we reached the top of the mountain, with a bad road down the other side. But still we were decidedly cheerful. We were up the worst of the hill, had a good place to camp, with plenty of fuel, water and food, and had some gas left, and we figured if we could reach the top of the mountain, then we could roll down into Rice with very little effort.

The man from Kankakee had a premonition, from something he saw, that there was water in the vicinity so after supper, though it was quite dark, he started out to investigate, and came back a little later reporting that he had found it. The next morning we took the milk can over to the place, perhaps two hundred yards distant, and found a large spring with a sizeable stream flowing out of it—something very rare in this parched land. This explained why the road camp had been located so far from the road.

It did not take long to break camp that morning and we were soon started on our steady climb for the summit. Passing the saw mill, we waved to the proprietor who stood out in front, but did not stop to broach the subject of gas or solicit any favors. About three miles beyond the mill, we came to the brink of the mountain and a wonderful picture spread out before us. Rice is 4,000 feet lower than the chest of the mountain, and the view from

the summit is wonderful, embracing a wide sweep of country. But when you start down that hill you have something to occupy you besides the view, for the road drops practically all of that 4,000 feet in six or seven miles, with a grade steeper than La Bajada Hill, and it hangs over the edge in a way to make your hair stand up. Men get so used to these roads that they apparently are unconcerned, but to the novice, frequently with not more than two feet between the wheel track and kingdom come, and a grade like the roof of a house, small wonder that he takes it seriously. Two-thirds of the way down, some ways ahead, we saw a truck, headed up the mountain, standing in the middle of the road. As we happened to be at a place where we could turn out, we swung Lizzie out of the road and I went down to size up the situation. The driver had stopped to cool his motor but was all ready to start, he said, so I got on to the running board and rode up to the turnout.

A few moments later we reached the foot of the mountain, and I certainly breathed a sigh of relief to be on level ground once more. Just beyond the foot of the last incline, we swung into a sheltered nook where a stream of clear water crossed the road, the man from Kankakee remarking that doubtless many an Apache camp had occupied that peaceful glade in years gone by. While it had not been uncomfortably cold crossing the mountains, it seemed like summer in that sheltered spot. It was a quiet and restful place, coming after our labors of the last few days, but we did not linger for we had spent nearly a week covering less than 400 miles between Albuquerque and Globe, and we had no desire to prolong the journey. On the way to Rice we saw several kinds

of cactus which were new to us, and among the others the tall, striking variety called Spanish bayonet. We were now traveling through an open country, with no mountains, but high bluffs and flood deposits, which furnished many ups and downs in the road.

It was along toward noon when we drew in sight of Rice, passed the Indian Reservation school grounds, with its various buildings, and after some turning and twisting up to that long-sought gas station which had been our objective for many a weary mile. Back of the gas station and store was a lunch counter operated by a very pleasant and accommodating couple, and there we stopped and had coffee, sandwiches and pie, passing a very pleasant half hour. While we were there the proprietor of the store came in for lunch. He was an alert, wide-awake man, with his suit as neatly pressed as one in a fashion plate and whose manners were in marked contrast to those of most small storekeepers. He was well-informed and supplied us with much useful information. The talk turned on Cannon Ball Baker and his wild ride from Springerville to Phoenix. "Don't get the idea," said our friend, "that Baker traveled at any such speed from White River across the mountains. He didn't break any speed laws there, but he made it up between here and Phoenix."

The road from Rice to Globe, paralleling the Arizona, Eastern Railroad, is broad and level, and its twenty-one miles seemed like a boulevard compared with the roads we had been traveling. It was about 2:30 when we rolled into Globe and stopped for our accumulated mail. After making a few purchases, we inquired our way to the camp ground. Unlike Albuquerque, Globe had but one

camp ground, and that was a free public ground, with no cottages or cabins. It is in the outskirts of the town, on the road to Phoenix, a plain, primitive ground, without a spear of grass or any attempt at embellishment, a narrow, barren strip of land lying between the Phoenix highway and a dry river bed, not more than forty feet wide by four hundred feet long, with a few shade trees, running water and toilets. Here were the first camping parties with tents I had seen that winter, and here they were numerous. From twelve to twenty were in evidence on the camp ground every night. They were mostly tourists, with practically a new crowd every day or so. The campers are a friendly lot and the majority of those on the road at this season of the year seemed to be workers or at least people who ought to be at work.

A pair of steeple jacks driving a red car displaying their "ad" were there the first night of our stay. One was a red-faced, shaggy-haired fellow, and the other, who I imagine was the real steeple jack, had a white, expressionless face and cold gray eyes. We saw them often and got on very neighborly terms with them, and they always addressed me as Old Timer. They would be there for a night or two, and then for a few nights they would be gone, and then, when we thought we had lost them, they would appear again. It was my practice, when I came from town just before dark, to bring a bottle of milk, and just as like as not, as I came down through the camp ground, I would hear their cheery call, "Here comes Old Timer with his bottle of milk." A man who camped near me for three or four days invariably ate his meals by placing his plate upon the ground and kneeling in front of it on one knee. Anyone who can in-

vent a clumsier or more inconvenient method of eating than that certainly ought to have a leather medal.

These dry river beds looks strange to anyone coming from a country where rivers are provided with water. On Broad Street, which is the main street of Globe, there are several bridges large enough to accommodate the Farmington, with a river bed of equal capacity, but not a drop of water anywhere, and I imagine that water in the rivers is a very infrequent sight and a decided novelty.

A chess player of my acquaintance introduced me to Smithy and started us in a contest. Smithy did not claim to be an old master; he had only played about a year, he said, though he was certainly over fifty, but his father had been a famous player and had often beaten Mr. ——, who was the champion of the United States. Strange to say, I could not recall that anyone of that name had ever been the United States champion, but I did not argue the point with Smithy. He was such a funny little man, and he wrinkled his nose in such a funny way when he was studying the board that I wouldn't have traded him for Capablanca even if he had never had a father.

Smithy said that he didn't have much time to play and that likely we wouldn't have another chance in some time, and Smithy was right. I met him on the street once after that. He was seated in his flivver and the flivver was just as funny as Smithy, and wrinkled its nose the same way. I went down to the curb and spoke to him. "Get in," said Smithy, "and I'll take you home. You live down on the camp ground, don't you? I live down near there and I'm on my way." He backed the flivver out into the street with a flourish and we were off. "I've got to stop at a meat market," I protested.

"There's one right ahead. I'll wait for you," said Smithy, and he stopped so suddenly that I nearly went into the market head first. When I came out, he was talking with a portly young man who looked as if the Volstead Act had never bothered him a bit. "What have you been doing lately?" asked Smithy. "Not much," said the young man. "In January I got my eye on something and pulled down eight hundred bones—very little since—but I've got a job for you, Smithy, after I get back from Superior. I'm going down to the old place and I want you to come along and straighten out the books. It will take you a week, and there'll be a hundred bucks in it for you." "I'm your man," said Smithy. "Let me know when you're back." He spoke to the flivver. It bounded out into the road, and we were off again.

"Who's your friend?" I asked. Smithy grew mournful at once. "His mother was a mighty smart woman, and when she died, she left him $300,000, but I doubt if he's got much of it left." I gathered from what Smithy said, and what he didn't say, that the young man's mother was a member of what some wit has characterized the oldest profession in the world, and had been a financial success. I heard Smithy tell the young man that he was living at No. 16 down near the camp ground, and it interested me. The first day we drove to the camp ground we noticed nearby a dugout in a bank. There was nothing showing but an adobe front wall, containing the door, and over the portal No. 17. It was a standing joke of the man from Kankakee that he was intending to hire No. 17 and move in.

When I got back to camp and told him about Smithy

and No. 16 he was delighted, and we fixed it up that when Smithy departed to pull down that hundred bucks we would rent No. 17 and be sitting pretty next door when Smithy came home with the bacon. Globe is full of Mexicans and in consequence Mexican delicacies are on tap at every lunch counter, chile, hot tamales, enchiladahs and any number of concoctions which are beyond my vocabulary. One day the man from Kankakee and I stopped at a Mexican lunch room and ordered some enchiladahs (accent on the lah). A bright little girl took our order and I tried to engage her in conversation, but it was evident that English was not her strong suit. Presently the enchiladahs arrived, three on a platter. In appearance they resembled fig bars, but were much larger. As near as I could figure it out they were prepared in this manner. A thin batter containing, among other things considerable corn meal was cooked in the form of griddle cakes. A large spoonful of chopped raw onion mixed with other ingredients was spread on each cake, then the two opposite sides were folded over the mixture, and it was turned over with the smooth side up, making a fig bar as long as the diameter of the cake and about half as wide. Over the enchiladah was spilled about a cupful of what looked like fine tomato catsup. Looks are deceiving, however; it was our old friend chile, but not con carne. It is a warm mixture which will make an amateur cough and choke at first, but it seems to improve on further acquaintance, and I have noticed that when I eat chile, tamales or enchiladahs, in all of which chile is a ranking ingredient, afterward I have a very comfortable and contented feeling as if the world were a pleasant place after all, and all men were brothers. If it affects

the Mexicans that way, I don't wonder that they are fond of it. Wood is scarce in the vicinity of Globe. There is no wood on the mountain sides, and it is frequently difficult to find wood to use on the camp ground.

One day the man from Kankakee and I drove out on the Phoenix road several miles to get a supply, but the best we could do was to bring back a load of small stuff resembling pea brush. We parked the car beside the tent, leaving the fuel on board. That night a car drove in alongside and the party camped beside our tent. We could hear a man talking, and the man from Kankakee was sure it was the man in tweeds we saw on the hill the other side of Magdalena. He was mistaken, however. The man was standing by his car the next morning when I left the tent, and I stopped to talk with him. "How are you boys getting on?" he asked with a friendly smile. "I see that you are selling fruit trees!"

On the day that President Coolidge was inaugurated, green foliage covered the trees in Globe; peach trees, tulips and hyacinths were in blossom and the outlook was decidedly spring-like. Ten days later I met a party of barefooted boys coming down the sidewalk. Globe and Miami, sometimes referred to as the copper cities, are about six miles apart and about the same size, close to eight thousand population.

The Old Dominion, Inspiration and Miami copper mines are located in this district, and these three furnish the sinews for the surrounding country. Globe is the county seat of Gila County, and Gila County is presumably the headquarters of the Gila Monster, that sinister looking creature whose likeness adorns the picture postcards. Globe, as the county seat, contains the courthouse

and jail and entertains the regular sessions of the superior court. Court was in session during my residence in the city and it was my privilege to attend while several important cases were being disposed of. There were six murder cases, in which each of the defendants was a Mexican or a Spaniard, and these cases had the right of way.

Seated near me at one trial was a man who attracted my attention. His hair, which was long and black, hung over his eyes. His eyes, which were black and beady, glittered like stars in frosty weather. His complexion was mahogany color and his nose was slightly hooked. I would have picked him for an Indian, but it is no easy matter to determine nationalities in this part of the world. The Mexicans and Indians are both black-haired, dark-skinned people of mixed blood, and adding to these, those with some Negro blood in their veins it is exceedingly difficult to classify them.

Coming into the courtroom one day, I discovered that my neighbor of the previous day, the man with the beady eyes, was on the witness stand, accompanied by a neatly dressed young man whom I assumed to be the interpreter. I couldn't quite get the drift of things because the attorneys seemed to address the long haired man, who in turn would talk with the young fellow in Spanish and then reply to the lawyers in moderately good English, but I concluded that he was not sure he understood the question in English and consulted the interpreter before answering. They left the stand. Another witness was called, and with him returned the man with the beady eyes, and then I discovered that he was the interpreter himself and a very precise interpreter he proved to be.

When the prosecuting attorney would thunder at a witness, "I asked you a question. Answer that question," the long haired man would consult with the witness and then as precise as an old maid would reply, "He say 'It is as I told you before, I did so and so'," or "Why, he say, 'I fail to remember the matter to which you refer'."

One case was of unusual interest. An old man was killed in the holdup of a pool room, shot down by the highwayman, an unusually flagrant killing, and no sympathy was expressed for the accused, a trim-looking Spanish youth in a fawn-colored sport coat, with pleats down the back. In fact, it was repeatedly asserted that he would be hanged, that crimes of that nature demanded swift punishment, and the state attorney as he questioned prospective jurors asked each the question, "Have you any conscientious scruples against the infliction of capital punishment?" and the counsel for the defense, besides the usual question concerning prejudice against the Spanish or Mexican race, asked if the fact that the accused was charged with another crime would prejudice the prospective juror against him, or if he would be willing to take into account any extenuating or mitigating circumstances.

There were only four witnesses as to what took place in the Idle Hour Pool Hall in the early morning of January 11th. Three were the witnesses for the state and the fourth was the little Spaniard. The witnesses for the prosecution, who saw the tragedy, were all eminently respectable-appearing men. One was a tall, well-built and well dressed man in the neighborhood of forty-five or fifty. He was good looking, of easy manners and had the look of a straight-forward man. Another was a ser-

ious-faced man of about the same age, who apparently took great pains to state things just as they were. The third was a stocky, jovial, red-faced Irishman, who was generally referred to as Red Flannigan. Take them all in all, they appeared like very dependable witnesses, men who would be likely to see all that could be seen and who could be depended upon to tell just what they saw.

They were each called to the stand and told substantially the same story. They were present at the Idle Hour Pool Hall from eight o'clock on the evening of January 10th until 3:40 on the morning of January 11th, when the shooting occurred, and the accused was present most of the time. The three were playing cards in the rear room of the pool hall and the accused was in and out during the night. They were using poker chips, but they were not gambling. Candy, soft drinks and cigars figured as the only winnings of the game. At 3:40 they were still playing and the only other person present was the night man in charge of the pool hall, an elderly man named Peterson, when the door opened and the accused came in with a leveled revolver and ordered them to "Stick 'em up." He then ordered them to put their money and watches in his cap, which he placed on the table. One man turned in $12 and a watch; another contributed a watch and Red Flannigan laid his watch on the table and told the Spaniard to come and get it. While this empasse held the center of the stage, two shots rang out simultaneously and the bandit, with the money and watches in his cap, backed out of the room, firing as he ran, and slammed the door. Mr. Peterson's revolver clattered to the floor and he slid out of his chair, shot through the head, and when the prisoner was arrested in

a place far removed from the scene of the crime, some days later, on his person was found one of the watches which he had collected on that fatal night.

There is the prosecution's case briefly stated and vouched for by three eminently respectable and reliable men. What chance had that young Spaniard to save his neck, when those three men had identified him as the guilty party? Without a witness to back up any statement he might make, a stranger in the community, not a friend in court, a member of an inferior race, tried in a court where the proceedings were in English, which he did not understand, in a court where no man could serve as a juror who did not speak and read English, what chance had he? Once or twice when there was a recess and the judge and jury and the legal lights had withdrawn, I saw him look wistfully over to the sheriff, who sat on guard in his high seat. And the sheriff, a round-faced, pleasant-looking fellow, would fumble in his pocket and, extracting a cigarette and a match, would hand them to the prisoner, and get a smile of appreciation in return as he lighted the cigarette and puffed away contentedly. When the three star witnesses for the state were on the stand, they were cross-examined, of course, and the counsel for the defense was inordinately curious along one line, concerning the long night they spent there playing for candy and soft drinks and cigars. His curiosity was almost unbounded, and again and again he referred to the subject.

Then the prisoner was called to the stand and our friend, the interpreter, joined him, as sedate and precise as one could wish, and related the prisoner's account of the affair, with many an introductory "He say" and

"Why, he say," etc. And stripped of all elaboration and repetition, this is what "he say": He had been a frequent visitor at the Idle Hour Pool Hall, and was there on the evening of January 10th and the morning of January 11th; that the back room of the pool hall was used for gambling purposes and was all equipped for various gambling games and had a buzzer, operated from the front room, to give notice of the arrival of the police.

On the night in question he played Blackjack for a time and about 11 o'clock sat in on a game of poker with the three state witnesses. He bought $10 worth of chips, and that night he had the luck; by 2 o'clock he had won more than $1,000 in chips, which lay on the table before him. The old man, Peterson, had gone out several times and brought in small bottles of whisky, which he had not touched, but some of the others had drank. About 2 o'clock the game stopped, and two of the players had gone out. After several minutes' absence, they came back and one of them wrote a check for $500 and the one who represented the house and acted as banker gave him $500 worth of chips. The game was resumed and before it terminated, he (the Spaniard) had won most of those chips and his winnings represented more than $1,500. That was the way things stood when the last hand was dealt. It was stud poker, and when the fourth card had been dealt he had three aces, two of them up, and the one man who had stayed and was the dealer had three spades in sight. At this time practically all of the chips on the table excepting the Spaniard's were in the pot.

The dealer picked up the pack, placing the discarded hands of the other players underneath, and dealt a card

to the Spaniard and one off the bottom of the pack to himself. When the cards were turned over, the Spaniard having three aces and the dealer a flush of spades, the Spaniard told the dealer that the ace of spades belonged in the discard. The dealer drew a revolver; one of the state witnesses stood up and turned off the light; the Spaniard went under the table and out of the door as two or three shots rang out, and he didn't stop running until his feet had put some distance between himself and the pool hall.

He went to a restaurant and had breakfast, hung around town all day, had supper at another restaurant and went to the movies in the evening. He spent the night at a rooming house and when he did leave town he took the stage to Phoenix and registered at the hotel under his own name. Concerning the watch which belonged to one of the state witnesses and was found on his person when he was arrested, the interpreter was very precise and explicit. "Why, he say, when he had won all the chips, the owner of the watch offer to sell it to him for $50, and he take the watch and give the man $50 in chips, and that the watch is his."

There's the case, and what do you make of it? I was present and you were not, but you can take my word for it that those three witnesses, whose testimony if accepted would hang that little Spaniard, appeared like eminently reliable and respectable men, and men of high character. They loomed up large when contrasted with that little black-haired fellow, wearing the same pleated, fawn-colored sport coat that he wore on the morning of the shooting. Was there an element of reasonable doubt in that case? Did the story of that all-night can-

dy party cause distrust? Suppose that there had been a poker game and the Spaniard had won all the chips (one of the state's witnesses was brother to the proprietor of the pool room) and suppose that the other players hadn't paid for all their chips and there wasn't money enough in the house to cash the Spaniard's chips, a disagreeable situation surely. And suppose they framed it up while out of the room, in case they couldn't win in any other way, to pull a gun and scare the Spaniard out of it, and had shot the old man by mistake, what could they do to save their skins and their reputations but lay it to the Spaniard and tell such a story as they had told? Or was it a plain case of murder by a black-haired foreigner?

There was the usual cross-examination, another day or so in hearing minor witnesses and then the closing arguments. The prisoner's chief counsel was a mild-mannered, gentlemanly-appearing man of more than ordinary ability, and when it came his turn to speak he made a decidedly favorable impression. He reviewed the testimony against the accused, contrasting it with the prisoner's story, and as he talked his mildness evaporated and his words became sharp and cutting. He taunted the state attorney with the fact that although the prisoner had testified that the back room of the pool hall was a regular gambling resort, with all of the equipment common to such places, he had not seen fit to call any witnesses or introduce any testimony to refute his story. He reminded him that the revolver which the witnesses for the prosecution testified clattered to the floor from Peterson's hand when he slid out of his chair —that imaginary revolver—had not been produced in

court. He recalled to his attention that although the prisoner had testified that on his arrival in Phoenix he had registered at the hotel, signing his own name, and although the prosecuting attorney had sent a man to Phoenix to examine the hotel register he had not testified as to what he found.

The prosecuting attorney seemed to be in bad humor and not at his best in his closing appeal to the jury. Things didn't seem to be going his way. Court recessed before the case was given to the jury, and as it was late I started for camp. When I reached the courthouse the following morning, I learned that the jury had acquitted the prisoner. Why did they do that? Was it because he was innocent, or was the verdict due to the excellence of his defense? In fact, what was extraordinary about the defense? It was nothing but the unsupported story of a black haired Spaniard in a sport coat. The public was dissatisfied with the verdict; the public thought the Spaniard ought to hang; he wasn't popular. I was on the sidewalk later in the day, when I heard three men discussing the case, or, to be exact, one man was explaining it to the other two, and I gathered that this man was a member of the jury. On the first ballot, he said, the jury stood ten for acquittal, on the second or third ballot it stood eleven for acquittal, but the twelfth man hung out for several ballots. "But you convinced him," suggested one of the auditors. "We sure did," said the juror grimly. "We sent for the chart of the card-room which was drawn by the state's witnesses and placed the table and chairs according to the chart and demonstrated to that juror that the only man who was placed so that he could have shot Peterson was

one of the state's witnesses.'' The old man, according to the testimony, sat back of the Spaniard and the inference was that the man shot at the Spaniard, or where the Spaniard sat when the lights went out, and killed Peterson.

As previously reported, the man from Kankakee and I were planning to move into No. 17 and be sitting pretty when Smithy of No. 16 came home with the bacon. There is an old adage concerning men and mice, and I have seen it operate many times. One day when I was seated in the jury room of the Gila county courthouse, turning out copy for the *Winsted Evening Citizen,* I heard someone coming upstairs, for the jury room is located on the fourth floor.

I did not look up for I supposed it was the county treasurer coming up to engage me in a game of chess. When I did raise my eyes the man from Kankakee, dressed in his Sunday best stood before me. When I left camp an hour before, he was mourning over his lack of employment and shortage of cash, and as he had never called on me at the courthouse before, I knew something was up. The matter was quickly stated, he had hired out to drive for a traveling artist, who was rambling about the country in a house on wheels and was leaving for Idaho Springs, Colorado, in a few minutes. And so I lost the man from Kankakee, who had been my constant companion since we left Albuquerque a month before.

CHAPTER VI

Skull Valley

The morning of March 26th which witnessed my departure from Globe, was an especially pleasant morning, even for a locality where pleasant weather is the regular order. The sun was shining, the birds were singing and, standing near my tent, I could count eight bird's nests in the trees overhead. Leaving orders at the post office to have my mail forwarded to the Grand Canyon, I took the road to Phoenix, a road which the Phoenix papers style as the finest road in America. This seems to me like extravagant praise, though the road is so much better than many roads in this vicinity that it makes a favorable impression. I regretted leaving Globe for I had made many friends there during my stay, and I shall always have pleasant recollections of the "Copper City," the warm, delightful weather and brilliant sunshine, the sessions of the superior court and the entertainment they furnished, and my friends, the chess players, who gave me a royal welcome, but best of all I like to think of the time when Cannon Ball Baker and I came over the mountains, beating the California Limited. The road to Phoenix, fine as it is, cannot reach its destination without crossing the mountains, and poor old Lizzie had to labor like a truck horse for many a weary mile.

What goes up must come down, according to the old saying, so eventually we reached the top and started down the other side, with the usual looping, twisting and hanging on the mountainside, but in this case the road

was wide enough for cars to pass. On this road is a monument erected to the builders of the road, which states that the Miami Superior Highway, twenty-one miles in length, cost $1,000,000, which suggests that it costs money to build roads across the mountains. Phoenix is nearly twenty-five hundred feet lower than Globe and as we rolled steadily down to the lower altitude the weather grew unmistakably warmer. The foliage was farther advanced, the lawns were brighter green and at one place I saw a man mowing clover with a scythe. On the streets the girls were parading about with parasols and the mercury was something over ninety in the shade. In fact, the Phoenix thermometers had registered from ninety to ninety-three for more than two weeks.

Phoenix has a population of about fifty-five thousand, is the state capitol and is a very pretty place. It is noted as a winter resort and along the streets you see big palm trees and other semi-tropical vegetation, giving it a different appearance from any place I had visited. It is a place entitled to a much longer visit than I made it, but I am no lover of the mercury in the nineties. So, stopping only long enough to make a few purchases, I headed for Prescott, one hundred and forty-three miles distant by the road I was advised to travel. I stopped at Peoria, a few miles north of Phoenix, and camped that night on the public camp ground which had almost nothing in the way of conveniences. But it was a lively place that night, and it seemed like old home week, with horseshoe pitching contest in full swing, the hilarious cries of the contestants and the calls for ringers adding to the general excitement.

The men seemed to be of the same class as most of the campers in Globe, a plain, rather poverty-stricken looking lot, who go about the country in more or less decrepit autos looking for work. The west is full of them. They all have information and know all the rumors and probabilities about work all the way from Arizona to Montana and from California to Alaska. I drove in and pitched my tent in the shade of an immense palm tree. It was as hot as it was in Phoenix, so hot, in fact, that I did not feel any inclination to get supper, and after I had the tent and things fixed for the night I sat down to read and to wait for it to cool off. Along about eight o'clock a man stopped in front of the tent and I invited him in. He was a man of sixty or over, thin, tanned and poorly dressed, a typical specimen of the roving worker. His home was in Colorado. Three years before he had lost his buildings by fire and, not feeling able to rebuild, had started with three grown sons looking for work. His wife was dead.

They had been on the road ever since. They had worked in Montana and in Oregon and had drawn good pay. They had stayed in California a long time and had found steady work, but it had played out, and now for several months they had been out of work and their cash was getting low. When they started they had one car, now they had three, and one of the boys was talking of getting another. "I don't know as much about it as you ought to," I said, "but it looks to me as if, regardless of where you go or how good a job you get, if you keep going long enough your car expenses will eat you up and you won't have anything left." "Stranger, you've said it," he said with deep conviction. "It's taken me

three years to find it out, and I'm poorer now than I was when we started, but I'm heading right back to Colorado and I'm going to get rid of my car and see if I can't do something with my property."

It was eleven o'clock that night when I had supper and on the bill of fare was asparagus, which I had bought in Phoenix. In Globe, not long before I had paid fifty cents a pound for some. This, bought in Phoenix, was two pounds for a quarter and of much better quality.

It was a hundred miles farther from Globe to the Grand Canyon by way of Phoenix, but I had come that way because of the better road conditions. But when I got past Phoenix I began hearing unfavorable stories of the road to Prescott. You are very seldom sure of anything you hear about the roads of this country. For one thing they are in a state of transition. They are building new roads or rebuilding old ones, and detours are necessary. While the country is normally dry, if there comes a bit of snow or rain, a dirt road as hard and shiny as concrete will soften so a locomotive couldn't pull a buggy through.

The Black Canyon road was the shortest, but that was pretty bad. The best road was the Wickenburg road; that was considerably farther, but a much better road. The only thing about that was the Copper Basin mountain. "What about the Copper Basin mountain?" I inquired. "Why," they said, "it's 7,000 feet to the top, the steepest you ever saw an crooked as hell and no room to pass, and when you get to the top you have to come down 2,000 feet into Prescott. Outside of that, it's a fine road, none better." I didn't like that talk; it sounded too much like the road from White River to Globe, and now

that the man from Kankakee had departed I was alone in the world. I pressed some of them to know if I couldn't go by the Wickenburg road and get to Prescott without going over the Copper Basin Mountain. I finally found an old fellow who had heard that there was a way by going twenty miles farther around and going over private property. He had heard that people did go that way sometimes.

It was raining the next morning and in consequence I did not pull down my tent for some time, as I did not care to start in the rain, but it let up finally and about 9:30 I started. The rain made it cooler and that was pleasanter, at least, but it also softened up the road and the traveling was not of the best. I got along fairly well, however, until about 4 o'clock, when it began to rain again. It was an irregular drizzle at first, which later on developed into a violent thunder storm, and the road was covered with water and in two or three places where the road crossed dry water courses the water was up so it bothered me a little, but I went through all right. Villages were fifteen to twenty miles apart, with practically nothing in the way of houses between. All of this time we were going up hill steadily, for while Phoenix is only about 1,000 feet above sea level, Prescott is more than 5,000 feet elevation, so even if we didn't go over Copper Basin Mountain, Lizzie knew she was bracing against the collar.

Once or twice, when it rained the hardest, I was half inclined to stop and make camp, but I hated to get soaked and I could see the sun shining a few miles ahead, so I kept on. It was almost dark, but the rain had nearly ceased when the motor showed signs of being overheated,

and knowing that I could not go much farther in any case I began to look for a place to camp. A little later I came to spot where the road dropped down to cross the bed of a stream, and down to the right was a flat space which looked as if it might have been occupied by a road camp, and there I pitched my tent. After I got things set up and ready to start housekeeping, I began to size up my surroundings. It was a lonely place contrasted with my camp the previous night at Peoria. I had not seen a house, a car or a human being in some time, and in the gathering darkness there seemed to be something uncanny about it. The only familiar objects in sight were the big dipper, which faced the door of my tent, and a very slender moon, which gave precious little light.

I strolled out to the road to see if things looked any better from that viewpoint. On the other side of the road was a guideboard, and guideboards are so scarce that I felt impelled to cross the road and read it. I struck a match and by its flickering light read, "Sixteen miles to Skull Valley." Wasn't that a hair-raiser for a man looking for nerve tonic? I have no objections to skulls in their proper place, but skulls at large, knocking around the country, unattached, is another matter. I assume in this instance that someone found a skull or skulls in the valley and promptly named it Skull Valley, and the town, for there is a town of that name, was named after the valley.

Of course, I understood that it was neither your skull nor mine; just the same we have more than a passing interest in the matter. The point is that it was somebody's skull, and if they could do that with somebody's skull, why not with ours? Even the best of us are liable

to go off and leave a skull lying around sometime, and wouldn't it be awkward after we had worked our passage across Jordan (and some job, too) to get word that someone had named a hick town after our skull, or was getting ready to start a curio shop with it? With these and other somber reflections, I settled down to spend the night sixteen miles from Skull Valley. Things looked better by daylight, and when I finally reached Skull Valley, I give you my word, it was not a bad looking place at all—smooth, fertile-looking land, with green alfalfa and other crops, everything neatly kept. On second thought, I don't know that I ever saw a pleasanter place to leave a skull than right there at headquarters.

On getting into town, I stopped at a garage to inquire about the possibility of getting to Prescott without crossing the mountain. "Is there a way?" I asked the garage man. "You bet, a dandy," he said cheerfully. "Take that lane to the left, beyond the next house, and then your first right." "Any trouble to follow it?" "Not a bit. You can't get off." "Some farther than the road over the mountain," I suggested. "Just the same distance and a new road, too; hasn't really been opened yet, but they're letting people through. When the gang is blasting they stop them, but no cars have come back today." "A level road right into Prescott and no farther than the other," I repeated. "You bet," he said again, with the same glad smile. We have all heard about the cheerful liar, but I don't recall ever meeting one so splendidly equipped as that garage man. To be sure I didn't fully appreciate his preeminence at the time, but it grew on me before I reached the end of the road.

I took the lane, turned right and rambled on for a mile or so over a road which, while it was fairly level, was not by any means new, until I began to have misgivings as to whether I was on the right road. Finally I came to where the new road turned off to the right and went up hill, and thus reassured I spoke to Lizzie and we were off. We went up a hill, I said, and hill is right, the man at the garage notwithstanding, and the farther we went the bigger the hill appeared. Part way up I passed a big ditcher standing silently, for the men had gone to dinner. Beyond this I stopped to give Lizzie a breathing spell and to size up the situation. Far up on the opposite mountainside, a mile or two distant, I could see what looked like the new road. Up near the top were tents which I surmised were the quarters of the road gang, and a little further down were two cars, apparently stuck, by the signs of life and activity around them, and the line of that road slanted heavenward in a way to bring tears to the eyes.

I started Lizzie and kept her plugging along until we came to a place which looked steeper and rougher than anything she had ever faced, and that is saying a good deal. I gave her a breathing spell and we started, and by the skin of our teeth we made it. From here the road was nothing but stone. They had been blasting for a mile or more and the roadway was a mass of sharp fragments from the size of your hand to chunks the size of a watermelon, and with little attempt at leveling. How a car can go up such a place or how the tires stand it is beyond me. But we kept going. It was about one o'clock and the road gang was coming on with the teams. Just as we were passing the main delegation we ran into such

a tangled mess on a steep pitch that Lizzie stalled, but one of the gang cranked her, another gave us a boost and from that point we never stopped until we reached the top of the mountain, I wouldn't say how many thousand feet above the cheerful liar's abode. From the top of the mountain it was down hill several miles to Prescott.

If I recall correctly, Prescott was the capital of Arizona "when you and I were young, Maggie," but that was some time ago, and in the interim Phoenix has taken its place. Prescott is a pretty place of about 5,000 population, located 5,000 feet above the sea level, and contains many notable buildings. It has the clear crisp air which belongs to the mountains and in marked contrast to Globe and Phoenix the buds had hardly started and the lawns showed little sign of life. I stopped there long enough to enjoy a good dinner and then pushed on.

On leaving Prescott, the road to Ashfork leads through the Granite Dells, which are immense clusters of very curious and artistic rock formations, some of them two hundred feet or more in height and of such strange pattern and structure that it is difficult to believe that they were not fashioned by human hands. The road from Prescott to Ashfork runs due north fifty-three miles. Nowhere in the state of Connecticut is there a road of that length so straight, for it stretches away ahead of you as straight as a string as far as you can see. And nowhere in Connecticut is there a road of that length with fewer hills. A remarkably fine road, so wide most of the way that four cars could drive abreast on a well-finished surface. Beside the road, prairie dogs, catching sight of the car, raced for their burrows and,

reaching the entrances, sat on their haunches, with paws suspended, watching it go by. It is needless to say that I experienced the greatest satisfaction in driving over such a road after my experience in the mountains. There was an abundance of dry wood along the highway, wood which had evidently been cut when the road was under construction and was now well seasoned. I was anxious to make time, for I was not covering the ground I expected to cover (in fact I never do), but I couldn't resist the temptation to camp beside one of those dead trees, with its unlimited fuel supply.

I found some difficulty in getting off the road, which is usually the case, for most of the new roads are raised so it is difficult to get off or on and frequently there is much loose stone on the side. But I finally managed it and drove Lizzie up beside a large dead tree which had been cut long enough to be as dry as tinder. After I had pitched my tent, I picked up and threw out two or three wheelbarrow loads of chunks of lava, then set up my stove and started supper. It was chilly enough so that a fire felt good, and that dead tree burned like tinder. There was not a human habitation in sight, but there was some travel on that road for through the night and in the morning before I got started several cars went by. It was a flat, slightly rolling country covered by a scanty growth of stunted trees and the view was very extended. The morning was bright and sunny, but much cooler than the mornings to which I had been accustomed, though this did not hinder me from getting under way in fair season.

After a run of a few miles north, I struck the National Old Trails Highway, which parallels the Santa Fe rail-

road for hundreds of miles, and turning east, headed for Williams, where the road for the Grand Canyon leaves the main highway. I stopped at Williams, a place of about 2,000 population, to have a little repair work done and make a few purchases, and late in the afternoon, after filling up with gas and taking on a supply of water, I started for the Grand Canyon, sixty-four miles distant. It is a fair road, rough in spots, but not bad, considering that the only travel over it is the traffic to and from the canyon. From Williams it leads directly north, most of the way through an open country, but the last few miles through a forest.

A light rain had started and it was just getting dark when, rolling down a hill, I came suddenly in sight of the business portion of Grand Canyon. I pulled up in front of the office of the park service, where tourists are expected to register. In front of me and on higher ground were the hotels. On my left were the railroad tracks, with long lines of Pullmans, while across the road and farther back was a long stone garage which caters to the tourist travel. Going into the office, where an ex-service man was in charge, I supplied such information as he called for, which was duly recorded in a book, then inquiring where the camp ground was located, I headed for it, for I was anxious to get my tent up before it grew any darker or rained any harder. The camp ground was up a hill back of the garage, where you drove around among the trees and camped where you pleased. There were toilets and wood, but no water, and in places like that my big milk can comes in handy, since I never have to worry about water when I have a supply on board.

I pitched the tent, carried in the things, set up the

stove and soon had supper cooking. After supper I put on some pork and beans to cook. Having no knowledge of how much in the way of provisions could be bought at the canyon, I had brought along enough to last a week or ten days. At ten o'clock that night, while my beans were bubbling merrily, the wind was blowing a gale and the tent was straining at the guy ropes. The rain had changed to snow and sleet, which rattled on my frail abode, but a big pine fire was roaring up the pipe of the old sheet iron stove and the temperature inside was as balmy as it is on a pleasant summer morning in Burrville. From the time I left Prescott, more than a hundred miles back, I had been driving straight toward the canyon, but I had seen no more signs of it either in the distance or near at hand than it is possible to see from Winsted, and yet as I sat in my tent listening to the storm and the roaring fire I was within fifty rods of the rim of America's greatest wonder.

When I awoke the next morning it was a different world from that of the day before. As I looked out from my blankets the steam of my breath reminded me of the zero mornings in Albuquerque. Outside the ground was covered with snow and there was thick ice on the water in the milk can. It was several weeks since I had seen anything like that and I was in no hurry to turn out. To make matters worse, I had caught cold in the torrid climate of Phoenix and to wake to a winter landscape like that, with a bitter wind blowing, was not pleasant.

After I had breakfasted, along about 10:30, it had warmed up sufficiently to start out. A walk of a half mile brought me to the post office. Here I looked over my mail and learned that the only places where papers

were on sale were at the two hotels, The Bright Angel and El Tovar. At the latter hotel I bought a paper and walking out in front, had my first view of the canyon.

A magnificent spectacle surely, standing on the rim and looking down to the floor of the canyon, 5,000 feet below, and gazing at the fantastic shapes and vivid coloring of the opposite wall, which is a thousand feet higher than the place where I stood! There is a massiveness and a grandeur about it which defies description. But I didn't get the thrill out of the big drop experienced by some people, I had seen too many big drops, ahead of me, behind me and at every conceivable angle, to be properly impressed. When it comes to a thrill, looking down into the canyon wasn't in it with heading Lizzie down a mountain road so crooked that you couldn't see thirty feet ahead and so steep that you had to be lashed to the seat.

It was so cold and windy that I soon went back to my tent and started a fire in the old sheet iron stove. It was pleasant on the camp ground, among the trees. Not a hundred yards from my tent was a school-house, and at recess I could see the children out at play. A surprisingly classy and welldressed crowd it seemed to me, for such an out of the way place. There were any number of gray squirrels chasing each other through the trees and romping about the grounds. They looked as large as rabbits and frequently one big fellow would frisk into my tent, but when I spoke to him he lost no time in getting out. There are about three hundred permanent residents of Grand Canyon, but the throngs of tourists come and go, by train and by auto, and the hotels do a rushing business, especially in summer.

It was Saturday morning, after a five-day stay, that I broke camp and prepared to pull out. I was delayed at the post office more than an hour waiting for the sorting of the mail and an hour more at the garage, and when I finally did get under way it was nearly eleven o'clock. As if that wasn't enough, I took the wrong road and Lizzie was so mad about it that she balked on two hills and did everything she could to be contrary. After going a few miles farther, I decided that things didn't look right, so spying a car stopped for lunch, I asked about the road. I had to go back ten miles and take the left-hand road, they said. This was unpleasant news, for it made Lizzie madder than she was before, and when she came to the next hill, a short but steep one, she refused to climb it. I backed down and tried it several times. I went up the opposite hill and tackled it with a running start, but every time she quit just before we reached the top.

I had been there so long that I was getting tired, so finally I backed down and began unloading my equipment, with the intention of taking part of it up and then going back after the rest. I was half unloaded when two fellows came along with a truck and they had a towline. They waited until I loaded things back in the car, then hooked on and we went over the top without trouble. It was three o'clock when I got back onto the highway from the Grand Canyon to Maine, which was the point where I struck the National Old Trails Road on my way to Gallup, New Mexico, my next stopping place. How the wind did blow, and I was facing it, and without a windshield, for the man from Kankakee wrecked the windshield on the way to Globe. Many years ago I arrived at the conclusion that any kind of a wind is preferable to a vigor-

ous south wind. A northwest or a west wind may blow hard sometimes, but it lets up occasionally, but a south wind blows with such devilish persistence. I was getting the full effect of that thirty-mile-an-hour zephyr.

To make matters worse, Lizzie had not recovered from her sulky spell and crawled along the road with exasperating deliberation. In consequence, I did not reach Maine that night, but was obliged to camp by the roadside. In selecting a place to camp I had two things in mind, dry wood and shelter from the wind, and as I could not find them both together, I drove up beside a dead tree, prepared to take my chances with the wind. I had some difficulty in getting the tent up, but I finally managed it and had it well fastened down before I moved things in, set up the stove and prepared to start housekeeping. It was just turning dark when everything was completed, and I was in high glee over having my tent so tightly anchored and such a good supply of dry wood outside the door, when I discovered that the lantern was missing. I had seen it a short time before reaching camp and I got out and prowled along the highway in the hope of finding it, but it was no go—the lantern was gone.

Well, wasn't that a pretty state of affairs—yours truly marooned in the wilds of Arizona, with the wind blowing a gale and obliged to sit in the dark? My first thought was to start a fire, cook supper and sit by the stove till it was time to crawl into my blankets. Then I developed one of Lizzie's contrary spells, decided that I didn't want any supper or any fire, and, getting out my blankets, turned in, while the wind thrashed the tent like a ship in a gale. In the morning I discovered what Lizzie was mad about. The fan belt was played out, but as I had no other belt it seemed evident that she would have to get

to Maine just as she was. We got started all right, but later she kicked up a rumpus and finally stopped altogether. About this time two fellows driving another Lizzie came along and after we had spent some time in coaxing her and in breathing sweet nonsense in her ear, she started, and then nothing could stop her.

Reaching Maine, I had a new belt put on the fan, and while this operation was in progress went into a lunch counter next door and had a very substantial dinner. After loading up with gas, oil and water, we started for Flagstaff, which we reached about three o'clock. All along the road from my camp of the night before I had had one dominent idea, and that was to purchase a lantern when I got to Flagstaff, and not be obliged to spend another evening in the dark. Unfortunately it was Sunday, though ordinarily that does not seem much of a factor in the west, but Flagstaff is different, for Flagstaff has very orthodox ideas.

The filling station man said my only chance was a second-hand store. I visited all of the second-hand stores, to find them closed. A restaurant man told me of a druggist whose store was a regular department store. I went there and he was closed until six o'clock. The lunch counter man next door, said, "There is a grocery store on the other side of town which is open all day, and they keep lanterns." I plodded over there, and the clerk assured me that lanterns were not in their line. I finally got so reckless that I would hold up anyone on the sidewalk and insist on being told where I could buy a lantern. In desperation, I went into another filling station. They didn't keep lanterns. "But, George," said the man, "Old ———— keeps lanterns. Take this man down to his place." And George was

an obedient soul and did as he was told. Old ——— happend to run one of the second-hand stores I had visited, but George went around to the back door and raised him. Old ——— sold me a very fine looking second-hand Dietz lantern for a dollar. "Now," I said, put some oil in it and we will see how it works."

He hadn't any oil, so I took the lantern and started on another wearisome hunt. All through the west and southwest they are hunting for oil, but not with the desperation with which I hunted that day. All the stores which were open didn't keep it or had just sold out. And all the places which kept it were dead to the world. With kindly helpfulness, the people to whom I applied sent me from one end of the town to the other, to people who not only hadn't any oil but who didn't know what oil was. In desperation, I went into another filling station. "Look here," I said, "I have been combing this d—— town for the last hour looking for a little oil. There must be oil enough in town to fill this lantern. Now lead me to it." He saw it was a serious case and half finished his cigar before answering, "I'll tell you. You go down to the hotel on the next corner and ask for Mr. ——— and tell him that I sent you for oil enough to fill that lantern." There were twenty or thirty men sitting in the hotel lobby smoking and doubtless they were duly impressed when I slammed in through the front door on that bright Sunday afternoon, carrying a lantern nearly two feet high, and called for Mr. ———. Mr. ——— was quickly produced, the lantern was filled in short order and I was on my way. Incidentally that lantern was so much better than my old one that I would gladly have given a dollar and a dozen like the old smoker in exchange for it. It was a regular arc light

and to the people outside it looked as if the tent were on fire.

Relieved in mind by the successful termination of my strenuous search for a lantern and oil enough to fill it, I left Flagstaff and headed east for Gallup, N. M., which was to be my next stopping place. While there are some high, snow-covered mountains in the vicinity of Flagstaff, notably the San Francisco peaks, as you drive east the country develops into a more level land, with a wide outlook. In the late afternoon I crossed two small canyons, the Canyon Padre and the Canyon Diablo. It was a fairly wooded section back of me, but when I camped that night there was not a tree, a bush or a rock in sight as far as the eye could reach. The road from Flagstaff east was horribly rough; it had been wet and rutted and had baked as hard as flint. The wind now blew across my course instead of from the front, and while it did not blow with the furious intensity of the night before, it was sharp and fitful nevertheless. When I undertook to raise my tent, the wind leveled it, and when it went down, the long ridgepole twisted in two, necessitating some contriving to raise it and make it support the canvas.

The next morning was bright and sunny. One thing noticeable about this level country, one sees the sun so much earlier in the morning. On this occasion, when the sun struck the tent and warned me that it was time to turn out, I was astounded to find that it was only a quarter after six. Before this I had hardly seen the sun before seven o'clock.

I reached Winslow in the forenoon and stopped to buy supplies and some nails to repair my tent pole. Luckily I had kept the ridgepole of my old tent, which was about

a foot shorter than the new one, so by nailing one of the broken pieces onto the old pole, I had a perfectly serviceable pole of proper length. In the afternoon I reached Holbrook and left for Gallup, one hundred and eight miles distant.

These are surely big states. We all know that Connecticut is a small state, and yet an auto ride across it requires some time and gives the impression of considerable distance. Arizona contains more territory than twenty-three states the size of Connecticut and the distance between the principal places is impressive. From Springerville, near the eastern border, to Phoenix, which is not much west of the center, is two hundred and fifty miles by road. From Phoenix to the Grand Canyon, almost directly north, by way of Prescott, is two hundred and sixty miles, and from the Grand Canyon east to Gallup, just over the line in New Mexico, is nearly three hundred miles. In short, this little loop I made in the state, without going near the southern, western or northern borders, footed up to eight hundred miles, or almost as far as from New York to Chicago.

I did not visit the petrified forest near Holbrook, but six or eight miles east of the town, where the road skirts the bad lands, there are petrified trees in abundance, and here I collected a number of fine specimens of petrified wood, some of them resembling splinters split from a block with an axe. It was still a fairly smooth plains country, with a wide outlook, but it was far from level, and the road, which was now much smoother, was just a succession of rising over one hill to see the right of way end in the distance at the top of another. Gallup is widely advertised as the "Land of Enchantment," and there is much in this whole region to justify such a title.

Just before sunset I passed where the road turns off to the Painted Desert. I did not make the turn, but from the top of an adjacent hilltop, with the evening sun lighting up the landscape, I caught a kaleidoscopic jumble of colors which certainly suggested that the whole region was painted.

The place I camped that night was in many respects similar to my last night's camp, the same wide range of vision, without a tree or a bush in sight, a road through a level land, where you drive off one side fifteen or twenty feet and set up your tent, and where cars passed you every hour or so and sometimes sounded their horns by way of neighborly greeting. As I have stated, there was no wood to be had, so I had to depend on my private stock and in addition to wood, since leaving Globe I had picked up tires and tubes, which are very inflammable and make a tremendous fire, but must be used with discretion. The next morning I started on my final run to Gallup. Much of the way along this road the Santa Fe Railroad is in sight, and at intervals through the day express trains of from ten to twelve cars, mostly Pullmans drawn by powerful locomotives, roll past. Lest there be any misunderstanding, let me say that of course you understand that they couldn't pass Lizzie unless they were going in the opposite direction.

Twenty-five miles before reaching Gallup I was impressed by the color scheme of the surrounding mountains. Some of the mountains were round-topped and looked like temples or pagodas; others were long, continuous ridges. Many of them had curious circular archways along the side which were uniform and artistic enough to be the work of human hands, though they doubtless were just as nature fashioned them. Many of

them, almost devoid of vegetation, had crimson or blood-red bands running horizontally their entire length. Right above would be a band of pure steel gray, while scattered over their surface where there was soil enough to support them were stunted firs, bright green in color. On many of the mountains these three colors made the whole picture; on others the gray or crimson changed to bright yellow or blue. Some miles before I reached Gallup I sighted a neat white bag, tied with a blue cord, beside the road, evidently lost from a passing car. It was dainty enough to contain a lady's wardrobe, and while I had no particular use for a kimona or a pair of silk stockings, we all experience a thrill on finding things, so I stopped Lizzie and picked it up. It seemed a little heavy for present day draperies, but as I was in a hurry I placed it in the car for further inspection. That night, as I sat in my tent contemplating the gaiety of life, I thought of my find, and, untieing the blue ribbon, examined the contents, which consisted of a small agate wash basin and a very large frying pan.

I had at the time a very satisfactory agate wash basin, and it gave me no particular pleasure to know that I now possessed two. In the matter of frying pans, before I left Winsted I purchased two, although one would have supplied every need. When the man from Kankakee departed, he donated another to my collection, and now I was holding in my hand number four, which was big enough to cook for a hotel. I couldn't think of any way to make use of all those frying pans unless I should start an eating house or a second-hand store. Some people complain bitterly of the unequal distribution of things, and I think myself that frying pans are very unequally distributed. Just the same, I do not see where I am to blame.

It was about three o'clock when I landed in Gallup and, getting my mail at the postoffice, went to a restaurant and read my letters while my dinner was being prepared. I put up at a camp ground on the eastern side of the town. As Gallup is on the National Old Trails Highway, it was a foregone conclusion that the camp grounds would have cabins and cottages galore. This one had twenty cabins, price one dollar per night, and frequently every cabin was rented. I camped in my tent at twenty-five cents per, and there were anywhere from three to six or eight tents on the ground every night.

One of the peculiar features of camping in a tent is that you pitch your tent, cook your supper and then as night comes on settle down to spend a quiet evening, reading the Bible, the latest magazine or the stock market reports, according to your bent. Presently a car drives in next to you and the occupants roll out and prepare to pitch their tent. You hear all the conversation relative to the matter, and finally the tent is up. They have supper and are ready for a happy evening. As you sit comfortably reading, all at once you hear intimate conversation which sounds as if it were in one corner of your tent. You look around in dismay. No, you are alone in the building. After you have heard it several times you conclude that they must have leaned their tent against yours, for you can hear every whisper. Getting up cautiously, you peer out. To your surprise the nearest tent is twenty-five feet away.

When I stay any length of time at a camp ground I generally sleep late, while, as most of the campers are one-night tenants, they start early, so, lying in my blankets, I hear the whole program. Perhaps the next tent to me the woman on the job is an amiable soul who is short

of brains and tries to make her mouth supply the deficiency. The world is full of such people. As she rattles on from one thing to another with a ceaseless bah, bah, I pull the blankets over my head and say, "My Lord, a man married to a mouth like that ought to have something better than a harp." Lizzie has her faults, but she keeps her mouth shut. The next morning there may be a sniveling cub of uncertain age. I have the utmost sympathy for ailing children, but once in a while you encounter one who snivels and snarls by turns, which you know is actuated by pure deviltry. I pull on my boots and creep out to the door to see if it is located where I can take a shot at it. Not so; like most of those in this world who devote themselves to raising particular hell without the slightest provocation, it is safely intrenched and safe from sharpshooters.

The night before I left Gallup I fell in with the man from Kansas. He was a pleasant young fellow who was traveling light and traveling fast. He had no cooking equipment, just a car and sleeping accommodations. He was planning to start west early the next morning, while I was planning to start north for Colorado, but not exceptionally early. His car was next to mine, so we arranged it that the first one up should call the other, though, as I was in no particular hurry, I fully expected that he would find me asleep. I was awake at five o'clock however, and called him. He turned out and prepared to eat a cold breakfast in the cold of an April morning, but I took him down to the tent, where a good wood fire was roaring in the sheet iron stove, and made him a pot of hot tea while he unpacked his eatables, and we discussed our plans. He was going through to California, but was coming right back to Kansas with the best speed possible.

I saw him off, and then turned my attention to my own program, but did not hurry as I had to wait until the postoffice and the stores were open.

After packing up, I stopped at a filling station for gas and oil and inquired about the road. I was told that it was doubtful if I could get through when I got into Colorado, that most of the cars they had sent up that way had been turned back with the information that the mountain passes were full of snow and would not be open until June. But as Gallup was west of the Continental Divide and as Delta, Col., which was my next objective, was also west of the divide, I felt sure that I could get through, though possibly I might have to make a detour through Utah.

After getting my mail and some supplies I started. One of the most disquieting features of driving on many of these western roads is the absence of guideboards. Say you leave a town at a corner where a guideboard says one hundred and thirty-two miles to Gallup or to Grand Junction, as the case may be, you may drive several hours without meeting a soul, unless perhaps an Indian who does not specialize in English, or without seeing a guideboard to assure you that you are going right. Of course, the assumption is that as long as you have seen no sign directing you to turn off you are right. But as you continue bowling along a road as rough as they make them, without the slightest confirmation that you are right, that assumption becomes as cheering as a pair of cold feet in the small of your back when the thermometer is below zero.

Along toward night, I drove up to a filling station connected with a trading post, for my road led through the Navajo reservation. Twenty or thirty Indians were

hanging around one of the buildings. I got out and got things ready to buy gas, but no one came out. Finally I walked over where the Indians were and found the trader there dickering with them. "No one there?" he said, when I told him I wanted to buy gas. "Jim! Oh, Jim!" There was a distant response and as I went back to the car an Indian about thirty, a bright-looking fellow, came up. I bought seven gallons of gas at forty-five cents, total three dollars and fifteen cents, and, needing no oil, asked about water. Yes, there was a well down under the hill. It was just a rude curb with a bucket and rope. He went down with me, and grasping the rope, would swing the bucket down into the well and bring it up full with surprising celerity. When the milk can was filled, he helped me carry it back to the car.

When we got there, a big Indian, weighing fully two hundred and fifty pounds, was looking Lizzie and her load over, evidently greatly delighted. He had long, black hair and a round roly poly face, and he made a long and jolly speech which was all Chinese to me, and I responded to the best of my ability, and all was as merry as a wedding bell; much merrier, no doubt than it would have been if I had met him a few years earlier, before the government took him in charge, and he had reached for my scanty locks with the intention of separating them from the rest of my anatomy.

After leaving the trading post, I drove past several widely-separated Indian huts, where it looked as if small Indian farmers lived and raised a few cattle or sheep, and once or twice I saw Indian women tending their flocks. After I had pitched my tent, two shabby looking fellows came along, and stopping, intimated that they would like to camp with me and ride with me on the

morrow. I explained to them that Lizzie was heavily loaded and that I did not crave their company and finally persuaded them to move on.

The next place on my road was Ship Rock, the headquarters of the Southern Utes. What gave that place its peculiar name I did not inquire, for the reason was obvious. Several miles south of town I came in sight of an immense rock, ledge or mountain, call it what you will. It was so large that I saw it miles before I reached it. It is difficult to estimate the size of such a thing in a region so vast as this, but as a guess I will venture that that rock was 2,000 feet long and between two hundred and three hundred feet high, and the sky line of the top was level and straight as the deck of a ship, the end of the rock was the prow of a ship, and the whole thing was a striking reproduction of an immense ocean liner.

I got into Ship Rock in the afternoon and pulled up at a gas pump. As no one came out, I walked around and read the notice on the further side, "For private use and not for public service." That settled it. There was a sign on a nearby post, "Garage one mile." So I got in and started for it. I pulled up in front and a good-looking girl, with bobbed hair, silk stockings and freckles on her nose came out to wait on me. She was as classy as the 1930 Winsted model and as entertaining and easy in her manner as if she had been born and bred at Saratoga Springs. You people who think that you have the backwoods skinned should wake up a little. You can find things in the wilds of New Mexico which make Winsted look like a flag station. Their gas pump was broken, so the gas had to be pumped by hand and emptied from a large measure into the car. I held and emptied the measure and we discussed a variety of subjects.

It wasn't exactly another case of Maud Muller, and yet I wouldn't have objected to spending the afternoon talking to that freckled-nosed girl, for Lizzie is getting so blamed crotchety that we don't get along very well and I forsee that the time is rapidly approaching when that old girl and I will part company, with few regrets on either side. They didn't have any water, but the girl showed me where a man was filling a wagon with water across the river, and suggested that I could probably get what I needed there. I drove over where he was, and he said, "Sure, all the water you want." There was an inch pipe several hundred feet long which came down the side hill. His wagon was like a street sprinkler, with a large opening in the top, and he was filling it by holding the pipe over the opening.

When the milk can and radiator were full, I stopped to talk with him. He was a very pleasant fellow, in the twenties, and as sociable as the girl with the freckled nose. "Say," he burst out, "did you ever live in a country where they were so blamed stingy with water as they are here?" I told him that I came from a land where water was so plentiful that it was a drug on the market. "Same here. I came from West Virginia. Where did you come from? Where are you headed for now?" As I got ready to start, "I'm sure glad I met you, and I wouldn't be surprised if we met again. I shan't stay here forever." I had my doubts about the probability of our meeting again, but I assured him that I couldn't think of anyone I had rather meet, and we parted good friends. A few minutes later I turned to the right and took a road which was labeled "forty-eight miles to Cortez."

CHAPTER VII

Wrecked in the Canyon

The road from Ship Rock toward Cortez is an up and down road leading through an open country. In some places it was not much better than a good healthy trail, but the grades were not excessive and I got along without trouble. Another disconcerting thing in driving through this country arises from the fact that every little while you come to a fork in the road with nothing to indicate which road you take. Nine times out of ten it doesn't matter for the fork means that a fellow came along when the road was muddy and thought he could do better by going cross lots, and so many people followed in his track that it was as well traveled as the regular road, the two coming together farther on, but you never feel sure. After a time I came to a place where the road forded a small river. I didn't know how Lizzie would like the idea, but she made no objection and we went through all right. We were traveling due north, with a larger river on our left and I was afraid the road would take a notion to go through that, but fortunately it did not. This is a country of strange and weird rock formations in vivid colors. Away in the distance you see huge blocks, colored like sandstone, others are as red as brick, with perpendicular sides and flat tops.

They look like massive business blocks several hundred feet in height. Half way down their sides the shale which has been weathering off for centuries, slopes at a perfect angle to the ground below. At one place I saw

what looked like twin chimneys, red as brick and side by side, with perpendicular lines. I first estimated that they were fifty feet in height but I drove ten miles before I came abreast of them and before they were out of sight I decided that they were nearer three hundred feet in height than fifty. I crossed the line from New Mexico into Colorado and the scene began to change very rapidly. There were fences along the road, and at intervals little farm houses. Green alfalfa fields with sleek-looking horses browsing in what looked to be the best meadows, droves of cattle and flocks of sheep, sometimes running up into the hundreds, and on my right, looming up on the landscape, the massive snow-covered peaks of the Rockies. After driving hundreds of miles through a barren land on roads where houses were several miles apart and human beings were scarce enough to rank as curiosities, it seemed something like it to drive past luxurious green fields and see a house every quarter of a mile.

I camped that night at a right-angled turn of the road, nine miles south of Cortez. In the morning I overtook a young man on his way to town. He evidently wanted a ride so I stopped and picked him up. He rode with me about five minutes and discovering a car back of us, the driver of which he knew, he dropped off and caught a ride on the other car. Before leaving me he told me that the town of Cortez burned the night before and it was an awful fire. I am not base enough to wish anything to happen causing great loss or suffering but when such a thing does happen I am not averse to taking a look at it. So all the way to Cortez I rolled my eyes in search of the smoke haze which could be expected to accompany such a scene of desolation, and kept my eyes peeled for the

ruins. When I got into town I discovered that the roof had burned off a peanut stand and two or three fifteen foot ladders in place, showed where the firefighters had made their stand against the demon of destruction. I will not say that I was disappointed, but just the same it didn't measure up to my expectations as a first class conflagration.

At Cortez I restocked with the usual necessities, secured a satisfactory road map of Colorado, and inquired the best way to Delta. Not the shortest, but the best road with moderate grades. I was advised to go to Dove Creek, forty-three miles distant and ask there. Dove Creek was a small place, with few people, laboring at the time under a little oil excitement, I surmised. The garage man there advised me to take the road to Redvale. It had some steep declivities, but nothing in the way of hill-climbing worth mentioning, he said, and no snow to bother. Following his advice I went two miles west, then turned north on a road which in twenty miles would bring me to the drop into the canyon.

It was not as good a road as the one I had been following from Cortez but a passable road at that. I stopped at a little store after I had driven a few miles and asked a boy out in front the name of the next town. He couldn't tell, but a little girl came to the rescue and said it was Redvale but she didn't know how far it was. The road ran through a fairly level country, dotted with medium-sized trees, with an occasional shack or cabin, back from the highway. About four o'clock I reached the rim of the canyon and started down the very steep and ledgy road leading to the river, two thousand feet below. When I had covered about two miles driving

carefully, something seemed to give way. The foot brake would not hold a pound, the reverse failed to take hold, the low had lost its grip and the emergency brake which I had had relined in Globe the week before, was worse than useless. There I was tearing down that frightful mountain road with Lizzie absolutely out of control. A man thinks quickly if he thinks to any purpose in an emergency like that, the steering wheel was the only thing that was left. Selecting as smooth a place on that rocky road as appeared near at hand I threw the steering wheel clear over and finally managed to bring Lizzie to a standstill crossways of the road without breaking a thing.

Getting out, I went to work and managed by blocking the wheels with stones and supplying what power was needed to work Lizzie out of the road and into a safe position. Then I took a look at the brake linings to see if they had given out. About this time a large touring car, the first car I had seen since leaving Dove Creek, came up the mountain, and the driver stopped to ask about the road. When he tried to start the self-starter jammed, and while he was fixing it I told him my troubles. "Do you know anything about a Ford?" I asked. "I haven't driven a Ford in ten years, but I once had a little Ford truck which it was necessary to take apart at least six times a week so if you wish to learn about the workings of a Ford, you have come to the right party."

"Come over here while I start the motor and try the reverse and tell me what is the matter." I cranked Lizzie, turned on the gas and set my foot on the reverse lever. A rasping noise followed and the sparks flew as

if from a pinwheel. "Simple enough, your rear hub is busted and you have gone just as far as you are going until you get a new hub," he said. "Give me a wrench and the pliers and I'll take the wheel off for you."

"Well, that's that," I said, after he had taken off the wheel. It looks as though I might as well start after a new hub. Redvale is the next place ahead isn't it? How far is Redvale?" (I had a vision of Redvale just beyond the foot of the mountain.) "How far is Redvale, Dorothy?" he called to the good-looking girl seated in his car. Dorothy figured a minute. "Forty-six miles," she said. That was some shock to me. "Probably you know the distance to Dolores, behind you," the young fellow suggested. "I didn't come through Dolores, but I can guess," I said. "Perhaps I can guess a little closer," he continued, "it's sixty-two miles. You can probably get a hub at either Dolores or Redvale, but it's not certain that you can get one in between."

Just visualize the situation. Suppose that Connecticut was as wild as some parts of Colorado, and that you broke down in the vicinity of Winsted, and a man told you that you couldn't get any repairs short of Pittsfield or Brideport, and the only way to go and return was to walk unless you happened to get a lift from one of the two or three cars which sometimes pass over that road in a day. That was my situation.

The young man broke in on my reflections; "I can take you as far as Dolores, if you are planning to go that way." (It didn't take me long to make up my mind.)

"It looks as if it was the best I could do and I think I'll take the wheel along and possibly I'll have a man come back with me to be sure that everything is in

shape." The young fellow looked at me as if he were looking at a lunatic, and said, "If you do, all I've got to say is that you'll have an interesting bill." But Dorothy came to the rescue with, "He's got to get back here hasn't he."

I drained the radiator, put the wheel into his car, got in and we started up the mountain. I lay back on the comfortable cushions of that well-upholstered car and enjoyed the scenery. Why worry? Life is a good adventure anyway—and who knows where he is going to get off, or when? The men who set out in quest of the Golden Fleece had nothing on me, rolling over the back roads of Colorado, looking for a Ford hub with an intelligent and agreeable driver and a good looking girl right next. We reached the top of the mountain and rolled along the fairly level road to the south. We had covered about nine miles when he passed a small store. "What's that?" called the driver.

"A country store, but perhaps it wouldn't do any harm to stop," I replied.

He stopped and backed up and I went in. A young woman was behind the counter and a young fellow stood by the stove. "Any Ford repairs?" I asked.

"A few."

"Haven't got a rear hub, have you?"

"I might have at that," said the young fellow whose name was Rob. I liked his looks from the first.

"Find out as soon as possible," I suggested, "there is a man outside waiting for me, and if you can fix me up, I'll let him go along. He has been very accommodating and I don't wish to hinder him."

We went to the shop across the road, but did not find

a hub. "I can take a hub off that old car, or better still I'll trade you a wheel," he said.

"That's a new tire on my wheel," I protested.

"We'll change the tires, so you won't lose it."

"You can fix me up all right?"

"Just as good as new."

I went out to the touring car and told the driver of my good luck, got my wheel, thanked him for the lift, and watched him roll out of sight down the road. Rob had the wheel off from the old car when I got back to the shop. "There's a truck tire on that wheel," he said. "It took two of us a long time to put it on, and it will take two of us a longer time to take off." We went to work on it, using two crowbars and a variety of tools and in the end we conquered. He put my tire on and pumped it up and the job was completed.

"Now come out with me and see that everything works right," I said.

"I could tomorrow morning, but not tonight. My truck is the only thing I've got here and it's loaded; by the time I unloaded it and went out and fixed you up it would be dark and the lights are not working."

"If that's the best you can do I think I'll walk back and stay with the car, I'd rather not leave it there alone," I said.

While we were talking a fat cigar drummer addressed by my friend as "Pep," had driven up in a gay roadster, and sat listening to the conversation.

"What's the argument?" he asked.

When I told him that I was just starting to walk out to my car and that Rob was coming out in the morning, he said, "I guess not. Get in and I'll take you out."

"That's fine," I said.

He turned to Rob: "Come along with your tools and fix his car like a man, and I'll bring you back." Rob got his tools and in less time than it takes to tell it we were seated in the little roadster. It was some job to close the doors, but it was finally accomplished and we started off like three fat sardines in a can. It didn't take Rob any time to fix the car. Then he started the motor, tried it out and pronounced it in first class condition. I paid my bill, shook hands with my friends and they left me.

Now I ask those who do not believe in luck to review my case. Three hours before I had broken down in the wilderness and had left my car to go sixty miles for repairs, with the prospect of an indefinite delay and a big bill of expense, and the possibility that the outfit would be looted in my absence. Now I was back, with everything in prime condition and I had paid out a grand total of four dollars and fifty cents. Wasn't that luck? It was, and too good to be lasting. For I have generally noticed that when a man gets a streak of luck like that he is due for a crack on the neck which will make him sit up and take notice. But that didn't worry me then. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

In the gathering darkness I ran Lizzie three or four rods down the mountain to a smooth place, pitched my tent, and was soon getting supper. Sometime after daylight next morning, but before I had turned out, I heard a car go past up the mountain. Two hours later I was packed up and sliding cautiously down into the canyon. I have been down bigger and steeper hills, but I have never been down one where the road for so many miles was the native ledge without alteration or improvement

and rough enough most of the way to please the most exacting.

Reaching the foot of the mountain I turned to the right and started up the canyon. I had not gone far when I came to a short but very steep hill which halted my progress, and for the next three or four hours I was fussing with Lizzie on steep up-grades and not getting anywhere. In the afternoon the first car I had seen that day came along. Another Lizzie, and the two young men riding therein stopped to consider my case. They got out and boosted me up the hill but warned me that ahead of me lay Sliprock Hill, one of the worst hills in that section, and it was utterly beyond Lizzie's capacity. Well, there I was, with the mountain behind me and Sliprock Hill ahead of me and the garage man who had picked my route had assured me that there wasn't a hill on the road, worth mentioning.

There seemed to be nothing to do but go ahead as far as I could, and I figured that as long as I had gas, provisions and water I could wait until someone came along and gave me a lift. According to the old adage, man proposes but he doesn't always make good. I ran along for a mile or so over a narrow road on the side hill and finally came to where the road turned off from the main canyon, made a sharp turn in a narrow space between two big boulders and started up a hill. In making the turn my front hub struck a rock. Not very hard, but hard enough. The dash which had been weak before was sufficiently shattered so that the steering gear wouldn't work. Lizzie would go a hundred feet as straight as an arrow flies, then if the front wheels happened to strike the slightest obstacle she would make a sharp turn and head

up the bank or off the cliff with a suddenness to make your hair rise.

I sat down on the running board to think things over. I had nothing to repair the dash with and there was no use in waiting for another car for Lizzie couldn't run until the steering gear was repaired. There seemed to be nothing to do but start back on foot for the store beyond the mountain.

Rob lived in Dolores some seventy miles distant, he came out to the store owned and operated by his sister and her husband with a load of gas and oil, and his stay there at best would be brief. If I could catch him before he started back with the truck I figured that he could fix me up and tow Lizzie somewhere to a place where we could proceed. I took out my extra tires and tubes, the tools and the tent and various articles which might appeal to passing autoists and hid them under an overhanging boulder a hundred feet distant, backed Lizzie out of the road, drained the radiator and started. It was almost night and if my calculations were correct the store was fourteen miles away, with a mountain two thousand feet high in between.

It was just turning dark when I reached the top of the mountain, and I hadn't seen a car or a human being since I started. I was hot, weary and as dry as a fish. A mile further on I made out a small ranch house far back from the road, and started for it with the intention of getting a good drink of water, but before I reached it I decided to ask, in addition, for a bowl of bread and milk. A young man came to the door and I stated my wants. After I had drunk my fill, he invited me in and supplied me with a chair. An elderly woman was puttering around

the kitchen. After we had talked a while I became a little impatient and suggested if the bread and milk wasn't handy I would start along. The woman spoke up in querulous tone, saying, "I am hurrying all I can," and recognizing by long experience the futility of antagonizing a sour-tempered sister, I subsided. A little later she announced that supper was ready, and we gathered around the festive board. There were five of us, the woman, two young men and a girl of ten or twelve in overalls. In addition to the regular course, which consisted of beans and corn bread, I was provided with a generous supply of milk, all of which I paid for before my departure. As soon as I could decently, I excused myself and started, after vainly trying to persuade one of the men to hitch up and carry me to the store. It was chilly and I shivered when the night wind struck me, and it was so dark that I could just see the road, the infrequent cabins along the highway passing unnoticed, though two or three times a dog barked, and once, far back from the road, I caught the flash of a lantern.

I passed a dark building, which I concluded was the upper store I had heard about, and figured that I should reach my destination not later than ten o'clock.

Along the road at intervals were short, flat-topped pine trees, and fifty times I saw one which I thought was a house or a store, only to find that it was a tree. My supper and the rest had revived me wonderfully and I sprinted along like a professional pedestrian. As I warmed up from the exercise, I began to grow thirsty again, and pictured the things I would drink when I reached the store, and all the time I kept my eyes strained for the store building and a score of times as I made

a turn of the road I said, "Now I am coming to it," but still it eluded me.

If I couldn't find the store or a 'phone, I should be compelled to sleep out, and while it was not a very cold night, I was so warm that spending the night in the open would be risky business without a fire, and an inventory revealed that I had but two matches. Two matches were not a big supply considering that the wind was blowing sharply and it was too dark to see what you were doing. I wanted to strike a match and look at my watch, for I thought if I knew what time it was I could tell about how far I had come since supper, but I hated to waste one of my little stock. In spite of the pine trees, available wood was scarce and along the road there was little but sage brush. At one place I saw several large sticks of dry wood just outside of the gutter. I was not ready to stop, however, and walked on a quarter of a mile further. There was no sign of the store, so I decided to use one of the matches and look at my watch, and found that it was 11:30. I know then that I must have gone past the store or gone wrong somehow, so I turned and walked back to the place where I had seen the wood. Gathering up all I could find, three or four armfuls, at least, I deposited it twenty feet back from the road, in the sage brush.

I found an old envelope in my pocket, groped around in the dark and gathered some dry twigs and a small dry stone, lay down on the ground between my small brush pile and the wind, and getting out my only match, applied it to the envelope. That envelope acted as if it were fireproof and the twigs might as well have been wire nails. I worked and nursed and supplicated that

wisp of smoke for ten minutes before it gave any promise that it would survive, and finally the fire began to gather headway. In a short time I had a warm cozy fire, so warm that I had to pull my cap down to shield my face. I lay down on the windward side of it and except for the fact that I wanted a drink, I was decidedly comfortable, so comfortable, in fact, that I fell asleep and woke up with a start. The wind, which had been in the south, had shifted to the north and the sparks from the fire were falling all around me. I have had enough experience with corduroy to know that a good healthy spark on a corduroy suit will undress a man in five minutes, so I quickly moved to the other side of the fire, and after that I kept awake. My corduroy suit wasn't very valuable, but I couldn't spare it for the time being.

I lay there until past one o'clock, when I heard something which made me prick up my ears, a low humming sound. Without waiting to hear more, I sprang to my feet. Down the road a bright light was dancing across the sage brush. A car was coming up the road, and here was my chance to find out where that infernal store was hiding itself. Springing out in the road, I stood there, a grim figure in corduroy, with one arm extended, and recalled all the instances I had read of where drivers had refused to stop when held up in the dead of night on a lonely road. The car shot past, and I said, "That settles you," but it didn't. Fifty yards beyond it came to a stop, and I covered the distance in a few jumps and said, "I wish you would tell me where I am, for I am lost." In the dim light of the car, I could see the driver, a tall, sandy-complexioned man, with sharp features. "Tell me where you are headed for," he replied. "My

car broke down in the canyon about two miles beyond the foot of the mountain, and I started to walk to the store—the lower store, I think someone called it. There is a shop across the road."

"I know the place; you made it all right. You're about five miles past it now," he laughed. "Did I come right past it or did I go around?" "There's no other way; you came right past it." This was disconcerting, but it was a pleasure, at least, to know where the store was. Since leaving Lizzie I had walked nineteen miles, including the scaling of a very respectable mountain. "You are headed that way. Any objection to my riding?" I asked. "Not a bit. I live up here about a mile in a small shack which I am building onto. I haven't much in the way accommodations, but I can fix you a bunk on the floor in the addition. It is roofed over, but the windows and doors are not in." "That's good enough, but have you any water?" I asked. "About a barrel in the room where you'll sleep. "That's none too much. I'm ready to go," I said.

Reaching the place, he turned in through a gate and stopped his car close to the addition in question, and producing a flashlight, led the way inside. "I'll get a lamp," he said. "And something to drink out of and two or three matches," I suggested. He went out of doors and into the house proper, and I could hear a woman's voice talking in a sleepy tone. He brought the lamp, set it on the floor, pulled out some blankets and old coats, saying, "I think there is enough there to keep you warm," to which I assented.

When he took the lamp and started to go, I said, "I want to thank you for this now, for I may not see you

in the morning. I must catch the fellow at the store before he gets started for Dolores, if he hasn't gone already." My friend laughed good-naturedly. "A man who has walked as far as you have and climbed that mountain will be tired in the morning. I'll bet on your being here." But I wasn't. I was up at five o'clock, lowered the water in the barrel a little more and started. I never saw so many jack rabbits in my life as I saw that morning, big blue-tinted fellows with erect ears. They bounded across the road, looking as large as antelopes. I must have seen a dozen or fifteen of them at least.

It was some time after six when I came in sight of the store, and to my infinite relief the truck was standing in front, and when I walked in, "Rob" was sitting by the fire. He was surprised to see me, but a few words sufficed to explain the situation.

I had breakfast with the family that morning. There were eight of us around the table, including "Rob" and his father, a pleasant man of military bearing, who will be designated hereafter as the colonel; a married daughter and her husband, who operated the farm and store; two little girls, an ex-service man who answered to the name of "Bill' and the writer. It was a pleasant repast, among pleasant and sociable people. The colonel, whose home was in Dolores, came out with "Rob" and the truck and was going back when they returned.

After breakfast and after the truck had been unloaded, "Rob" and I started for the canyon. We found Lizzie just as I had left her, with nothing disturbed, and set to work. By a generous application of ten-penny nails and inch boards, we braced the dash so it was a rigid as

when it came out of factory, tinkered the steering gear a little, turned her around and started back, leaving the truck beside the road. I wanted to be sure that the steering gear was all right before we tried towing her.

I had finally decided to go back up the mountain. If I went ahead, as I understand it, there were hills in front of me which would cause trouble, while if I went back, if I couldn't go around through Utah, I could at least get to the railroad in Dolores.

We drove both cars back to the foot of the mountain, put the truck ahead, hooked on the chains and started up with all the power we could muster. We didn't get very far, for a steep pitch or ledge stopped us, and although we jockeyed and fussed around some time, we couldn't make it. In the end we transferred my outfit to the truck, and leaving Lizzie beside the road, took the stuff up the mountain and unloaded it. It was all the truck could do at that. Returning to Lizzie, we hooked up again and made a second attempt, but it was no use, the mountain was too steep. According to my observations the truck hadn't much more ambition than Lizzie. It meant well, but it wasn't there.

The moment had arrived which I had long anticipated. "Look here," I said, "what will you give me for Lizzie, cancel my bill and deliver me and my outfit at the railroad station in Dolores?" He named the price, the die was cast and Lizzie and I had dissolved partnership. It was then about four o'clock. "What are we going to do now?" he asked. "Leave Lizzie here, take my outfit back to the store, and if you plan to come back after her tomorrow, I will help you," I answered. That was the way it was arranged, and that night I pitched my tent

and camped beside the road not a hundred feet from the store. The next morning after breakfast a party of three went back after Lizzie, but they declined my assistance. That didn't bother me a bit. I had many times rather sit by the stove in the store than bother my head about that old rip, but I couldn't resist the temptation to stop them just as they were starting. "I think that you are making a mistake in leaving me behind," I said, "for if you want a man of unlimited experience in boosting a car up a mountain, it would be hard to find my equal." They laughed and pulled out.

The older girl had started for school, the little girl, who was under three, remaining at home. The older girl had had a present of a wash basin and the baby was envious. I happened to think of the little wash basin I had found with the frying pan, and getting it from the tent presented it to her. It was a little agate basin and a peach, and she was so pleased that she didn't know what to do. Her mother drove a nail in the wall and hung it up where she could reach it, and afterwards when I was sitting in the store, the baby came in and taking me by the hand, led me out to the kitchen to take a look at it. Along in the afternoon the men came back with Lizzie. I didn't ask if they had much trouble or how they got her up the mountain, for I didn't care, though I was glad that they had succeeded.

The wind blew a gale that day and that night and there was a raging snow storm, but that didn't bother me any for I was "sitting pretty," much prettier than I should have been if I had been parked in some remote canyon forty-seven miles from nowhere and wondering how I was going to get out. The next morning my tent was full

of snow which had driven under the sides, and I had to get my shovel and shovel out before I could start breakfast. The day was so bad that the colonel decided that we had better not start for Dolores, so I got out my old cribbage board, which I hadn't used since leaving Connecticut, and we had a four-handed session which lasted most of the day and well into the night. The weather looked better the following morning, so after breakfast I packed my things, including the tent, in the three large chests which hold the bulk of my equipment, donated the sheet iron stove, with the pipe and fittings, to "Bill," the ex-service man, who had a cabin in the vicinity, and presented a miscellaneous assortment of frying pans, saucepans and pails to the lady of the house. The tent poles, which were badly shattered, I left on the ground, and when I was ready to start, my equipment consisted of the three large chests and the milk can, which contained my steel tent pegs, a new set of tire chains and a few other things. I rode with the colonel in the truck, while "Rob" drove Lizzie, and we reached Dolores in the afternoon. As my train did not leave until the next day, I put up at a small hotel, where the accommodations and the bill of fare were all that could be desired.

The next morning the colonel met me at the railroad station, where we nailed up the two chests which went by express and roped the other which went as baggage. Then we settled up the transfer of the car and at train time he came to the station to see me off. Let me say here, before dismissing the subject, that the colonel and the members of his family I met are among the most agreeable people I have encountered, and what I should have done if I hadn't met "Rob" is a matter of pure conjecture.

The trip from Dolores to the Silver City is through the mountains and much of the way over narrow-gauge railroads, or to be exact, over several branches of the same railroad, with many changes. The distance is not much over three hundred miles, but it took me three days and three nights to reach my destination. From Dolores it was up grade to the summit of the mountain, where deep snow was in evidence on the surrounding peaks. The elevation at the pass is something over 10,200 feet and here the train passed through a snow shed more than a half mile in length. About six o'clock the train pulled into Telluride, where we were to pass the night. Telluride is a mining camp, high up in the mountains, with a population of about a thousand. Situated as if it were in the bottom of a teacup, the steep, snow-covered mountains come down to the streets of the town. I had supper at a restaurant and shortly after dark started out to see the sights. Pool rooms are popular resorts in the west. Warm, comfortable and hospitable, they are a haven of rest to many a wayfarer. Strolling about the place, I sighted a store which was labeled "Soft Drink Parlor," and noting that it enjoyed great popularity, I went in.

Near the door was an old-fashioned bar and behind the bar was an old-fashioned bartender wearing a white apron, and in front of the large mirror behind the bartender were piled the stack of various sized glasses which usually accompanied an old-fashioned bar. There was a reading table on the other side of the room and as I had just bought a Denver paper I sat down to look it over. That done, I turned my attention to my surroundings. The store was divided into two rooms. Back of the front room was a larger room which seemed to attract the

crowd. It was not shut off from the front room; there were partitions part way across, but no doors, and it was as wide open as the front room itself. Along the wall on one side sat the dealers of various games, with stacks of silver dollars piled high in front of them, and except for the absence of faro tables, roulette wheels and the stacks of $20 gold pieces, it might have been Virginia City or Leadville in the old days when gambling was as public as peanuts or soda water.

One of the games was craps, another might have been monte, I wasn't sure, while across the room were the stud poker tables in full blast. There was a fence or railing with gates through it in front of the stud poker tables and the spectators were supposed to stay outside. But I didn't get the idea and walking through one of the gates, I planted myself near one of the tables and watched them play and order up the drinks, which consisted of whiskey and beer and various mixed drinks. When the bartender brought them, to all appearances they were genuine. It was an interesting affair and I was entertained, but I hadn't been there long before I became conscious that I was being watched. The bartender, when he wasn't busy, was rolling his eyes in my direction, and the dealers, when they weren't busy, were studying me, and even the patrons of the place seemed unduly interested. I am not vain enough to think when a party of men suspend operation to gaze at me that they are overcome by my classic features. It must have been something else.

I was wearing a cap which looked so much like the cap worn by the chief of police of Globe, Arizona, that a man took me for the chief one day. I met the chief on the sidewalk the next day and stopped him. "I had the most

flattering experience of my life yesterday," I said. "Tell me about it," he said with a friendly smile on his genial face. "I was sitting on a bench in front of the courthouse when a man sat down beside me, called me Fred and asked me who I was after now. I explained to him that my name wasn't Fred and that I wasn't after anyone in particular. "Well, I'll be hanged, I took you for the chief of police," he said. The chief laughed. "That's a good one, but I don't know but I am the one who should be flattered." It sounded nice, but I couldn't see it that way. We were about the same size and build and there was a general resemblance, but my old corduroy suit and military cap were smoked and shabby, while the chief's khaki uniform and cap, trimmed with gold braid, looked as if they came out of a bandbox.

I stayed in the "Soft Drink Parlor" in Telluride about two hours, which was as long as I cared to stay, and considerably longer than I was welcome, and got out with a whole skin, which was all that I could reasonably ask, but I am inclined to think that there were guns enough in the party to have escorted me to the city limits without loss of time if my conduct had not been above reproach.

The federal agents are fairly busy in Colorado, and the state has a well-enforced law against gambling, which convinces me that some day my friends in Telluride will have a rude awakening; they evidently are having bad dreams already.

CHAPTER VIII

The Silver City

It was about seven o'clock on a crisp April morning when I left Telluride, the naughty, and took the train for Delta where I arrived in the late afternoon. At Delta I found an accumulation of mail waiting for me, due in part to the long time I had been on the way. That and other business kept me occupied until sundown. I stayed in Delta over night and the next forenoon took the train for Glenwood Springs, arriving just before five o'clock. Glenwood Springs was familiar ground to me. How well I recall my last sight of the place more than thirty years ago. It was a rainy afternoon in August when two of us, with a pack pony loaded with camp equipment, sloshed down the main street of the town, crossed the river and pitched our tent in the shadow of the million dollar Hotel Colorado, then in course of construction. That rainy night we fed our campfire on the chips and waste material left by the carpenters and the next morning took the trail for the White River Country, then a paradise for sportsmen. When we returned a few weeks later, we had two bucks and an elk to our credit and trout enough to feed a regiment. Happy days!

I walked across the iron bridge which had replaced the wooden structure of olden times and tried to locate the spot where our tent stood on my former visit. As there was no train out until the following morning, I stayed in Glenwood that night and arrived in the Silver City shortly after noon the next day.

Rip Van Winkle couldn't have felt any queerer than I did when I left the cars and strolled along the sidewalk toward the center. A third of a century had elapsed since I had gazed on that familiar scene. In 1892 the Populist convention nominated me for alderman, a totally unexpected honor, I assure you. General Weaver was the presidential standard bearer and he won the electoral votes of Colorado in a walk. "Bloody Bridles" Waite was the gubernatorial nominee, and he rode into office like a flaming firebrand, but neither the prestige of the one or the fiery eloquence of the other was sufficient to land me in the aldermanic chamber. I fell by the wayside, sunk by a single vote. A restaurant sign on a small building did not interest me until I saw the name of the proprietor on the glass. I knew that man thirty-five years ago when he was the proprietor of a large eating house. And they were numerous in the Silver City for in those days there were so many unmarried men in the west, particularly in the mining districts, that the restaurants did a "land office business," and a place of 10,000 population could support more and better restaurants than one of four times that size in the east. I entered the restaurant and, nodding to the proprietor, said, "Take a look at me and say if you ever saw me before." He studied me in a near-sighted way. "I have," he muttered, "but I can't tell where." "I'll tell you," I said, "it was when you were running the Fulton and had that big glass tank of live trout in the window, I took my meals with you for a time." I went to a hardware store to look for a sheet iron stove to take the place of the one I left behind when I parted with Lizzie. I found and bought one better than the old original, at less than half

the price. With the stove I bought two lengths of pipe and an elbow, and paid the bill with a traveler's check. The storeman studied my name on the check critically and said, "Frank L. Wentworth, you lived here between thirty and forty years ago, didn't you? You weren't so stout then and wore a full beard." I remembered him, too. He was clerking in the same store when I first struck the town. I made a purchase amounting to fifteen or twenty cents and laid down a handful of pennies and two-cent pieces which I had brought from the east. He leaned over the counter, surveying the coppers appraisingly, and said, "We don't take those things here."

I inquired about camp grounds. There was no regular camp ground, but places to camp without number. Near the old brewery was a good place, or down by the old powerhouse on the Roaring Fork, or out by the new powerhouse on Castle Creek. I went down and inspected the place on the Roaring Fork. It looked good to me, plenty of spring water, an abundance of wood and any amount of seclusion. I had left my tent poles behind me, so I hunted up a sawmill, owned and operated by a short, capable old lady and purchased two two by four's. Borrowing a hand saw and square from her, I sawed them the right length for the ridgepole and uprights, then went back to town to engage an expressman to move my equipment from the station. There was only one expressman, I was told, but he was a hard man to find. After a strenuous but futile effort to locate him I appealed to the station agent.

The agent got busy with the telephone, called up everybody in town and notified the man's house that he was wanted at the station. Finally word came in that the

expressman had gone out on the mesa after a load of lumber. It was approaching five o'clock, and as the station closed at five, I suggested to the agent that very likely he wouldn't get back in time. While we were discussing the matter, the agent's understudy, who stood looking out of the window, remarked, "Patsy is hitched up; probably he would move your stuff if you asked him." "Who is Patsy?" I inquired. "That man down there with the pair of horses." I looked far down the track, made out a man on a high-seated wagon and started.

About the same time Patsy started in the opposite direction. I was determined to overtake him, for he was my best hope, but it would never do for a man who was defeated running for alderman thirty-three years ago to start running as soon as he got back to town, so I did a square heel and toe. Every block Patsy made a right angled turn and I lost sight of him, but slowly and surely I overhauled him and finally got him in a corner. I stated the case and he lent a willing ear. That was his last load and he would be at the station at five. He was as good as his word. We loaded the goods, including the stove and fittings which the hardware man had delivered at the station, and I rode with him to the camp ground. Patsy was an old timer, it seemed. He was a resident back in my time and had stayed in town ever since.

The Hotel Jerome, built more than forty years ago by Jerome B. Wheeler, one of Colorado's pioneer mining magnates, is one of the town's largest and most imposing buildings. Following the street leading north past the Jerome, we went down a hill, crossed the Roaring Fork and, turning to the right, came to the old power station.

At this point the river swings sharply toward town and then swings back again with the curve of a sickle. And in this bend, almost directly in front of the power house, is as pretty a little natural park as one could wish to see. In high water the river had cut a smaller channel across the bend, making the park an island by itself.

The ground was as smooth and grassy as a well-kept lawn and was shaded by half a dozen large spruces and as many larger cottonwoods. It was, moreover, shut off from the rest of the world by the trees and underbrush which grew along the border of the river. In this cozy nook I pitched my tent. There was much dry wood and underbrush which came in handy for firewood and the round, shapely cobbles brought down by the river in high water I picked up and piled around a tree, making a comfortable shady seat with the tree for a back. The grass, which grew luxuriantly in my little park, was kept gnawed down by two or three neighborly cows.

Numerous pine squirrels frisked on the ground and through the tree tops and I had frequent callers in the form of large brilliant birds with high crested topknots, which the natives call "camp birds." My tent was scarcely thirty feet from the river and though the fishing season had not yet opened, I couldn't resist the temptation to rig up my rod one day and, digging up a worm, baited the hook, and tossed it far out in the swirling current of the Roaring Fork. I didn't catch anything, or care to, but I had the satisfaction of pulling a good-sized trout to the surface.

To the north of my camp Red Mountain towered two thousand feet above the river. To the east of Red Mountain and so near that there is just room for Hunter Creek

to foam down the narrow gorge between, is Smuggler Mountain, the home of the great Smuggler mine. And beyond, the narrow valley through which the Roaring Fork comes tumbling down from Independence Pass, South from my camp, was the Silver City in the valley, and beyond the city the biggest mountain of all, with Tourtelotte park on its crest, two thousand feet above the town.

What more could a camper ask than a camp ground like that? But there was a "fly in the ointment." Old-timers, when they discussed my camp, said tersely, "You'll move when the river comes up." I held my ground however, for the place was too pretty to leave unless it was absolutely necessary. But the river kept rising higher and higher, and several nights when the water was almost up to the tent and the Roaring Fork was booming like a fog horn, I slept with my boots on, for I figured that it would be no laughing matter to wake up in the middle of the night with the water swirling through the tent and try to get my equipment ashore, with the Roaring Fork on one side of me and the little creek, swollen to the size of a river, on the other side.

But I stuck it out and in spite of its threats the river failed to drive me off. I have purposely said nothing of my impressions of the present-day Silver City.

Poor old town, two-thirds pulled down and the rest tumbling down. It is enough to make an iron soldier weep to look at it. Brick and brownstone blocks with the roofs gone and the windows out and not enough paint on the whole town to furnish the war paint for a 1930 flapper. I walked out on the old Colorado Midland track to Maroon Creek, a mile or so west of the town. The iron

bridge was still there and I walked across and back again. Six hundred feet long it is and a hundred feet above the water. When I lived there the equipment of the Midland was better than that of the Union Pacific and its financial condition was stronger, and now—years have passed since a train has crossed that bridge. The railroad has been abandoned and they are building an automobile road along its right of way.

I walked back to town and up Durant Avenue. On Durant Avenue in old days was "the Row," and "the Row" was a row of sporting houses, at once the pride and shame of the proud old town. Now "the Row" is gone, not a house remains—a thing to be thankful for, no doubt, and yet so merciless was the hand of the leveler that when "the Row" went, most of the churches went with it, for neither a church or a sporting house can do business without money.

I sat on the steps of a vacant store next to the post-office and contrasted things as they are now with the neighborhood as I remembered it in old times. The dilapidated remains of a brick block faced me from across the street. I recalled it as a large and prosperous hardware store and Mr. ———, the proprietor, was a very pleasant man, tall and well-built and handsome. He possessed a smile which would be a tangible asset to any man in business. When you came into that store and Mr. ———— smiled on you, you felt as if he was a friend of long standing.

Next was another brick block as dilapidated and unsightly as its neighbor. I remembered it as a large and prosperous gambling hall. Its doors swung wide in old times, extending hospitality and welcome to all. It was

the personification of that perfect equality so widely advertised and so seldom delivered.

I am not in favor of saloons or public gambling and yet, our orthodox friends to the contrary, the element of chance is present in about everything we undertake. Life is something of a gamble at best, and marriage unquestionably the greatest gamble of all, where it is ten to one that you draw a lemon instead of a peach. And if you draw a peach the chances are that you will lose it inside of a week, while a lemon may be hung around your neck "until death do us part," although as the poet naively says,

"Death is cheated sometimes by divorce,
A fact which gives an equivocal force
To that beautiful phrase, forever."

I have been making a little detour. As I recall it, I was describing the big gambling hall. The bar stood to the left of the door, a large elaborate piece of furniture. Beyond the bar was the roulette wheel. In the back of the room were the stud poker tables and still further back the raised platform where the musicians sat.

Across the room from the roulette wheel was the chief attraction, the faro table. Here, surronded by the crowd which always thronged the faro table, the dealer sat and shuffled the cards with mechanical precision, inserted the pack in the little box and dealt it out with the regularity of clock work, while the stacks of chips, silver dollars and ten and twenty dollar gold pieces, grew or shrunk as the tide of fortune alternated between the house and the players.

At one side of the dealer in a high seat sat the lookout.

It was his province to referee disputes and see that the interests of the house were safeguarded. The faro table was always the center of activity and in the evening when business was at its height the crowd surrounding it was frequently so great that those further back found it necessary to pass over their money to be placed on the cards of their selection.

Upstairs was the keno room where at frequent intervals the cry "keno" rent the air.

Later I took a turn around the town. How changed the place was! Many houses were gone, others were tumbling down and of those remaining, some had their windows boarded up. A general aspect of dilapidation and decay was apparent everywhere. The trees along the sidewalks, which in my time had been small, trim shade trees, had grown into unsightly, untrimmed giants. Dooryard fences were down, littering the ground, and yards were grass-grown and neglected. The house I occupied for several years was gone and the building in which my store was located had disappeared. I walked past the place on Smuggler Street, where my friend Bardwell lived in old times. It was the same story over again. Not a timber or stick of the buildings remained. I stayed seven weeks in the Silver City, camping in the little park on the bank of the Roaring Fork, and before I took my departure I was as madly in love with the place as I had been in the old days when silver was king. The scenery was wonderful, the climate superb. The brilliant sunshine of the high altitude was tempered, even in midsummer, by the cooling breezes from the snow-clad mountain peaks, making the air cool and invigorating.

The clear, cold mountain streams, fed by melting snow,

were alive with husky trout and the people were a friendly, neighborly lot, accommodating and hospitable.

June 18th, the day of my departure, I learned, when it was too late to change my plans, was to be an eventful day in the Silver City. On that day all of the able-bodied men of the town were to be furnished free transportation to Independence Pass, twenty miles distant, and provided with shovels, to dig out the automobile road to the east, which had been closed by snow since early in the previous autumn.

Men had been up to the pass in advance and had dynamited the snow banks to prepare the way for the shovelers, for the road over Independence Pass, twelve thousand feet in elevation, is a very fine and spectacular road, and the occasion of opening it to summer travel is an important event, winding up with a big feed at the close of the day. Although I received a special invitation to attend, I had made plans which made it necessary for me to leave on that day. The stores were all closed and the lone expressman had gone with the crowd, which looked bad for my getting my goods to the station, but my friend Patsy, with his double team, came to the rescue and landed me there bag and baggage in ample train time.

My equipment consisted of three chests, each as large as a large trunk, and a big milk can. The chest which weighed nearest to one hundred and fifty pounds, the baggage limit, I roped and shipped as baggage; the other chests and milk can went as express. My destination was Winsted, and the express charges were a little under $35. It was night when we reached Leadville and night when we passed through the Royal Gorge. Some time after

daylight the conductor came to me and said, "We are two hours late and losing time, and it may be that we will not reach Denver in time to connect with the Rock Island, but if you care to get off at Colorado Springs you will have ample time to catch the same train at Limon."

That suited me to a T. I got off at the "Springs," looked up the time of my train's departure and then took the Manitou car to call on my old friend, Joe Bowler, in whose door yard I camped from Thanksgiving to New Year's. One of the boys was sprinkling the yard and Mr. Bowler was sitting on the veranda when I arrived. They were pleased to see me so unexpectedly and plied me with questions as to where I had been and what I had been doing since leaving them one snowy morning in January. Mr. Bowler was going to town, so after we had visited awhile I rode over with him and on leaving him went to a restaurant where I read the morning paper over my breakfast. The run from Colorado Springs to Chicago, uneventful as it was passed pleasantly, for it was June and the country was at its best. When the train pulled into the Englewood Station of the "Windy City," Sue was waiting for me on the station platform, with an accumulation of mail which I intercepted at this point.

As some time would elapse before my train on the New York Central left for the east, we decided to take a little trip around the city and have dinner at a restaurant just before train time. I had checked a parcel I was carrying and we had started for the street when, much to my surprise, who should appear but Pauline, companion of my western trip. Pauline was supposed to be putting in her time at the Y. M. C. A. Camp at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

I had not written her that I was starting east, but Sue, on getting my letter concerning the mail, had written her of the time I would reach Chicago, and she came down to see me off. The girls ran me around the city for a while. We had dinner together and a very jolly time, and then they delivered me at the station and left for Sue's headquarters. The train thundered in, the conductor shouted "All Aboard," and I was headed straight for the land of wooden nutmegs.

It was Thursday noon when I left the Silver City and about two o'clock Monday morning when the train pulled into Pittsfield. Having nothing better to take up my time, I hunted up a restaurant and enjoyed a substantial repast, which included roast beef, mashed potatoes and strawberry shortcake. The Berkshires were at their best, with the barometer at fair, that June morning when the train rolled out of Pittsfield about six o'clock and at eight thirty I was in Winsted.

One needs to go away to get a true perspective, and I concluded, as I contemplated the Litchfield County landscape on that summer morning, that it was as pretty and attractive as any I had seen on my travels.

None of my equipment arrived on the train with me, and until it came I had no headquarters in town. That afternoon, while I was at the station, the gas bus slid down from Norfolk and unloaded my baggage. A few minutes later the train from the south unloaded the rest of my equipment and the family were together once more. An expressman was found to transport my goods and at six o'clock that night my tent was pitched and I was cooking my supper in the shade of an old apple tree over-looking Highland Lake, just as five nights before

I had prepared it in my camp in the little park on the bank of the Roaring Fork.

My camp in the shade of the old apple tree was all that could be desired, sightly and convenient. A friend lived up the road, and every morning about nine his car stopped at the barway leading to my tent with an invitation to ride to town, and each evening I was in town it was only necessary for me to reach the Hotel Beardsley about six o'clock and sit on the veranda, until someone took me home, an ideal arrangement which made owning a car a superfluity.

CHAPTER IX

Lizzie Number Two

I had been camping a year without interruption and had no mind to stop. The happy, carefree life of the camper appealed to me and beckoned me on. To resume my journey I needed a car to furnish the motive power, and accordingly advertised in the local paper for a second hand Ford. "But why waste time looking for a second hand car, why not buy a new one?" counseled my advisers. "Why not ride in the latest model, with varnish undimmed, and start on the road with new upholstery and flags flying?"

I gave them all the same answer, that an old car suited my purpose better and an old car I would buy. That when I was in the open and the rain descended and the mud lay deep, I would not lose sleep because the weather was damaging Lizzie's beautiful complexion or spoiling the upholstery. That when I got stuck and had to walk fifty miles to the nearest car doctor, I would not be eaten up by the fear that the light of my life had been kidnapped by ruthless men. That if she backed off a cliff or stood on her head on a rock-pile, I should not be compelled to weep over the departed, knowing there were plenty of better lookers waiting around the corner, and last but not least, and fully as important, I could buy an old car with less dough.

Finding a second hand car at length, which suited my purpose, I closed the deal and started packing up. There was now nothing to hinder my getting on the road again,

so bright and early one Monday morning I started for Westerly, R. I. Why did I head for Westerly? Because a man who professed to know assured me that the Rhode Island shore was the only shore worth considering, abounding in clams and shellfish. All I had to do was to go to Westerly and inquire and I would be directed to a clam eaters paradise. I reached Westerly late in the afternoon and was advised to go to Watch Hill. To Watch Hill I went and about 6 P. M. reported for further orders. There I was told that clams were not plentiful, that round clams were not native to that locality, and there were no accommodations for campers. That was a blow beneath the belt, for it was round clams I was looking for, and if I couldn't camp, there was nothing to stay for. I drove on further and appealed to another man, who confirmed my first informant's statement.

"How far is it to where there are round clams?" I inquired. "Not for thirty miles east of here and I couldn't say how it is farther on."

"How about camping? There must be a place where a man could camp for a night or so."

"No regular place, but I'll tell you, there's an old barn back a ways. Two brothers have some farm land down in there and I wouldn't doubt but you could stay there one night. You won't find 'em there; they've gone home before this. Mind, I'm not giving you permission to camp there. I have nothing to say about it. I'm just saying that likely they wouldn't have any objection to your staying over night." Thanking him, I turned Lizzie around and drove back to where a road led down to the barn in question, a hundred yards from the highway. Following the road, I parked Lizzie back of the barn. So

far, so good. The prospect for clams was disappointing, but it looked as if I had located a camp for the night, which was of more immediate importance, though the mosquitos, which were the most ferocious I ever met, seemed prepared to dispute my occupancy.

I sat on the running board reading the evening paper and slapping mosquitoes when a man appeared with a scythe on his shoulder, coming up through the lot. "Are you one of the proprietors?" I inquired as he approached. He admitted that he was, and I stated the case to him. He was a friendly-looking man of about fifty, and something of a traveler himself, it appeared, spending his winters in Florida or southern California, as suited his fancy, evidently a farmer of means. He assured me that I was welcome to stay over night, and said he would fix it so I could sleep in the barn. I protested against it as making unnecessary trouble, but he insisted. "Why man, the mosquitoes would eat you alive if you tried to sleep out here." After he started for home, I went up town, looked the place over and had a bite of supper, returning to the car a little after dark. The mosquitoes were waiting for me in full force. Getting out my lantern, I went into the barn and took possession.

There was an old willow rocker near the door, with the seat gone. Improvising a seat out of piece of heavy pasteboard, I drove a nail into a beam to hang up the lantern and, taking my place in the old family chair, read the latest news, while the mosquitoes outside hummed themselves hoarse and made frantic efforts to drill through the weather boarding. It was late when I finished the paper, so, spreading my blankets on the hay, I crawled into them and soon was sleeping what is frequently referred to as the sleep of the just.

I got up in the morning with a new plan in my head. Without waiting to cook breakfast, I got Lizzie out onto the highway and, bidding that clamless, campless, mosquito-ridden land a fervent farewell, headed straight for Milford, on the Connecticut shore, where, in a farmer's orchard, far back from the road, I camped seven very pleasant weeks in the summer of 1924.

My road was the Boston Post Road, the No. 1 road of Connecticut, leading straight to Milford, and I lost no time in getting there. The farmer and his wife gave me a cordial welcome and as a cornfield now occupied the site of my former camp, I was given a place in a shady nook from which a barway opened into the road. It seeemed like old times to be back in Milford, where there were clams of both kinds and sea food in abundance, and not the least attractive feature was the wheel club, where afternoons and evenings there was always a session of cribbage, pinochle or chess. The first day or two that I went clamming the results were a little disappointing and I began to wonder if the place had fallen from its high estate, but one day after that I had such a streak of luck that no such doubt remained.

My stay in Milford on this occasion was of short duration for Pollyanna was starting west, and it was up to me to see her off and escort her as far as Niagara Falls. Pollyanna, the youngest of the family, had heard the call and was starting out to seek her fortune, heading, as the others had done, to where the boundless west beckoned.

Leaving Milford one sunny morning, I camped that night in Colebrook, pitching my tent on the spot where I pitched it the first night of my camping career, fourteen

months before. Looking back across the intervening months, it seemed as if I had cut quite an ambitious circle from my modest start of July 1st, 1924.

As Pollyanna wished to spend the evening in town the night before our start for Niagara Falls, and as I planned to start from camp early in the morning without going back to town, I went down after her about ten o'clock and brought her to camp. We broke camp and got started by sun-up in the morning, going by way of Pittsfield and Albany, and that night we camped at the same camp ground where Pauline and I stopped on our first night out the previous year. One of the proprietors recognized me as a former customer and reminded me of an incident of my former visit. The little camp ground was as neat and orderly as a well-kept house and seemed to be doing a prosperous business. West of Syracuse, we took a different road from the one Pauline and I followed last year, and that night we camped at a public camp ground just east of Geneva and Lake Seneca.

The camp ground was not far from the water and from it we could get a good view of the northern end of the lake. The ground was a rude affair, untrimmed and unkempt, littered with papers and rubbish and with nothing in the way of conveniences, so far as we could see. We passed through the outskirts of Buffalo that afternoon and along toward night came in sight of the familiar camp ground at Niagara Falls. Quite a busy place it appeared that September evening, for there were toward two hundred tents ranged about the ground, with the accompanying cars, children and dogs. We drove past the camp ground, down into town, got our mail and returning, proceeded to make camp.

The next day we spent in sightseeing. Pollyanna did not feel that she could spend more than a day in looking at the Falls and allied scenery—people starting out to seek their fortunes are usually in a hurry, I guess. So the following morning, bright and early, she planned to take the train for Chicago—bright and early because it was necessary to start early in order to get into the big town at a seasonable hour in the evening.

We went to the station to look up trains. There was a train leaving at 6:30 A. M. Somebody made a rapid-fire calculation. Six-thirty—that's 5:30 our time. Isn't there a later train?" "Yes, there is one, but it is too late." "Oh, well, it won't hurt us to get up early once. It will be a change to get up before daylight."

We didn't turn in very early and in consequence it was a short night. It was as black as a stack of black cats when I called Pollyanna and we set to work to make the train. Everything went slowly that morning; the fire wouldn't burn, Lizzie was cranky and things in general seemed to conspire to hold up the program.

We were late in getting started and Pollyanna was a little apprehensive that we wouldn't catch the train. But I reassured her. I told her that we could get to the station in ample time and we did, though at one time I felt a little shaky myself. The camp ground is something over three miles from the station and it was getting toward half past when we started, but I stepped on the gas and we certainly cut the corners some on our way to town. I wouldn't say that we didn't run through a few traffic signals, but at that hour of the morning there was nobody around to see, so we should worry. We stopped at the baggage room, and I tumbled Pollyanna's trunk

out onto the platform. It was just twenty-five minutes after the hour; in five minutes it would be half past—not much time to buy a ticket, paying for it with a traveler's check, and get a trunk checked. The baggage room was lighted, but the door was locked. "That's funny, so near train time," I said. We left the trunk by the baggage room door and hustled around into the waiting room. There were some people there, but the ticket office windows were not open.

That gave me another start. I whirled around and looked at the clock and my jaw fell. Somebody had made a slight miscalculation in figuring the time. Instead of 6:25 it was 4:25. And instead of having a bare five minutes, we had two hours and five minutes, confirming my prediction to Pollyanna that we would get there in ample time.

The weather was threatening the day before I left Niagara Falls. If it rained in the morning, I planned to wait over another day to avoid pulling down the tent and loading in the rain. It rained hard that night, but in the morning, although it was misty, with an overcast sky, I decided to start. I carried with me a generous supply of wood for the stove. The camp ground at Niagara Falls is an ideal place to stock up with wood, particularly at the close of the camping season. The campers were gone or leaving, discarding boxes, boards, planks, tent pegs, and other woodenware on their departure.

I passed through Rochester about noon, and shortly after, a drizzling rain began to fall. It grew dark early that afternoon and I camped earlier than usual, back of a little filling station a few miles southwest of Oswego. The water was coming right down when I pitched the

tent, and later in the evening it rained furiously, but that bothered me precious little. The tent was well pegged down and I had an ample supply of wood, water and provisions, and nothing to worry about.

After starting the next morning, I took a wrong road, but a few miles further east I struck a new concrete road leading to Oswego, so it inconvenienced me little.

It was about noon when I pulled into Watertown, where I planned to spend a few days. Watertown, on the Black River, is a thriving city of something over thirty thousand inhabitants.

Ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower was evidently a big man in Watertown for there are reminders of him on every hand, among which are Flower Avenue, the Flower Memorial Library, a tall shaft in Exchange Place erected by Mrs. Roswell P. Flower and finally a life-size statue of Roswell P. Flower himself.

There was no public camp ground in the city, so I was obliged to drive back two and one-half miles on the road by which I entered Watertown, where I camped on a grassy spot by a little filling station which had closed for the season.

Bakery goods are very reasonable in price in northern New York. Crullers—the finest I ever ate, so tender that they would almost fall to pieces—are twenty cents a dozen in Niagara Falls. The largest and finest cup cakes I ever bought were twenty-four cents a dozen in Watertown and other pastry at proportionate prices. To be absolutely impartial, I must not forget to mention another bakery product worthy of extended press comment. While in Watertown I went into a large and finely-equipped store dealing in bakery goods and ordered

some doughnuts. "Raised?" asked the girl who waited on me, and I assented. I was not watching her when she put them up, but I supposed that she gave me the raised doughnuts of Connecticut, for I had seen some in a showcase when I entered.

When I was sampling my bill of fare that night, I discovered that I had a bag of what Connecticut people call crullers. That did not distress or surprise me any, since outside of Connecticut they are all doughnuts. I extracted one from the bag and as soon as I set my teeth in it I gave a sigh of contentment, for I knew that I was face to face with an old-time friend. I had bought doughnuts of that variety in Arizona and New Mexico and was no stranger to them. I have heard certain charitably-minded people insist that they are made of bread dough. My guess would be a mixture of gutta-percha and horsehide, though the flavor is eminently satisfactory. To bite a piece off one is as much a feat as to bite off a piece of garden hose, though when you have it separated you have an admirable chewing confection and one which is guaranteed to last till the cows come home. It will thus be seen that the only difficulty is in tearing a fragment from the parent stock. It seems to me that tin or pruning shears would do the trick, an axe being almost too clumsy for table use.

I stayed at the little camp ground a week, during which time it rained much of the time, and when I tried to pull out I got mired, and would have stayed a spell longer if a friendly farmer who lived nearby hadn't come to my assistance.

I was heading for Burlington, Vt., and before I got many miles north of Watertown I began to notice how

much farther advanced the season was in that locality. From Niagara Falls to Watertown the foliage was green and glossy, but north of Watertown I came to a region where it had turned and the oaks and maples were brilliant with color.

I came, moreover, into a neighborhood where I saw more old-fashioned Virginia rail fences along the highway than I have seen in Connecticut during the past twenty-five years, and this along the No. 2 highway of New York. I passed through Potsdam and Malone and camped that night a few miles east of Ellenburg. Camp grounds were scarce, but places suitable for camping were numerous, if the continued rain had not made most of the grass land swampy. But finally I found a place where a country road turned off and crossed a little river, and in the turn by the bridge was a grassy spot high and dry, and there I pitched my tent. I did not make an early start the next morning as the run to Burlington was a short one and I figured that I had plenty of time. Moreover, Lizzie objects to starting early and I have to humor her at times.

I reached Chazy Landing on Lake Champlain about eleven o'clock, and Lizzie and I were the only passengers across the lake. Before noon we were in Vermont, heading south toward Burlington. It was mid-afternoon when we reached the city, a place of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and stopped at the postoffice for mail. Along toward night we started for the municipal camp ground on Lake Champlain, but missed connections and camped with a farmer on the North road.

While in Niagara Falls I had some interesting sessions at chess at the Y. M. C. A. and at Watertown I found

players also in the association rooms, but at Burlington the Y. M. C. A. had broken down and had degenerated into a sort of a male kindergarten, with no chess players in the offing. When everything looked most dubious, I was directed to the central station of the fire department and there I found chess and cribbage players galore.

It was the week of the world series, and the fire station had a fine radio outfit. The weather was rainy, with high winds, but it was pleasant to sit in those comfortable quarters and play chess or cribbage or listen to the radio reporting the ball game.

The trolley came within a quarter of a mile of my camp, and I frequently patronized it instead of driving Lizzie back and forth. One Friday night, in a driving rain, I boarded a car and started for camp. As the night advanced, the wind rose and the rain beat upon the tent with steadily increasing violence. It was a wild night when I turned in, and the tent was tugging and straining at the guy ropes.

When I turned out in the morning, it was to face a wild winter landscape. The tent was full of snow, a blinding snowstorm was raging, driven by a wind of furious intensity, and the tent was reeling and swaying like a drunken man before the blast. The broad expanse of Lake Champlain gave the wind the right of way and it was making the most of it. Turning my attention to Lizzie, facing the wintry blast, I found that the radiator was freezing and for a half hour I worked in that furious storm before I succeeded in drawing off the water. I used up my supply of water while working on the radiator, so after I finished I took the big milk can and started for the farm house, a hundred yards distant, to

fill it. The farmer's wife and three small children seemed to be paying particular attention to the kitchen stove. Returning with the can of water, I spent a little time in fussing with my own fire, then, as my supply of wood was getting low, I waded across the road and up into the woods in search of a fresh supply.

Loading up with all I could carry and drag, I made two trips to the tent. So far so good, and nothing extraordinary at that, for one moment the tent was full of smoke and I had to stick my head out to breathe, and the next an icy blast swept through, reducing the temperature to the freezing point.

About noon I started for town. I had little expectation that I would find the tent standing on my return, for the soil was sandy and several times the pegs had loosened up under the terrific strain, but I didn't relish the idea of staying there when I thought of the hospitable welcome extended by the fire station, where things were warm and cozy. And a little later, as I sat in a comfortable chair playing chess with one of the firefighters and the radio opened up on the world series, I couldn't help but appreciate the difference between that place and my wind-swept camp on the shore of Lake Champlain.

I left Burlington on Monday morning, not particularly early, for the weather was still too cold and bleak to make an early start advisable. I took the main road through Barre to Montpelier, and while the road was open and some traffic was moving, I saw the biggest snow banks that I ever saw on the twelfth day of October, or any other October or November day, for that matter. When I reached South Royalton, I stopped to inquire about a man I had known in years gone by, a

resident of the place and a prominent citizen of that section of the state, as I understood at the time. The man was dead and his former home was in Royalton, so I drove back over the road I had been following to take a look at the residence of this former magnate. I had left the snow behind, and the grass was a brilliant green. All through Vermont the grass of the meadow land, excepting where it was covered with snow, was of the brightest, vividest green imaginable, in marked contrast to similar land in New York and New Hampshire, which was of the normal autumn shade.

I camped that night beside the road on a bluff overlooking the White River. Here was the White River in Vermont and behind me the Black River in New York, and I recalled as I sat overlooking the peaceful stream the strenuous time the man from Kankakee and I had in negotiating the wild country and frightful mountain roads between the White River and the Black River in Arizona.

It rained as usual the night I camped on the bluff above the White River, but the next morning was clear and sunshiny with a sharp, biting wind which was very penetrating.

When I loosened the tent flap and stepped out, a chipmunk sat on a stump facing me and a large gray squirrel was swinging in the top of a small cherry tree on my left. Far below, the White River sang as it journeyed to the sea. A few miles below my camp I passed through Sharon, one of the prettiest places I have ever visited. A regular little gem of a village in a narrow valley, surrounded by high green-clad hills.

A little later I came to White River Junction and

crossed the line into New Hampshire. It was along in the afternoon when I reached Concord, the capital of the state, where I planned to spend a few days. I passed a camp ground connected with a filling station some two or three miles before I reached the center. There was no municipal camp ground and the only other ground, I was told, was on the other side of the city, across the Merrimac, and one mile beyond.

As that ground was nearer the business section, I decided to pitch my tent there. It was on the Black Hills road, a name suggestive of Buffalo Bill and the Deadwood stage coach. A young Italian owned the filling station, back of which was a pine grove of nine or ten acres. It was an ideal camp ground with plenty of wood and water and free to tourists. "Camp anywhere and make yourself at home," he said when I stopped to inquire. He was a friendly soul, full of ambition, and he always addressed me as John. One morning as I was dozing in my blankets, along toward eight o'clock, I heard a car coming up the road. Immediately there was a loud report and a crash.

As I was tumbling out to see what had happened, I heard my friend come running down toward the tent calling, "John! John!" in an excited voice. Lizzie was standing in front of the tent so that my view was obstructed, but I could see enough to make out the outline of a car in the road with the wheels in the air. Then the filling station man arrived much out of breath, with an urgent request that I come to the rescue. I dressed as promptly as possible, but before I reached the wreck, help had arrived and my services were not needed. Fortunately the casualties were slight. It seemed that a

service station man was bringing my friend out to the filling station and he applied the brakes too vigorously when he undertook to stop. In consequence the wheels skidded on the wet pavement, a tire blew out and the car overturned.

During the last game of the world series I stood in front of the state house, with a life-size statue of Franklin Pierce as a near neighbor, and watched one of those interesting contrivances when you see the batter and the ball and the base-runners, and get many of the thrills which go with a real game. All the world knows that that game was a thriller, when Pittsburgh leading a forlorn hope, emerged from the mud and mist—a winner. On the state house grounds is a statue of General Stark of Bennington fame. According to the tablet thereon, John Stark was born in Londonderry, N. H. I was under the impression that Connecticut claimed "Stark of Bennington." A poem by Fitz Green Halleck certainly conveys that idea.

The weather moderated during my stay in Concord and the morning of my departure was fairly pleasant and not cold. The filling station man had closed his place for the season the day before, but he made a special trip over that morning to see me off, giving me a cordial invitation to come again and stay longer next time. Kittery, Me., across the river from Portsmouth, N. H., was to be my next stopping place.

I have been impressed for years with the knowledge that Kittery had been a headquarters of the Wentworth clan for upwards of two centuries, and I had long cherished an ambition to visit the place and view the damage done by my forebears during their long stay. I

reached Kittery late in the afternoon and had a very strenuous time locating a place to pitch my tent. There is no public camp ground and all of the available information was along the line that the nearest place to camp was at least twelve miles away.

They can show you a tablet which marks the place once occupied by the shipyard where the "Ranger," John Paul Jones' first frigate, was launched, but when a wandering camper looks for a place to pitch his tent, it is not so easy. But I persisted and was finally given the names of two or three possible prospects living at widely separated points and set out to interview them. Here I was balked again. None of them were at home. It was almost dark and I was hurrying down the village street when I met a man who looked promising. I stated the case to him and he responded nobly. He located a telephone, called up a man, and in less than fifteen minutes piloted me to a large meadow where the accommodations were ample, with a generous supply of wood. Thanking him heartily, I pitched my tent and soon had supper under way.

My camp was beside the No. 1 road of Maine, the road from Portland to Portsmouth, the road which the residents of Maine take when they head for Boston and civilization. I don't recall that I ever camped beside a road where the day and night traffic was heavier. It rivalled the Boston Post Road through Connecticut.

A day or two later I made inquiries about the Wentworths of the vicinity and learned that an elderly gentleman of the name and his daughter were the only representatives of that family living in town. On looking them up, I took note of a plate on the corner of their

residence which stated that General William Whipple, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in that house in 1730. The house was not by any means an ancient looking habitation, but houses in which signers of the Declaration of Independence were born must be limited in number at this late day.

Most of us old fellows like to kid ourselves into thinking that we don't look our age, but it is possible to overdo it. I met the all-'round champion in Kittery. He will never see seventy again, or I miss my guess, but he always took special pains to address me as "Dad." I bear him no ill will, however, for he was a good old sport at that.

One evening when I was in my tent a car stopped in the road in front, and I heard the champion's cheery call, "Hey, dad! Hey, dad!" I went out and he held up a large fresh mackerel and when I reached the car I was presented with a beauty. The old sport invited me to go clamming with him, and the last day of my stay in Kittery was the day appointed, but as luck would have it, a furious northeast storm arrived and held the center of the stage all that day and what promised to be a pleasant outing went into the discard.

Kittery is a quaint old place on the coast, with narrow, crooked streets bearing the earmarks of age, and the traffic which races past its door is enough to drive it wild. The thoroughfare which is labeled Main Street is a blind dirt road, about twenty feet in width, fronted by two or three small houses. The highway bearing the sign "Commercial Street" may have half a dozen small houses to its credit, but no signs of commerce, so far as I could see.

I broke camp and left Kittery one breezy Monday morning, with Connecticut my destination. The leaves were on the trees in Kittery and much of the foliage was as green as summer. In New Hampshire the woods displayed a gorgeous autumnal coloring, but from Lowell to Winsted the leaves were gone and the trees were bare, much to my surprise.

After I left Portsmouth, Lizzie took the bits in her teeth and ran away. It was not the first time by any means. Once when Pollyanna and I were east of Buffalo she started and made a wild dash and again while I was sojourning in Burlington, Vt., but this time after leaving Portsmouth, was the worst ever. For forty miles up hill and down she tore with the gas shut off and the spark lever up, and every time I tried to slow her down, she would roar like a wounded lion. So after many efforts, I had to give her her head and content myself with keeping her in the road. Whatever possessed that gentle soul to have such a tantrum is beyond me, but we all know that the ladies do have such spells, and when they break loose, there is very little that can be done about it.

My route took me through Lowell and I camped that night on the Mohawk trail, west of Fitchburg. It was late when I reached Fitchburg and I would have camped there, but camping accomodations were minus, so I headed for Greenfield with an eye out for any camp site which presented itself beside the road.

After I had covered two or three miles I came to a place where a road turned off and went up through the wood. I left the car at the turn and went up the hill to take a look. There was a sharp pitch with deep sand and just above that, under a large pine tree, was as pretty a

place to camp as one could wish for, not a hundred feet from the main highway. I went back to Lizzie and started her up the hill, but she was soon in the sand all over, and I labored with her a full half hour before she was able to negotiate the grade. This made me late and it was long after dark before the tent was set up and everything in readiness to start supper. It was worth it, however, for it was a cozy spot, out of the wind and out of sight of the road, and yet so near that I could have tossed a stone down on the passing cars.

The next morning was bleak and wintry, a gentle reminder that no time should be lost in getting back to Connecticut and making preparations to start on my southern trip. I was reluctant to leave my sheltered camp under the old pine where a roaring fire of dry branches made the tent a home-like place, but I finally got under way and Lizzie rolled down the hill, through the sand, and out on the Mohawk trail.

Before reaching Greenfield we were held up. A long line of cars was waiting on our side of the road and we came to a stop to await the start of the procession. Singularly enough, there was no one in the cars, so at last I went ahead to discover the cause of the delay. There had been an accident apparently, and a large blue car lay on its side across the road.

Not long after this the traffic started. We passed through Greenfield and headed south. I stopped at Westfield for dinner and while there a furious snowstorm broke loose, accompanied by a howling wind, bitterly cold. The storm was of short duration, however, for which I was thankful, and when it was over we lost no time in getting under way.

We went by way of Avon, reaching Winsted in the late afternoon, and camped that night on our old camp ground in Colebrook, from which we had sallied forth with Pollyanna exactly two months before. I did not pitch the tent on the high, breezy knoll where it stood before, but prudently selected a sheltered nook protected from the wind by the hills and the surrounding forest, which proved to be a good choice, for the very next night after our arrival, the weather demonstrated just how mean it could be, give it half a chance.

I camped in Colebrook three weeks or more. An ideal place it was for winter camping, and the weather was unmistakably cold during my stay. There were at least four heavy snowstorms, and while the snow did not remain continuously, it contributed to the wintry aspect of the season. Much of the time the wind blew in a wild and boisterous fashion, and five times in as many nights ice formed on the pail where I drained the radiator, from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch in thickness. Despite the cold weather my tent was snug and cozy, and as comfortable and cheery as a steam-heated apartment. There was an abundance of dry wood within fifty feet of the tent, my water supply, in the form of a clear, cold spring was only a few rods distant, and I had, moreover, some very pleasant and agreeable neighbors which, after all, are among the most desirable blessings of this world.

At the neighbors I was welcome day and night. At the neighbors I could buy, beg or borrow without limit. The neighbors played chess, cribbage and pinochle; they sang and provided a variety of music; they had me to dinner, to supper and to stay over night; and I have no

hesitation in affirming that it is one of the pleasantest neighborhoods in which I have ever sojourned. But the season was advancing rapidly, and if I was to winter in the south, as I had planned, it was time I was on my way, before weather and road conditions changed for the worse, though I am quite sure that I could have been quite comfortable there through a New England winter. So it came about that one cold, blustering morning in mid-November I broke camp, loaded my equipment, spoke to Lizzie and we were off.

I stopped in Winsted to make a few final arrangements and, these completed, late in the forenoon headed south. Lizzie was equipped with four solid tires, which, to be truthful, cost me more than the old girl herself. I had given away my "spares," my pump and patches and faced the future with no apprehension of blow-outs and tire troubles. I planned to go by way of Litchfield and Danbury, cross the Hudson on the Bear Mountain Bridge, thence to Port Jervis, through Delaware Water Gap and on to Washington, D. C., where I intended to stay as long as the staying was good. After I had crossed Bear Mountain Bridge and come out on the main highway, I concluded, after studying the road signs, that my road lay south, and accordingly I turned to the left and drove down the river several miles. Later, when I stopped for gas and inquired about the road, I found that I should have turned north at the bridge and west at Highland Falls.

I would be going out of my way to proceed further south, I was told, so reluctantly I turned Lizzie around and headed back over the road I had lately traversed. It was a bleak, gusty, overcast afternoon, with a constant

threat of snow in the air, and the promise of early darkness. Not wishing to camp in a snowstorm, when I reached the road leading to the bridge, instead of proceeding to Highland Falls I drove up the Bear Mountain road three or four miles and pitched my tent beside the highway. It was an isolated spot where I camped, removed from all the evidences of civilization, without a building or human habitation in sight, and very little travel on the road.

Up the bank from my camp I found a limited supply of dry wood, so it was unnecessary to draw on my reserve stock. It did not snow that night, as I expected, but the weather was just as raw and disagreeable the next morning. With no improvement in sight, after I had breakfasted, I pulled down my tent and took to the road. I dined that day in Middletown, a city of several thousand inhabitants, and pulled out in the afternoon for Port Jervis.

Some people motoring through western Connecticut complain of the heavy grades and crooked roads, but I am sure that there are no state roads in Connecticut with such a succession of long, heavy grades and winding, twisting turns as may be found west of the Hudson in southern New York and down through Pennsylvania. I had supposed that when I reached Port Jervis my road would take me through New Jersey to Delaware Water Gap, and it was not until I reached Port Jervis that I discovered that the three states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania corner there, and my road was on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River.

The subject interested me, for I had planned to camp in New Jersey, and camping in New Jersey was an im-

portant consideration, for it was a part of my program to camp in every state as I went along. When I got down toward Delaware Water Gap, I made inquiries and was told that there was a toll bridge crossing the Delaware below there, which would land me on the Jersey shore.

It was along in the afternoon and as dark and threatening as ever when I reached the toll bridge. After depositing my contribution I broached the subject of camping across the river. The bridge keeper was an elderly man, sociable and agreeable, and when he learned my object in crossing the river gave me much useful information. There were one or two pieces of woodland, going up the hill, where camping was prohibited. Otherwise there were no reservations so far as he knew, and as there wasn't a house within a half mile of the top of the hill, he thought it would be all right to camp anywhere.

The bridge was a long one and as every plank on it seemed to be loose it made a prodigious racket when I drove across it, in spite of the fact that I drove slowly. What it sounded like at a high rate of speed I had yet to learn. I drove up the hill a half mile or more, and finding a place beside the road where there was ample room to park Lizzie and pitch my tent, I turned around, drove well out of the road and made camp. Across the road lay a large dead tree leveled by the wind, its numerous branches of all sizes as dry as tinder, so I did not lack fuel or find fault with the quality. I had finished my supper, lighted my Flagstaff lantern and was looking over the evening paper when, without any warning, the stillness was shattered by a frightful crash, followed by a succession of noises resembling the collapse of a four-story block. I dropped the paper and sprang to my feet;

then, reassured, I seated myself and resumed reading. It was nothing but an auto crossing the toll bridge at a high rate of speed.

It was cold that night and colder the following morning, and in addition Lizzie was refractory, but after some loss of time we finally got under way, re-crossed the Delaware, rolled out on the main highway and headed south again. When we went through Delaware Water Gap, following the river down the gorge, the rugged grandeur of the scenery impressed me. The height of the mountains, cut by that deep waterway and the boldness of the landscape was more like the Rocky Mountain Region than any section of the east through which I have passed. I went through Easton, Pa., and along toward night camped back of a little filling station a few miles outside of Philadelphia. The filling station, camp ground and store—a common combination on the road—were operated by a young man and his wife.

It was after dark before I had finished pitching my tent and unloading the equipment, and the young fellow who was about the yard with a powerful gasoline lantern came over to give me a light. I was not greatly impressed by his appearance. He was an incessant talker, with shifty eyes and an ingratiating manner, but later in the evening he and his wife started to sing, and his voice certainly was above reproach. My tent was not more than twenty feet back of their quarters so I could hear perfectly, and I am sure that I never heard "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginy" sung with such splendid effect. The next forenoon I negotiated some of the outlying streets of Philadelphia, got balled up once, but called the turn at last and rolled

out on the "Baltimore Pike" without any casualties.

I wished to camp in Delaware at least one night, and as the Baltimore Pike didn't touch the state I was obliged to turn off twenty miles south of Philadelphia and take the road to Wilmington. As it was necessary for me to retrace to the Baltimore Pike and I did not care to go into Wilmington, I planned to camp as soon as possible after crossing the Delaware line. But that was easier planned than accomplished, for there were no camp grounds in evidence, and the houses were too thick to make camping beside the road feasible. After traveling some distance without seeing a sign of a camp ground or a place to camp, I pulled up in front of a house where a good-looking young woman was talking with a boy on the door-step and inquired about camp grounds. There were no camp grounds in the vicinity, so far she knew, though there was a place up the road where the K.K.K. assembled and initiated candidates but she thought there would be no objection to my camping in the next lot. "What would be the matter with camping here on the lawn one side of the house?" she asked suddenly. I assured her that it looked good to me, and, receiving permission, drove into the yard and pitched my tent.

In the evening after I had finished my supper and slicked up a bit I called and was presented to the young woman's husband, a prosperous milkman in the early thirties. During my stay in camp, which was unavoidably longer than I anticipated, I became well acquainted with them and learning something of their history and early struggle, was pleasantly impressed by the evident success which had crowned their efforts. Left an orphan at the age of nine, he worked several years for his board

and clothes, with no greater advantages than boys are usually supplied with under such circumstances.

Married when he was nineteen and the girl was eighteen, with a combined cash capital of less than five dollars, they faced the world, poor in purse but with plenty of pluck and unlimited ambition. They encountered their fair share of adversity, but pulled through by good team work. He has eighteen cows to look after, and delivers the milk in Wilmington, but a milking machine enables him to dispense with the customary hired man. She keeps house in a way which will pass inspection, washes and fills the milk bottles in a milkroom as neat as wax and tends a wayside filling station and ice cream stand. Last year her profit from the filling station and allied business was above five hundred dollars. Not many New England farmers would concede that a milkman could pay three hundred dollars a year rent, buy everything that his cows consumed but pasturage and make money retailing milk, but this man is doing just that and is selling milk from tuberculin tested cows in the city of Wilmington at the same price at which it retails in Winsted. He and his wife are a perfectly devoted couple, and their only child, a girl of ten, is a worker like her parents.

I pulled down my tent the following morning and loaded my goods and chattels, but Lizzie refused to move. I coaxed her and labored with her and supplicated in vain. She positively refused to pull out of that grassy dooryard. After I had exhausted all of my resources, I appealed to the milkman, and he, familiar with the freaks and foibles of Fords, tried all manner of blandishments to no purpose, and in the end, I was compelled

to send for the car doctor. I heard of a doctor once, an M. D. I mean, who, receiving an urgent message from a man that his wife was dying, sent him word that he would be there a week from next Thursday; but my car doctor was a swifter piece of furniture. He surmised that he would reach the patient by tomorrow afternoon and he did; I'll say that for him.

That car doctor was all right when he did arrive. He hadn't been working on the old girl fifteen minutes when he backed her out of the yard and sent her up and down the pike at a pace calculated to scandalize any traffic officer living, and put her through some stunts that I expected her to balk at, but she didn't. She never made a whimper. When he had finished, he drove her into the yard and said, "She'll do." I thought so myself and gave him a dollar extra just for the satisfaction it gave me to see him make her stand around.

It was too late to start that night, so I spent another evening with my agreeable neighbors and the next morning, after breakfast, pulled down the tent and packed up, and when I told Lizzie to go she didn't spend any time arguing about it, but got right out of that yard and started full speed for the Baltimore Pike.

CHAPTER X

Gunpowder Park

It was cold, snappy weather during the three days and nights I camped in Delaware, not essentially warmer than the weather I had left behind me in Connecticut, and on the morning of my departure a bitter northwest wind did not help matters any. If I had been facing it, the windshield would have protected me, but as it was, it cross-cut me all the way down the Baltimore Pike.

It was not a long run to Washington, but I wanted to camp in Maryland, and that fact and the rawness of the day induced me to camp before reaching Baltimore. Along in the afternoon I began to see notices strung along the road advising motorists to camp at Gunpowder Park. The name had a peppy sound and in consequence I kept on the lookout for it, as I rolled southward, fanned by a breeze which must have originated near the north pole. When I spotted Gunpowder Park and pulled up at the filling station in front, I discovered to my intense regret that the filling station was closed for the season and across the entrance to the park was a bar bearing the legend "Closed".

But I was not going to be dissuaded from camping in Gunpowder Park until I had exhausted every resource. Across the street was a shabby, sprawling looking building which might have been a house or almost anything else from its size and shape, though the numerous tin and pasteboard signs nailed across the front suggested a store of some sort. There were so many doors to this

ramshackle structure that I was quite in doubt as to the orthodox way of entering, but selecting the most promising looking one, I went in, and as I entered a bell jingled loudly, announcing my arrival. It was a decidedly forlorn-looking store, containing an infinite variety of odds and ends, but little calculated to encourage buying. Through two or three open doors I could catch glimpses of other rooms, and one in particular contained a large table and numerous chairs. The place might have been a boarding house or a roadhouse of some description, but at all events, it did not cater to the silk-stocking trade.

About this time a plump old lady with a twisted eye appeared from an adjoining room and, losing no time, I inquired about Gunpowder Park. It was closed for the season, she said, and she was the very soul of amiability. "How about camping there?" I asked. "Would there be any objection to my staying there over night?" She smiled a most angelic smile and said, "Not a bit. Drive in and make yourself at home." Relieved by this cheerful invitation, I thanked her and crossing the road to Gunpowder Park took down the bar, turned Lizzie around and drove inside. A half hour later, when I was engaged in unloading my equipment, the old lady appeared with a pail in her hand, following a path which led past my tent. She stopped to tell me that there was a very fine spring just over the hill from my tent and I was welcome to all of the water I wanted.

This was not unpleasant news, and to show my appreciation I inquired about the store and asked her what she kept in stock. "Oh, almost everything," she said, with the same sweet smile. Whereupon I assured her that I would come over later and get a few necessary articles.

I certainly felt grateful to that amiable old girl, for while I was by no means certain that she had anything to say about Gunpowder Park or possessed any authority to permit my camping there, the fact that I had received permission from my only immediate neighbor was all the license I required.

Before preparing my evening meal, I made good my promise by going over to the store to inspect the stock. The bell jingled again and after an interminable delay, during which I was strongly tempted to jingle the bell a few times more for good measure, the old lady appeared from somewhere in the cavernous recesses of the old structure, prepared to do business. Following the rule, "If you don't see what you want ask for it," I asked for eggs. "Why, do you know," she beamed, "that is very unfortunate. I haven't an egg in the place. Eggs are very scarce and very hard to get." "How about cheese?" I inquired. "Well, what do you know about that?" she twittered. "Isn't that the limit? There was a party here today and they ate up all of the cheese, didn't leave a smell." But I was not going to let any minor discouragements sidetrack me, so I deftly switched the investigation in the direction of meat. At the mention of meat she took on new life and sailing around back of the counter produced a dried-up looking piece of bologna about a foot long and a package carefully wrapped in waxed paper. "Really, I am a little low on meat today," she confided, "but there is a piece of bologna and here is some very nice scrapple." I was a little doubtful whether scrapple was just what I wanted and expressed my doubts to the old lady, but she over-ruled my objections in short order. She dilated on the seductive-

ness of scrapple, how delicious it was when properly cooked and just how long it should be cooked to preserve the freshness of its flavor. About this time reinforcements appeared in the shape of a man, and he tuned in with a pean of praise for scrapple. It was wonderful; it was inspiring! So what could I do, caught between the devil and the deep sea, but surrender and loading up with scrapple, beat a retreat for Gunpowder Park?

In the meal which followed, scrapple occupied a prominent place on the bill of fare, and while I doubt if I shall ever feel the aesthetic affection for it of my friend with the twisted eye, I have no hesitation in saying that scrapple is entitled to consideration when you can't get anything else. I am sure that I shall always have pleasant memories of Gunpowder Park, where the fuel supply was plentiful and excellent, the spring water cool and invigorating, and the scrapple above reproach.

In the forenoon I broke camp, skirted the environs of Baltimore, hit the Washington Boulevard and entered the last lap of my run to the national capital. Before leaving Connecticut I received word from a member of the U. S. Geological Survey stationed in Washington that he had located a camp for me in the outskirts, where I could pitch my tent in primitive fashion. The camp location was off Connecticut Avenue, which leads from Washington north to Chevy Chase, Md., and the geologist wrote that I could come down through Chevy Chase and reach the camp without going through the city. After leaving Baltimore I was told that the road I was following, the Washington Boulevard, did not go through Chevy Chase, but that I could reach it by turning off farther down the line.

When I got farther down the line, I was told that it was impossible, that the only road cutting across to Chevy Chase was closed and it would be necessary for me to go through the city. Accordingly I went to Washington and drove out on Connecticut Avenue as directed and finally brought up before a house where my instructions told me to call for further directions. It was the day before Thanksgiving and the man of the house was engaged in preparing the turkey for the feast. On learning my errand, he left with some show of reluctance, the fascinating work confronting him, and reached for his hat. Leaving Lizzie in her tracks I followed him down the street and up into the woods, where he showed me the place reserved for my occupation. It was certainly an ideal spot, big trees and underbrush in every direction, and not more than three or four houses in sight.

My guide, his mission fulfilled, excused himself and losing no time returned to his ministrations to the turkey, and I went back to Lizzie. The road was frightfully rough and in turning up into the wood, the old girl got set, with her rear wheels in the ditch and front wheels on the sidewalk, and refused to go either ahead or back; and this within two hundred feet of my prospective camp. It was manifestly too late in the day to enter into an extended argument with her over her conduct, so, taking the tent, tent pegs and axe off the load, I went up in the woods and pitched the tent in a favorable location and began carrying my equipment up to it. In this task I was aided by a neighboring boy, who showed a friendly interest in my arrival, and later by the geologist, who arrived before the work was completed. I left Lizzie in the ditch that night as a measure of my deep regard, and

the next morning reinforced my gas supply and drove her up on higher ground.

Well, there I was down at the national headquarters, camping in the tall timber surrounding the White House and waiting for congress to get under way. Doubtless there are people who think this talk about tall timber is all piffle, and that the District of Columbia is as bare as a Chinaman's dog, but they are in error, as the Christian Scientists say, for there is plenty of tall timber still decorating the landscape and my tent was pitched in the very thick of it, where I could go out in any direction and drag in wood to keep the home fires burning. By this token you will understand the wood supply is excellent and unlimited, but even if I were threatened with a shortage it wouldn't disturb me any.

The Washington Evening Star sells for two cents and contains from sixty to seventy pages and I have often cooked supper and heated the whole house the entire evening with one copy of the Star. All of this talk about a fuel crisis makes me tired. I don't see how there can be a fuel crisis as long as I can buy the Star for two cents, but still I suppose it might come if I couldn't find the two cents.

My stay of three weeks in the national capital was an exceedingly pleasant one. My camp in the wood on a road off Connecticut Avenue was as secluded as my camp on the bank of the Roaring Fork in Colorado. Not a hundred yards away was a mail box where my mail was deposited twice a day, and within a half mile was a double track trolley line from Washington to Chevy Chase, Md. On this line cars ran at ten-minute intervals all day, so it was a simple matter for me to get back and forth from

the city and let Lizzie dream the hours away parked in the tall timber near my tent. I was near enough to civilization to hear a steam shovel at work not far beyond me and one day happening to stroll down through the wood back of my tent I caught a mammoth concrete mixer in the very act of laying a concrete road just beyond my back door. What matter that the new road did not seem to connect with civilization at either end. My usual course of proceedure was to lie in my blankets until the sun struck the tent, rise, enjoy my frugal breakfast, and after a brief session at dolling up, start out to see what Washington had in store for me. By the time darkness was settling over the land I was usually on my way back to camp to take up my housekeeping problems.

I struck the city before Congressman Glynn arrived from Connecticut, and found his office closed, but when I called later the latch string was out and I met with a cordial reception. I was provided with passes admitting me to the Senate and House reserved galleries. I was escorted to the Mitchell court-martial trial, where I saw the heavy war horses in full regalia, and went to the White House and shook hands with President Coolidge. I visited the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and saw numberless things of historic interest in and about the city. I went to the Southern Building and saw the great painting of Stone Mountain in Georgia, which, (I understand was named for the editor of the Citizen,) and is designed for a Confederate memorial. I was much interested in Stone Mountain for the reason that a Winsted man assured me that he owned a farm in the vicinity which he had never seen, and I was given a cordial invitation to visit the farm, camp on the property and study its agricultural and financial possibilities.

While in Washington I heard the opening speeches in the house on the new tax bill. In the senate I heard Senator Heflin of Alabama assail the government's forecasts of the cotton crop, in vigorous language, and tell how many million dollars the south had lost thereby. I was present when Senator Harrison, in a droll speech, jollied Vice-President Dawes concerning his plan to revise the senate rules, and I heard Senator Borah attack the world court proposals. Washington is an interesting place in which to spend time, and spend it profitably. But no place is so interesting to the seasoned wanderer that the time does not come when he pines for the open road, and after a three weeks stay in the Capitol I was ready to pull up stakes and take to the road again. It was in Washington that Bimbo joined the expedition and became an indispensable fixture. Bimbo was young, good-looking and a regular sheik among Ford cars, having a way with him that they could not resist.

Lizzie fell for him and fell hard. It was a case of love at first sight and a case where the flame blew hot as the weather turned cold, another instance of the eternal triangle.

I did not fight it but resigned myself to the exigencies of the situation, figuring that if placed on the scales together, a good driver and better mechanic was worth more than Lizzie's second hand affections. When we took the road Bimbo rode in the driver's seat and cracked the whip, I was only a passenger.

It was a cold, windy morning in mid-December when we broke camp, loaded Lizzie, and setting our compass by the southern cross, bade farewell to the National Capitol. We cut across from Connecticut to Wisconsin Ave-

nue, followed that down to the Potomac, crossed into Virginia, struck the Lee Highway and started on our run to Cumberland Gap, Tenn., five hundred miles distant, which was to be our next stopping place. Before heading directly for the Gap, I had a self-imposed detour which took us some distance out of our way. Wishing to camp in West Virginia, it seemed the easiest way to drive sixty miles west to Winchester, Virginia, and then ten miles north to the state line, camp there and drive back through Winchester the following morning. Lizzie was in the best of spirits, restive after her long vacation. She was as gay as a colt, and hit the road like a cannon ball. Bimbo was at the wheel and I rode de luxe.

When we reached Fairfax, we parted from the Lee Highway which was to be our main reliance later on and took the road for Winchester. After traveling some miles, we reached a place where a new bridge was in the course of construction and in turning out and driving through a small stream got stuck for a time. Just beyond this we came to a detour and turned off at right angles to our regular road.

After following the detour five miles or more in the same general direction without getting back on the Winchester Road, we concluded that we had gone wrong in some way. There was little travel on the road and houses were few and far between, but finally we came in sight of an old southern mansion set far back from the road. I went in through a gate and up a long walk to the house to inquire. The yard was full of turkeys, big fellows in different colors. I rapped at all of the doors without getting any response and finally giving

up, started for a small building close by the road, a hundred yards further along. It proved to be a blacksmith shop. One side was open with the forge and fire showing from the road.

The blacksmith was at work and he supplied the necessary information, talking in the rapid, musical twang native to that part of the country, which differs more from the New England dialect than anything heard between Connecticut and California. "Whar do you all come from?" is a question we are frequently expected to answer.

We were on the right road, it seemed. We must go five miles farther, to Bluemount, then turn to the left, and cross the Blue Ridge mountains through Jiggerses Pass. The pass opposite to the new bridge was closed by construction work. We might get to the top but the road down the other side was "right bad," hence the detour.

The road through Jiggerses Pass he highly recommended. Following his instructions we crossed the Blue Ridge without attaining any great elevation, and a little later rolled down the hill on the further side and over the bridge across the Shenandoah River, which is not a large stream at this point. The country was hilly and the road not of the best. At intervals we came to signs reading "Drive slow," "Open ford." These were small streams—in most cases quite shallow, offering little obstruction to the passage of a car. At one place we came to a hill so steep that it was necessary to back up. All along the road the fields, door yards and gardens were surrounded by picket or mesh fences, presumably to keep out the pigs and other stock frequenting the highway.

Winchester is a place about the size of Winsted, and

it was here that General Sheridan started on his famous ride. It was Saturday afternoon, about three o'clock, when we pulled into Winchester and stopped to do a few errands. It seems probable that Saturday afternoon is devoted to shopping by the residents of the city, for the streets were full of cars and the sidewalks crowded with people. Inquiring our way, we turned to the right and headed for West Virginia, ten miles to the north. About four o'clock we crossed the line and began looking for a camp ground. The houses were fairly numerous along the road and not sighting anything in the nature of a camp ground, after driving a short distance, I stopped at a house to inquire. A rather pretty girl was feeding chickens back of the house. The nearest camp ground that she could recall was twelve miles up the road. As we had to go back through Winchester, we did not care to go further into West Virginia than necessary. When I explained matters to her, she thought we might be permitted to camp on the school ground just down the street.

We drove to the school house and stopped at the house across the road, saw the owner of the place and while he seemed to doubt the propriety of allowing us to camp on the school ground, readily consented to our pitching our tent on the vacant lot beside his house. After we made camp and cooked and disposed of our evening meal, we called at the house and met the members of the family, which consisted of the man and his wife, three daughters and a son. There were only two or three people in evidence when we were admitted, but they kept coming in, reinforced by neighbors and friends, until there was a roomful. They were genial, sociable people, but their speech rang strange to New England ears. The eldest

daughter, who did most of the entertaining and carried on most of the conversation with the neighbors, talked in the animated musical chatter characteristic of this section, with an occasional giggle thrown in, and it was extremely difficult for me to understand her. For that matter, they seemed to have just as much difficulty in understanding us.

Heading south through Winchester the next morning our road led through the historic Shenandoah Valley. A few miles south of Winchester we passed through Cedar Creek battleground. This was the battle to which Sheridan rode on that celebrated occasion.

Every river and creek crossed by a Virginia highway has its name inscribed on a sign at either end of the bridge by the Virginia highway commission. On our run that day we crossed Looney Creek, its name being duly recorded. We camped that night just off the road in the edge of a wood not a quarter of a mile from the Natural Bridge. The next morning after breakfast we climbed down the mountain and inspected the bridge, walking under it and viewing it from every angle. It is certainly a high massive structure.

Our visit to the bridge delayed our start a little, but we were soon under way and rolling steadily southward. We stopped for lunch in Staunton, Virginia, the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson, which reminded me that I had visited several places recently where famous men were born, notably Admiral Dewey in Burlington, Vermont, Daniel Webster in Franklin, New Hampshire, and Mad Anthony Wayne in Easton, Pennsylvania. The country through which we were passing was an agricultural section with a limited acreage of forest. It was smoother

and freer from stones than Litchfield County, but the roads, while the grades were not excessive, climbed or dropped, two hundred or three hundred feet in comparatively short distances. It rained that afternoon and evening, a slow misty drizzle which did little to hamper our progress.

We camped that night in the river bottom just outside of Pulaski, a thriving manufacturing place of several thousand population. Pulaski was named after a famous Polish general who fought in the Revolutionary War. In Washington is a striking equestrian statue of the general.

Across the river from our camp was a large manufacturing plant, which was operating at night, and at intervals trains thundered past on the railroad which was not far distant.

That afternoon we were delayed by a minor breakdown on Lizzie's part which necessitated a repair job in the rain. The next day was misty and drizzly and in the afternoon it turned to snow. It was light at first but gradually increased in volume so that by the time we reached Bristol, which is partly in Virginia and partly in Tennessee, a driving snow storm was raging, driven by a sharp and bitter wind. It was almost impossible to keep the windshield clear enough to see anything, but we managed to keep going. Reaching Bristol, we stopped for lunch, and when we started again, we turned off the Lee Highway, which we had been following for two hundred miles, and took a road leading due west to Cumberland Gap, one hundred and twelve miles distant. It was probably a fair road when it was dry, but that afternoon a covering of wet snow made it soft and sloppy,

and the driving storm which still plastered the windshield, made driving disagreeable.

Our way led through a wild mountain region of narrow defiles and much forest. The men we met were dark complexioned, high hatted, bony looking sons of the mountains, much of the type described in the books of John Fox, Jr. The snow had moderated but night was fast approaching without a sign of a level place large enough to pitch our tent, when we struck a steep and muddy hill which Lizzie refused to climb and then we discovered that the gas was low. Fortunately there was a gas pump not far back and taking a pail I walked back and purchased two gallons of the indispensable. Then Lizzie started and climbed the grade with a will.

It was nearly dark now, a dismal, windy, stormy afternoon and decidedly cold, with no place to camp in sight. Finally we stopped the car on the crest of a rise, a little past an old tumbled down house. Across the road from the house and far back under a large tree a woman sat on a white horse, apparently waiting for someone.

I asked her about camp prospects and she said that there was a place just beyond the car which might do, but I had better get permission from the "widow woman" in the old house. We looked the place over and decided that it would do, though it certainly was not ideal. It was so small that there was hardly room for the tent and the ground was covered by an inch or two of snow through which a ledge appeared, warning us of possible trouble in driving tent pegs. But it was getting late and growing dark, so I went back to interview the "widow woman." The old house had a high veranda but the front steps were gone though the path

seemed to lead to the place where they should have been. Just how they negotiated the space between the ground and the veranda I was unable to determine and I was a little afraid to try a running jump fearing that it would wreck one or the other of us. So I prudently prowled around back of the house in quest of another entrance.

The widow woman came across handsomely. She was a little glum, but she finally managed to say with a little prompting that she had no objections to our camping there and that was all that I wanted to hear. Thanking the "widow woman" for permission to camp, I lost no time in returning to the car. Backing Lizzie out of the road, we set to work making camp just as night was settling down upon the land. It was still snowing. A mantle of white covered the ground and a bitter wind made it cold and disagreeable. It did not take us long to pitch our tent, set up the stove and start a fire. The wood supply was limited but fortunately we had wood enough with us for any emergency. To carry wood sufficient to supply any lack in the local environment seems to be the height of prudence. On the load were planks which I had picked up north of Baltimore, odds and ends gathered in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Maine and boards collected in September from the Niagara Falls camp ground. These boards and planks frequently come in handy; laid down in the tent they served as flooring when the ground was cold or muddy. How the wind did blow that night, with the snow swirling against the tent, but Bimbo and I were snug and cozy, with a cheery fire blazing in the sheet iron stove. Before turning in we put out the thermometer, which registered 16 in the morning.

It was not pleasant weather to break camp, but we pulled the tent down in good season and were soon on the road. It was frozen and frightfully rough and much of the day we bumped through the wildest country we had yet seen—a mountainous land, with deep valleys which we were always crossing, where the road climbed or descended several hundred feet continuously. In one section of four or five miles there was a rise of close to a thousand feet in one steady grade. They were modern highways, newly made, wide and nicely graded, but not hard surfaced. Following the contour of the mountains, they turned and twisted back and forth to gain the elevation. Nowhere east of the Rocky Mountains have I seen such winding, twisting roads, with such a variation of altitude. The elevation of one of the summits was marked 3,302 feet. High up on the hillsides and in the ravines were the cabins of the natives, with their semi-vertical cornfields and gardens, which reminded me of Mark Twain's story of the farmer in Switzerland who fell off his farm.

Along the highway at widely separated intervals were shabby little backwoods stores, containing the most primitive and nondescript stocks of merchandise ranging from groceries and ammunition to hardware, boots and shoes and gaudy-colored bolts of dress goods. These stores were often presided over by shabby, poorly-dressed women, sallow and unprepossessing, but invariably considerate and accommodating.

The state highway commission of Virginia posts beside the highway on the outskirts of every village and hamlet a sign with its name thereon and at every bridge the name of the stream which it crosses. This is a great

convenience to travelers and something which other states would do well to copy. At one place where there were not more than two houses the official name was Fido, and some distance further on, one of equally scanty population, was designated Bruno.

From the high point on the mountain we descended nearly two thousand feet as we approached Cumberland Gap, and just before reaching the town took a right-hand road leading across the Cumberland Mountains, and a few rods beyond the summit entered Kentucky. Near this point the three states of Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky came to a corner.

We proceeded a little further down the mountain into Kentucky and camped beside the road. It was a favorable location, with an abundance of dry wood close at hand. This road is the main road from Cincinnati and midwestern points to the south and the traffic is very heavy. The next morning we packed up, recrossed the mountain and rolled down into Cumberland Gap, a queer little place of eight hundred population, lying so near under the highway crossing the mountains that it looks as if one could chuck a rock down on top of it. It really lies in a depression in the gap through the mountains, since the railroads from Tennessee on the south and Kentucky on the north enter the town through tunnels. We went to the postoffice, made a few purchases and then drove back to the camp ground which we had passed coming down the hill into town. It was the day before Christmas and we planned to eat our Christmas dinner in Cumberland Gap and take our departure on Saturday morning. There was a little white restaurant off the main street which looked very attractive. Here we ate

our Christmas dinner, and a very good dinner was set before us, consisting of roast chicken with cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes with eggs sliced on top, delicious corn bread, sweet potatoes and other vegetables, served southern style, and a very savory fruit dessert.

We left Cumberland Gap the morning after Christmas, a morning as cold as they make 'em, and proceeded about five miles, when without any warning Lizzie blew up. We had just descended a long hill and were about to cross a bridge of considerable length when the explosion occurred. We pushed her across the bridge with the help of a few interested souls who were waiting for the road, and rolled her up beside a little shop where a man of thirty-five or forty was making brooms with some very primitive machinery. The place was wide open and the day certainly was cold, but he kept right on as if the weather didn't matter.

The people all through this section use fireplaces instead of stoves and the women wash out of doors, heating the water in large iron kettles.

Examination of the car revealed that the brake and reverse drums were broken, so we pitched our tent back of the shop, beside the river, to stay until we could get the drums and put the old girl in working order.

So peculiar is the pronunciation of the people of this region that I asked a woman twice the name of this river, and later repeated the question twice to a man, and could not grasp it until he had spelled it for me. It was Powell River. We stayed there two days before we got under way again. There was a little store not far down the road kept by a friendly young fellow in the early 20's. This store, like most of the stores in this region, was

usually filled with a good-natured, sociable gang of loafers who surrounded the stove and jollied each other in neighborly fashion. The storekeeper's father, a pleasant man of sixty lived across the road from the store in a house of fairly modern construction. We called there Sunday night and spent a very pleasant evening. There were two men besides ourselves and three or four women, and we all sat in a semi-circle before the fireplace, which was piled with cord wood and chunks of soft coal. Incidentally I learned that wood costs $2 a cord and coal $4.50 a ton.

We got under way about noon Monday, heading for Knoxville. Bryson City, North Carolina was our next objective, but we decided to visit Knoxville in the hope that there was a road open across the Smoky Mountains from Knoxville to Bryson City so that we would not need to go around by way of Asheville, which was double the distance. We failed to reach Knoxville that night, camping in a meadow near Bull Run. This was not the famous Bull Run, of course, and the name has no special significance since in the south a run is a small stream. An old house had tumbled down in the wood across the run, and we had permission from the owner of the property to get all of the dry wood there we wanted. This we appreciated since it saved us from the necessity of drawing on our private stock.

So far we had not found the south very sunny, but, on the contrary, quite cold and blustering. This was the coldest night we had encountered, with the mercury standing at two above zero in the morning, the three previous nights registering between two and nine.

We entered Knoxville, a place of eighty thousand pop-

ulation, the next forenoon and made a stay of two or three hours. We were told that it was impossible to reach Bryson City without going to Asheville, that the roads showing on the maps were not yet constructed. So, reluctantly, in the afternoon, we headed for Asheville, one hundred and thirty-one miles distant. We camped that night beside the road just west of the Smoky Mountains. The weather had turned a little warmer, which was a decided relief after the long period of cold weather we had experienced. It was about noon when we reached Asheville the following day. The scenery crossing the Smoky Mountains was fine, the road winding and twisting through the mountains, with long climbs and equally long descents and hanging for long distances on the mountain sides.

We stopped at Asheville, a city of twenty-five thousand population, and made a few purchases. It was a bustling place, apparently in the throes of a real estate boom almost as pronounced as the boom in Florida. Whole sections were laid out, with gas, electricity, water and sewers provided before the houses were built or the lots were sold.

Leaving Asheville, we crossed the French Broad River on a concrete bridge, struck the Haywood Road and headed for Bryson City, sixty-five miles distant. The Haywood Road was a fine piece of concrete for several miles, but it finally petered out, degenerating into a very crude affair which was rough enough in sections to be almost criminal.

We camped that night about twenty miles short of Bryson City. It was a soggy spot on a corner where a road turned off into the hills. While we were making

camp a pair of gray horses and a yoke of cattle drawing heavy wagons, with several men on board, turned up this road. Several men, one at a time, stopped at our camp and visited with us that evening and the following morning. They seemed to be neighborly people and were generally worried lest the weather was too cold for our comfort.

The next morning we got under way and had reached a point within seven or eight miles of our destination when a loose connecting rod threatened to wreck our hopes. We turned back and stopped at a small place, but finding that we could not get the necessary repairs, took to the road again. It was a case of Bryson City or bust. All went well until we got within two miles of our haven of rest, when we were sent off on a detour which looked bad enough to blast the most promising future. It was horribly rough, rutted ten inches or a foot in depth and frozen as hard as flint, with a pitch up over a railroad as steep as the roof of a house. It looked as if it were capable of wrecking a new car, to say nothing of our old treasure loaded with more than half a ton of equipment and firewood. We got stuck at the railroad crossing and for a time it looked rather serious, but we finally made it, with the aid of two friendly road men boosting, and about noon we rolled into Bryson City.

Bryson City, a place of about one thousand inhabitants, is located in the Smoky Mountains near the Tennessee line. My object in going there was to look up a missing relative. Forty years ago this man, who was born in Winsted and was several years older than the writer, left Massachusetts and took up his home in Smoky Mountains, fifteen or twenty miles from Bryson

City. Nothing had been heard from him in more than twenty years, and it was my mission to find out what had become of him. The Tennessee River flows through Bryson City, and there was thick ice on it and people skating when we came into town. We inquired at the postoffice concerning camping facilities. There was no regular camp ground, the postmaster said, but there was a place in the pines on the hill near the ball ground where people did camp occasionally. Inquiring the way, we started for it, took a wrong road, were set right and arrived at the hill. Lizzie took one look at it and announced that she wouldn't climb it, too little gas, she said. It is only a waste of time arguing with one of her disposition, so we went back to town for more gas to keep her good-natured, and eventually reached the top of the hill.

Driving out near the ball ground, we selected a good place and pitched our tent. It was a pleasant location in a pine wood, with plenty of fuel close at hand. The next day, as Bimbo had secured the necessary parts, he set to work making repairs and as my assistance was not required I went down into the city to make inquiries concerning my missing relative. I found men who had lived in the community where he lived and who had known him personally, and learned that he died several years ago. I was anxious to visit the place where he lived and meet some of the neighbors, but was told that the ferry on that road was frozen and traffic was suspended, and reluctantly gave up the attempt.

We stayed in our camp in the pine wood two days and Saturday morning took leave of Bryson City. Luxomni, Ga., was to be our next stopping place. The Winsted man's farm was in that vicinity and Stone Mountain was

only a few miles distant, so there was much to attract us to that neighborhood. Before going to Luxomni, we planned to make a detour and camp one night in South Carolina. We were advised to go to Westminster in that state and follow the old railroad bed into Georgia.

There was a section of the road leading toward South Carolina which was poor, we were told, but in general the road was highly recommended. Through North Carolina as far as the Georgia line the road was a fine piece of concrete, a part of the projected national highway from the St. Lawrence River to the Gulf. But when we bumped off that we struck something entirely different and then we saw for the first time the man of many troubles. He had a little Ford with a homemade body, from which projected at different angles a good-sized heating stove, a set of bed springs, with a few other articles of furniture, and on top what looked like two or three feather beds. He had just climbed out of a mud hole and was starting on what looked to be about the roughest road a car ever negotiated. His little craft rolled and heaved and pitched like a ship in distress.

One moment it would sink almost out of sight, wobbling as if engaged in a death struggle, the next it would shoot upward like a kite, bounding from side to side as if trying to avoid some ruthless pursuer. Not relishing the look of that road, I requested Bimbo to let me out, and while I watched Lizzie go through, the man of many troubles disappeared. The road was really not as bad as it looked. It was full of ruts of prodigious depth, but they were fairly continuous and frozen as hard as flint, so a car had no difficulty in going through and if by chance you selected some of the shallower ruts it was not as dreadful as it looked.

We were heading through Robun Gap for Clayton, Ga., where we were to leave the main road south and, turning to the left, take a road which led across the Chatahoochie River into South Carolina and on to Westminster. Before we reached the border, however, our road had degenerated into a mere wheel track down the mountain, so narrow that there was no room to spare, so rough that it seems a crime to call such a thing a road, crossed at intervals by little streams unbridged, where you shot down into a sizeable pool and came out if you could. But at last we rolled down the final grade, crossed the bridge over the Chatahoochie and entered South Carolina.

As we were entering Clayton, Ga., before we reached the South Carolina line, we ran onto the man of many troubles again. There was some new construction work going forward and we struck it at this point. They were raising the level of the highway some five or six feet and had raised it on the left-hand side first, so that the traffic from the south was on a level about six feet higher than our road and, coming to the end of the new work, was obliged to slide off the filling to the old level. The right-hand side had not been raised and was full of mud and water, and right at the deepest point the man of many troubles was mired, feather beds and all. He had a flat tire and couldn't get out without changing it, so he had pried up the axle with a fence rail and was up to his belt in the bog, making repairs. As he had a delegation of helpers and advisers around him, we did not proffer our assistance, but, spying a detour to the left, just before reaching the mire, we turned out and made for the South Carolina line over the wretched road previously described.

Crossing the Chatahoochie River into South Carolina, we started up a fairly steep and very sloppy hill, got half way up and stopped on Lizzie's refusal to go any farther. The situation was not alarming. We simply backed down the hill and were jockeying for position when a car came up behind us. It was the man of many troubles with his feather beds. He had had, moreover, an addition to his family since we had seen him, having picked up a comrade in distress. As we were blocking the road, they got out to give us a boost. We started and got up near the top when Lizzie began to choke and sputter and we stopped again. "It looks as if we were low on gas," I suggested. "Got a pump?" asked the man of many troubles. "We have not, and have no need for one," I said proudly, looking at my puncture-proof tires. "You need one now, brother," said the man of many troubles sadly, as he started for his car. He was back in a moment with his pump and a rag. Winding the rag around the tube of the pump, he took off the cap to the gas tank jammed the rag in the hole and started to pumping for dear life.

On the second or third attempt Bimbo succeeded in cranking the car, climbed aboard and we started. Bimbo was at the wheel, the man of many troubles worked the pump, while the comrade in distress and yours truly served as pushers, and we put Lizzie up that hill in a way to make her old head swim. Reaching the top, we left Lizzie beside the road and went back to help the other car up the hill. When we started again, we had some minor trouble, but managed to keep going and to keep ahead of the other car. Bimbo was strongly in favor of waiting and letting it go by, but I out-voted him. Long

experience has taught me that when you are limping badly and weak on the heavy grades, it is always advisable to keep ahead of the procession as long as possible, in which case, if you get stuck and can't make the grade you have someone behind you to push you up the hill, to get you out of the road, if for nothing more.

We finally reached a filling station and were buying gas when the man of many troubles, with the load of feather beds and the comrade in distress went by. We waved them a fond and affectionate adieu and watched them roll out of sight down the road.

Reaching Westminster, we inquired about our road into Georgia, and left town immediately, left town so quickly, in fact, that we forgot to get a fresh stock of water in the milk can, a fact which caused us no little inconvenience later on.

We did not plan to go into Georgia that night, since our purpose in coming to Westminster was to camp in Souht Carolina, but we intended going as far as possible without leaving the state. When it got to be about time to make camp, we stopped at a house for water, and were told that they had none, the well was dry. The season had been the driest in several years and most of the wells were dry. We finally found a place where we were allowed to pump a little. It was about as white as milk and as hard as water is ever made, but it was water, and had to do.

All through Tennessee and North Carolina we had run past cotton fields with very small plants, the cotton showing from the bolls, the result of dry weather. It was late when we secured the water, so we began at once to look for a place to camp. There were no filling stations, and

as it was the old railroad grade there were no houses and few places suitable for camping. When it wasn't an embankment it ran through cuts, but finally we found a level place at one end of a bridge, where the highway crossed the Little Tugaloo River, and here we pitched our tent, barely out of the road. Down the hill toward the river we found wood enough to supply our camp fire.

The next morning we started for Luxomni, Ga., where our mail awaited us. It was Sunday morning, and a rainy one at that. It had started raining the night before and kept at it all day Sunday. Along after noon we stopped in a good-sized town for lunch, and were told that the state of Georgia did not permit the selling of lunches on Sunday, so we fasted and observed the law.

All day it rained, and all day the roads grew softer and more slippery. There are very few hard-surfaced roads in Georgia. Even in the vicinity of Atlanta the roads are mostly dirt, and of that very plastic, bright red dirt which is as sticky as fly paper when it is wet.

A few miles south of Lawrenceville we turned off from the Atlantic highway and, taking a left-hand road, drove to the little hamlet of Luxomni. It was raining and getting along toward dark when we entered the village and began to get our bearings. We wished to locate the postoffice and find a place to camp not too far removed. Fortunately, when we found the postoffice, the postmaster, who lived next door and who was a very accommodating man, saw us and gave us our mail. He, moreover, suggested a place to camp in a pine grove across from the church and school house, a place so satisfactory that we remained there the six days and nights of our stay.

We had numerous visits from the boys of the school, who were interested in our camp and mode of life. They

were all sons of farmers and mostly dressed in overalls. We learned that school did not start until late in October, and closed in April. It was fairly warm Sunday night when we pulled in, in spite of the rain, and not uncomfortable Monday, but Tuesday the rain was mixed with sleet and it was measurably colder.

Wednesday we took Lizzie and drove to Stone Mountain to view its artistic decorations. Although we were within twenty miles of Atlanta, on one of the main highways of the state, and drove several miles toward the city before turning off to Stone Mountain, the road was miserably poor, soft and rough by turns. The roads of Georgia compared very unfavorably with most of the highways we had followed, and while we were in the state the main road from Chattanooga to Atlanta became so impassable that tourists were compelled to ship their cars through the state by rail.

There is quite a respectable sized town at Stone Mountain, containing stores and hotels and boasting a street car line and hard surfaced road to Atlanta. The mountain is an immense block of granite, several hundred feet in height. On the memorial side it is rounded like a haystack and entirely devoid of soil or vegetation, making an ideal place for a carving of gigantic size.

A road encircles the base of the mountain and the distance around it is approximately the same as that of the boulevard around Highland Lake. The work on the great equestrian figures had not progressed very far, and about the time we reached there they had changed sculptors, making it necessary to obliterate some of the work already executed. The figures of General Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis will measure in the

neighborhood of one hundred and seventy feet from the horses' feet to the top of the riders' hats.

The sale of the souvenir fifty cent pieces to help finance the project went steadily on. According to a Tallahassee paper giving Florida activities alone, citizens and organizations were paying from $10 to $1,500 each for these coins. We spent a pleasant day sight-seeing at Stone Mountain and returned before the shades of evening fell to our Luxomni camp.

The next day we drove into the country in an opposite direction and spent some time in inspecting the Winsted man's farm. Bimbo is a funny fellow and well worth the price of admission. With the coming of daylight, as the time for turning out approaches, it is his custom to lie in his blankets bellowing "Oh dear, Oh dear," in a very mournful key. Sometimes he seems to realize the absurdity of such a method of greeting the morning and changes his lament to a quaint little ditty which consists in bawling the words, "Diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle," over and over, until his breath gives out.

Leaving Luxomni on a cold and bleak Saturday morning, which, fortunately was not stormy, we rolled into Atlanta, the queen city of Georgia. Disposing of a few errands which consisted of buying supplies and looking up roads, we left Atlanta before noon and headed South. The roads were rough and bumpy, and the weather was cold enough to make an Eskimo think of home and mother and a polar bear doubt the wisdom of the Creator. If I ever start south again, I shall surely buy a fur coat and a pair of felt boots, and wear them night and day until I hit the Gulf Stream. We camped that night beside the road in a pine wood, a few miles north of Roberta.

There was an abundance of dry pine wood. It did not burn very freely, but we kept it cooking until it went up the flue. Take it the country over, the pine is not very dependable as fuel. Sometimes it burns well, but quite often it seems to be almost fireproof and produces an insufferable amount of smoke.

Breaking camp the following morning, we bumped southward over roads which seemed to grow rougher the farther we proceeded. Most of that day we passed signs reading, "Camp at Chula Campground," and as it was along toward night when we reached it, we pulled in and pitched our tent. It was a modern camp ground, with a filling station, store, cabins, electric lights and toilets, owned and managed by a very accommodating man of middle age. At intervals tourists arrived and parked their cars. One of the lines of the Southern Railway was the other side of the highway and all night long trains thundered past. The next forenoon we passed through Tifton and Thomasville and along in the early afternoon crossed the line into Florida.

CHAPTER XI

Leopards, Lions and Lighthouses

Tallahassee, the state capitol, was our next stopping place, and we were within striking distance of it when we got stuck in the mud. It was not far from the state line that we ran into an exceptionally muddy section of road leading up a hill. A touring car was mired in the middle of the road, and a colored man with a mule was pulling it back to terra firma. The passengers were all out and after a time the car, by the aid of the colored man and mule, was back on solid ground. The driver looked the ground over carefully before starting and this time he made it, by the skin of his teeth. The passengers got in and the car disappeared in the distance, the colored brother and mule ambled up the road and we were left to our own devices. It certainly looked like a losing game for poor old Lizzie and her load of freight. We started through and were soon in all over, couldn't go ahead or back, and the motor got so hot we had to let it cool off.

We hadn't much oil and decided that it would be prudent to get a fresh supply from the cross roads store while Lizzie was cooling off. Bimbo was pessimistic. "We'll never go through there with that load," he said sagely. While Bimbo went back after the oil, I busied myself by filling in the wheel tracks with wood, brush and rubbish collected in the vicinity. A car coming from the other direction stopped far up the hill and two men came down where I was at work. About this time Bimbo

came back and we gave Lizzie her head. One of the men was a cripple, but the other helped push, and that time we gained about six feet. The next time she started she went up the hill and around a corner out of sight. I waited and helped the other car through and then went up where Lizzie was waiting. "We got out of that pretty slick," I remarked as I climbed aboard. "I knew that wouldn't bother us any," said Bimbo naively.

The land was swampy in places and Spanish moss hung from the trees in great festoons, draping some of them from top to bottom. We were now rapidly approaching Tallahassee. The road was an ordinary dirt road, houses were far apart and there was no sign of agricultural operations. Indeed, when the guideboard said we were within two miles of Tallahassee, for all the signs of civilization visible we might have been in the suburbs of Ratlam. When we finally entered the city, one of the first persons we saw was a colored man riding in a buggy drawn by a cow. Getting our mail and some supplies, we drove down a hill to the camp ground, a quarter of a mile distant, the only camp ground in the city.

The camp ground at Tallahassee was a new one and the proprietor, a friendly accommodating man from Minneapolis, was making an up-to-date ground of it. He had only been there a few weeks and his family had just arrived, but he was hustling the work along with commendable energy. Tallahassee is a city of less than ten thousand inhabitants. Set on the crest of a small hill, the streets descend in every direction. The main business part of the city is confined to two streets and three or four cross streets. The buildings are mostly stone or brick and very few are more than three stories high.

The Capitol, the Supreme Court building and the Leon County court house are the most imposing structures in the center. The October before, the Leon Hotel, which was a large wooden building of artistic design, burned, in a disastrous fire which required the services of all of the fire departments in that part of the state.

Tallahassee has its fair share of real estate promoters, but is not afflicted with the hectic frenzy which prevails in other parts of the state. We took our departure from the city one Saturday morning. It was damp and misty, but so very mild that it made an agreeable change from the weather we had been experiencing.

Jackson, Miss., was to be our next stopping place and our route took us through Pensacola and Mobile. Our road much of the way that day was fairly good, but state roads and even national highways can be awfully disconcerting. You drive for hours over a widely advertised thoroughfare, so broad, level and smooth that it excites your admiration, and then before you realize it you are negotiating a section so crooked that you can hardly turn the corners, so narrow that it looks like a cow path, wet enough for a duck pond and rough enough for a rattlesnake den. It makes you think of the lane leading to Uncle Dudley's ox pasture. Many of the smaller houses in this region have no glass windows, just openings which are closed by rough board shutters.

The country through which we were passing was a fairly level land, with much pine timber. There was an abundance of Spanish moss, which in some instances covered the trees so that they were hardly visible. We passed the spring which bears the name of Ponce de Leon, and camped that night beside the road just west

of the village of De Tuniac Springs. It was raining when we made camp and raining the next morning when we turned out. I did not intend to pull down the tent and start in a downpour, but we packed up and got ready and about that time the rain let up, so we got under way. We were following the F. M. H. (Florida Midwest Highway), and these letters inscribed on the poles, served as our guiding star. It rained most of the day and the road was soft and slippery. Along in the afternoon we reached Pensacola Bay, only to find that the Florida Town Ferry was not operating, and we were advised to drive to the "short cut" ferry several miles distant. At this ferry we got a boat after a half hour's delay and were soon crossing Pensacola Bay.

Landing on the western shore, we headed for Pensacola, not that we had any desire to visit the city, for it was several miles out of our way, but because it seemed to be the only way to reach Mobile. We left Pensacola on a fine concrete road, which lasted about fifteen miles and then petered out in a sloppy sea of mud, which was still the F. M. H. At one place we were held up on a short detour by a car stuck in the mud, and had to wait until three or four cars had floundered through. Later on we got stuck ourselves, although there was nothing about the place to indicate that it was difficult. We were going up hill, in a shallow rut on a sandy road, and in trying to get out of the rut the motor stalled. It was raining hard and the sand, washing down the rut, fastened the wheels as tightly as if they had been in cement. We worked and fussed, digging out the wheels. We tried to go ahead and tried to go back, and we finally unloaded part of our equipment, but all to no purpose. Two or

three cars came along with advice and assistance, but we made no headway until we pried up the wheels and put some boards under them.

Backing Lizzie down the hill, we got ready for a fresh start. Part of our load was beside the road, but we did not dare put it in until we knew that we could make the grade, then we went back after it.

How it did rain! The storm had developed into a violent thunder-shower. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed and the rain descended in torrents, while Bimbo and I waded up and down the road lugging our camp equipment. It was in the neighborhood of five o'clock, and as there was a level place beside the road fit for camping, we decided to camp right there, but Lizzie was stuck in the sand again and refused to budge. Taking the tent, tent pegs and axe, we hurriedly pitched the tent and carried the equipment under cover. It was still coming down whole water, but we finally got everything into the tent, set up the stove and started a fire. A little later we backed Lizzie in off the highway and were ready for a pleasant evening.

Bimbo is a funny fellow, and that evening, a little after dark, he saw a lighthouse and some mosquitoes. He was the only person who saw them, but that didn't bother him any. Bimbo can see a lighthouse in the interior as easily as the average person can see one on the coast.

It had cleared off the next morning, which was glad tidings, but the road was still wet and soft. It was only twenty-eight miles to Daphne, where we were to take the ferry across Mobile Bay, but Lizzie got stuck in the mud and we had to get a fellow with a tractor to pull her out. It is possible that we might have gotten out without help,

but as we were in the middle of a pond of mud which was at least knee deep, I did not relish the idea of trying to persuade her.

We reached the ferry landing at Daphne thirty minutes before the boat started. There was an old gentleman fishing off the dock, with whom I got into conversation. While I was there he caught three good-sized fish which he designated as "white cats."

The distance across the ferry is something over twelve miles and the charge for Lizzie et al. was $5.35. I was interested in the shipping as we came into Mobile, for there was a great variety of craft, steamers, tugs and four-masters tied up at the water front.

Making a few purchases in the city, we started for Jackson, Mississippi two hundred and eleven miles distant. There was considerable conflict of opinion as to just which was the best road to Jackson, owing to the recent rain, but we finally settled it by following our old friend, the F. M. H. Owing to the high water following the rain, certain bridges were out of commission, compelling us to detour, so we camped that night beside the road a few miles north of Lucedale.

The section of Alabama and Mississippi through which we were passing was about as sparsely populated as any section I have visited with the exception of New Mexico and Arizona. For miles there was not a sign of a house or any evidence of agricultural operations, though there was nothing to indicate that the soil was unproductive.

Along the way from South Carolina we had passed countless strips of pine timber where the people were gathering turpentine. All of the bark is shaved off one

side of the tree from the ground up four or five feet and the turpentine is caught in tins like bread tins fastened to one side of the tree.

We got a fair start the next morning and reached Jackson just before dark. Stopping just long enough to get our mail, we started for the camp ground, a public ground in Livingston Park, at the north end of the city. The camp headquarters was a large building lighted with electricity and containing modern conveniences, with a rest room where a log fire was always blazing in the big fireplace. It was dark when we made camp, and in consequence we did not have much time to look around or gain any adequate idea of our surroundings.

During the night our sleep was broken by muffled roaring and discordant snarling and in the morning we discovered that within a hundred feet of our tent were pens containing lions and leopards, polar, black and cinnamon bears, apes and elk, dromedaries and zebras, and an endless variety of wild life, the property of the city. The African lion kept up a ponderous and fairly constant roaring, but the prize rumpus was when the wolves tuned in. There were only a few wolves, but when they opened up it was a regular pandemonium. Fifty dogs all gone mad at the same time could hardly have created such a hubbub, making it easy to imagine the feelings of people pursued by a wolf pack.

Just before we got ready to leave Jackson another cold wave arrived from the northwest. It was bitterly cold, with the wind of furious intensity, which rocked the tent and forced its way in through every crack and crevice.

The cold delayed our start one day, but the following night the thermometer rose as rapidly as it had fallen the

night before, so the next morning we broke camp and took to the road. We ferried across the Mississippi at Vicksburg, went west to Talulah, Louisiana, where we turned north, heading for Little Rock, Arkansas. We camped that night in Louisiana, within two or three miles of the Arkansas line. Our camp site was a fairly level piece of ground between the highway and the railroad. There was not much wood in evidence, but within ten feet of our tent a quantity of soft coal had been piled and much remained, so that night we basked in the tropic temperature of a coal fire, with some misgivings as to how the sheet iron stove would stand the ordeal. While we were pitching the tent, two small colored boys arrived and approaching rather diffidently, inquired if I was the junk man. A little inquiry developed that the junk man lived in Talulah, coming out once a week, and the colored boys were there to do business with him. "Does he buy junk of you?" I asked. "No, suh," said the older boy respectfully. "We buy junk of him." More inquiry disclosed the fact that the junk was in the nature of provisions and eatables.

The next night we camped on the public camp ground in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, a place of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. I was somewhat interested in Pine Bluff, for a good many years ago, in Colorado, I was associated with a man who hailed from Pine Bluff and who was always talking about the town, so I was interested in giving it the once over.

The next morning we started for Little Rock, which was to be our haven of rest until we took to the road again. Reaching the city about noon, we were directed to the public camp ground in the city park. The camp

buildings were nailed up and a sign said that the camp ground was closed for the winter. Having wood and water, this did not discourage us any, so we pitched our tent and moved in our furniture. Just as we were getting ready to relax and take life easy, a policeman arrived, who explained in no uncertain language that the camp ground was closed and that we could drag.

Well, that was that. So sadly we pulled down the tent and took to the road again. The most painstaking inquiry failed to disclose that there was any place in the city where a wayfarer could pitch his tent and enjoy the comforts of home, and we wished to stay within striking distance of the Little Rock postoffice. We crossed the Arkansas River to North Little Rock and were confronted with the same conditions, not a sign of the glad hand and southern hospitality anywhere. Repeated inquiries failed to reveal a place within three or four miles, and those distant places were problematical. Still we persisted and finally found a man who recalled, after much prompting, that there was a place up the road a half mile distant where a man had camped all summer. That sounded good to us, so, getting our direction, we started. A little later we found ourselves at the end of the city street, according to instructions, and before us lay the hill, sparsely covered with timber, where we hoped to find a resting place.

There was some swampy ground to be crossed and some scouting and reconnoitering to be done before making a dash, but in the end we landed in a good spot under a large tree, where we were undisturbed during our stay. In Jackson, on a side street, was a little lunch counter which I visited several times while I was in the

city, though I failed to mention it before. It was a quaint little place, with no tables or chairs. There was a counter where the customers got their sandwiches and then walked about the room or sat on a bench back against the wall. This is the Coca-Cola country, and most of the men drank bottled Coca-Cola. The proprietor was a dark-complexioned, round-faced young fellow, a Spaniard he told me when I asked his nationality, and he was the most expert sandwich-maker I ever met.

The first time I stopped there I had two sandwiches, one pimento cheese and one goose liver. The bread for all sandwiches he toasted slightly on one side, then he put on the meat, added a leaf of lettuce, a slice of tomato or a slice of onion, poured on a little homemade salad dressing from a teapot, a little sauce from another teapot, put on the other slice of bread and the sandwich was done, and such a sandwich. He could turn them out faster than any sandwich-maker it has been my lot to meet. His hamburg was in round balls, dumping a dozen of them on a slab, he struck each one a blow with an instrument resembling a heavy trowel, and he had a dozen pieces of hamburg as flat and as hard as so many wafers. I was present one evening when the place was crowded, and the dexterity with which he produced sandwiches of every description excited my admiration.

It was a pleasant, mild Saturday morning when we left Hillside Camp, near Little Rock, heading northwest. McAlester, Oklahoma, was to be our next stopping place and McAlester is west of Little Rock, but we were obliged to go northwest to camp in Missouri, and this took us up into the Ozarks, through a ruggeder country than we had seen in some time. Nowhere save in Virginia and North

Carolina have we seen such mountain roads. For the most part they were wide and were graded, but somewhat soft and slippery from the rain which started that afternoon and continued through the night. We camped that night a few miles north of Alma, Arkansas, driving off the road a little way to a level place evidently much used by campers.

The road continued to climb the next day, and in contrast to the semi-level country through which we had been passing, reached an elevation in the neighborhood of twenty-five hundred feet. At frequent intervals there were warning signs of "hairpin turns," and in places the road turned and twisted back and forth on the mountain side with all of the abandon of the roads of the Rocky Mountain region. Near Southwest City, Missouri, was where we planned to camp on the second night, and it was getting dark when we finally pulled into town and inquired our way to the camp ground.

There was some wood there and a well where we could draw water, but the bucket was missing. In the end we overcame this deficiency by hitching the milk can onto the rope, though I had my misgivings lest the rope break and send our trusty can to the bottom of the well.

We broke camp early the next morning and went into town to get directions before starting for McAlester, some two hundred miles distant. The roads of Arkansas had made a very favorable impression on us. We had crossed the state diagonally from southeast to northwest, on better highways than most of those we had seen in our travels through the south. In Oklahoma the roads were broad and well graded, but the recent rain had made them soft and in some places there was deep mud.

It was dark when we reached Muskogee, a place of fifty-thousand population and we were somewhat worried because our lights were not working, but observing that many cars were unlighted, we kept plugging along toward the camp ground, which we had been told was on the further side of the city.

Before we got through the city, we learned that the public camp ground was closed for the season. That was a pretty state of affairs. Night was upon us and so far as we could learn there was no other place available. We remembered seeing a little ground before entering Muskogee, and started back in search of it, though we had little idea of the distance or whether we could find it in the dark. We had threaded our way back to the outskirts of the city and I went in to a filling station to make inquiries. The man was a little hazy about that camp ground and was inclined to think that all the camp grounds were closed. "You can camp here beside the filling station if you wish; people often do," he said. That suited us to a T. There was water at hand and plenty of level space to pitch the tent, while the light from the filling station greatly facilitated the work of making camp. In a short space of time we had everything in ship-shape order and were cooking supper.

The next morning we went down into Muskogee and after making two or three false starts got onto the road to McAlester, which we reached shortly after noon. We found a neat little camp ground, with all the conveniences, presided over by a man of sixty. He was a former resident of Colorado and as we both held an equally favorable opinion of that state we had much in common to talk about.

Bimbo is very fond of reading and in this pastime he finds unalloyed enjoyment and spontaneous hilarity of the highest degree. He unfolds his reading matter and settles down for a happy evening at home. Soon the silence is broken by suppressed titters, muffled giggles and signs of uncontrollable mirth. Calming himself by a superhuman effort, he quiets down and continues his absorption in the printed page. In a moment he breaks loose again. He snickers, he chortles and "Oh, dears." No theatrical performance or burlesque opera could arouse such bursts of hilarity as the paper upon which his gaze is riveted. Apparently it makes little difference what he reads, and it seems probable that a seed catalogue or even the dictionary would provide him with endless entertainment.

McAlester is a lively, bustling place of about fifteen thousand people, situated on the Rock Island and M. K. & T. railways. It was fine weather during our stay in the city, and even finer the day we pulled out for Abilene, Texas, nearly four hundred miles distant.

Our route lay south, across the Red River and down to McKinney, Texas, and from that point west through Dallas and Fort Worth to Abilene.

It was a fine, warm, sunny February day, like an ideal Indian summer day in New England. Much of the land was plowed, dragged and furrowed, while in some places the farmers were still plowing. As it was along toward night when we pulled into McKinney, and Lizzie showed signs of impending collapse, we decided to camp there and give the old girl a hypodermic. There was a fine public park with a portion reserved for camping and, like the park in Jackson, Mississippi it included a zoo, though of more modest proportions.

As a sample of the difference in English in different parts of the country, in the park were signs on the shade trees reading "$5 fine to climb, chunk or frail these trees."

On this occasion it took time and rest to restore Lizzie to her normal vivacity, so we camped there two nights, taking our departure on Monday morning. McKinney is a place of 10,000 inhabitants and like McAlester, Abilene and most of the places we have visited lately, houses the postoffice in a government building.

It was fine weather that Monday, and the country began to spread out with a distant horizon and a wide range of vision, aided by the clear air and brilliant sunshine which belong to the higher altitude and dry atmosphere of the west. We passed through Dallas and Fort Worth and camped that night beside the road a few miles west of the town of Cisco. The road we were following was the No. 1 route of Texas, the Bankhead Highway, which crosses the state from east to west, a distance of eight hundred miles, and much of the way is as fine a concrete highway as can be found anywhere. This section of Texas, had suffered from a protracted drought. In consequence last season's crops were small and there is no water in many of the rivers.

As we had less than fifty miles to make to reach Abilene, we took life easy the next morning and rose and breakfasted late. In consequence we made a late start and did not reach Abilene until afternoon. After the usual stop for mail and lunch, we set out in quest of a camp ground. There was no public ground in operation in the city, but in mid-afternoon we followed Butternut Street to the end of the paving, a mile at least, and turn-

ing west, as directed by a Chamber of Commerce official, found ourselves at a little camp ground back of a filling station, and here we stayed until we took the road again.

The day of our arrival the men who occupied a tent nearby told us that they had had several dollars' worth of clothing stolen from their tent that morning and warned us to watch out. We took extra precautions and lost nothing. Our stay in Abilene was a pleasant one and the delightful weather was a contributing factor.

On Saturday morning we took our last look at the city and headed west for El Paso, nearly five hundred miles distant. Texas is a big state and compared with Connecticut a dry one. Along the line of travel hundreds of bales of cotton lay out unprotected from the weather, and frequently we saw big piles of baled hay and straw without roof or other covering. This is a range country, where large herds graze, and at intervals on this main highway we passed through gateways where Lizzie bumped over cattle guards of pipe or timbers set on edge, three or four inches apart. We camped that night in the open country between the road and the railroad, and managed to pick up some wood, although wood is becoming increasingly scarce. Towns in this part of the state are from fifteen to twenty miles apart and lone houses are few in number.

From our camp beside the railroad we could see clearly the distant mountains to the west, and drove toward them for several hours without getting appreciably nearer. The altitude of El Paso is nearly 4,000 feet, so we knew that we had some climbing to do before we reached the city on the Rio Grande, but we did not realize that much higher ground lay between.

Along in the afternoon the foothills began to shut off the view of the surrounding mountains and about this time Lizzie began to climb in earnest, though the ascent was so gradual as to be hardly noticeable. The high point on the road, we were told, was six thousand feet, though I had my doubts concerning the correctness of the figures. We camped that night a few miles west of the little town of Sierra Blanca, on the Texas & Pacific Railroad. The air was clear, crisp and frosty and there was a fine view of the surrounding mountain peaks. The next morning we began to descend and along toward noon got within striking distance of El Paso.

This was an older section than any we had seen before, and the population was more exclusively Mexican, as evidenced by the swarthy men and women seen on every hand, the black-haired, bright-eyed children, the rows of squat adobe houses and the prim, severe Mexican churches. All of these spoke of a different civilization and a different era. There was no municipal camp ground in El Paso, so along in the afternoon, after visiting the postoffice, we made our way back three miles on the road by which we had entered the city and pitched our tent in a little fenced-in camp ground back of an abandoned filling station. We were the sole and only occupants.

El Paso, which is a place of one hundred fifty thousand population was full of tourists. The Mardi Gras Festival in Juares, Old Mexico, just across the Rio Grande, was in full swing, and the day after our arrival the international bridges across the river were thrown open to the public for one day, without passport or other restrictions.

Juares is a quaint old Mexican town, about the size of Winsted, with old missions, public markets, bull rings, race courses, and more saloons, dives and dance halls than you could shake a stick at. Juares was in gala attire, the buildings draped with bright-colored bunting and the Mexican flag everywhere. Swarthy, black-haired policemen in trim blue uniforms were on every corner and canvas-clad Mexican troopers, with guns and spurs, stood like statues before the public buildings. Everybody was out for a good time. The young fellows were good looking and stylishly attired. The girls were as pretty and classy as girls are anywhere and many of the children were as cutely dressed and as attractive in appearance as any children of the Anglo Saxon race.

El Paso is having an epidemic of lawlessness comparable with the rest of the country. The papers from day to day report a succession of holdups, and highwaymen seem to flourish.

One night, about nine o'clock, I left the tent and went across the street to get a drink of coca cola. As this particular store was closed, I sauntered down the sidewalk in quest of a place still doing business. I finally went into a pool hall where they sold soft drinks, but, finding that they had no coca cola, stayed a few minutes to watch the players. The next morning as I lay in my blankets I heard a step back of the tent. There was a slit in the canvas and from where I lay I could see a man's high-laced boots and a hand holding a cigarette. For a full half hour he stood there within five feet of the tent, then quietly withdrew, leaving me considerably mystified as to the object of his visit. A little later I went across the street to buy a paper and sat down by a

table in the news stand to read it. Under big headlines on the first page was the following: "Masked Men Stage Bold Holdup. Swooping down on the pool hall in the 3900 block on Alameda Avenue last night, seven masked gunmen robbed S. Lopez, the proprietor, of more than $100 cash, and lining up the fifteen or more men who were playing pool there, stripped them of their money, watches and other valuables. Completing their men within covered with their guns, and reaching the work, the bandits backed out of the door, keeping the street disappeared in the darkness." This happened to be the pool hall which I had blundered into, and as I thought matters over I concluded that the man watching our tent was working on the case.

There was much to be seen in and around El Paso. Two or three blocks from camp was Washington Park, with another zoo. Besides the mountain lions, black and cinnamon bear, elk, antelope and many smaller animals was a herd of five buffalo, some of them monsters in size. In the park in the center, where men sat and read the papers, was a fountain enclosed by an iron railing containing fish and large turtles.

Here three alligators, each in the neighborhood of ten feet long, lay asleep in the sand almost within reach. Occasionally one would open an eye and size up the onlookers or move along a few feet and settle himself for another nap. Fort Bliss, an important army outpost, is within five miles of the city and two or three miles to the west are the smelters, which are factors in the prosperity of El Paso, and contribute unlimited smoke to the atmosphere. The Rio Grande at this stage of water was

not any more formidable than Mad River. Indeed it does not seem any larger than at Albuquerque three hundred miles up stream.

Such a condition is not unusual in the rivers of the arid west, and it is not uncommon for the rivers of some of the western states to lose water instead of gaining it on their way to the sea. In some states the river disappears under ground and reappears with a lessened volume of water; in others it sinks out of sight and does not rise to the surface again.

CHAPTER XII

The Greasewood Fire

It was a bright, pleasant morning when we broke camp in El Paso and headed for Globe, Arizona, three hundred and thirty miles distant. Our road took us through Deming and Lordsburg, located in the southwestern corner of New Mexico. Before leaving El Paso we filled up with gas at eighteen cents. When next we had occasion to buy, one hundred and ten miles further west, it was twenty-nine cents. A sign a few miles west of this point indicated that we were entering the desert. It proved to be a small one, only a few miles across. The question arises, "What constitutes a desert?" In old times the geographies plotted deserts on a large scale in the west. Since then much of the land so described has been settled and produces crops. In time, doubtless much which is now classed as desert will be utilized. In a general way, a desert in the southwest is a section where a combination of limited rainfall and poor soil cuts vegetation to the minimum. There are no houses, fences, trees or sod, the bushes and shrubs, if present, are small and sparse, and prickly pears and an infinite variety of cactus abound.

The road, which is frequently just a track and unimproved, wanders on through the sand. Any motorist who feels that he can plot a better highway turns out of the track and tries it. The old saying, "Many men of many minds," finds exemplification here. Frequently there are many tracks, all equally bad and sometimes

widely separated, with nothing to indicate which is the main highway.

We camped that night in the sand west of Lordsburg. There was a fire in plain sight and not far from town, which seemed to burn without interruption. From the fierceness of the blaze and the dense column of black smoke which rose above it we surmised that it was oil burning. We reached Duncan, Arizona, early the next forenoon, and along about one o'clock pulled into Safford.

Safford is a classy little place, small in size but superb in finish, with the swellest of concrete paving and all of the earmarks of an up-to-date city. Although the surrounding mountains were covered with snow, it was summer weather in Safford, with the trees in green foliage and the flowers in blossom along the highway. Before we reached Rice, Arizona, we began to see signs reading, "Ask Tiffany, he knows." Rice was familiar ground to me, and I had very pleasant recollections of Mr. Tiffany and his fund of information, for the man from Kankakee and I called on him after our memorable trip across the mountains last year, and I can testify that "he knows."

Globe is something over twenty miles from Rice and on the way we spent some time adding to our wood supply, for I knew by experience that wood was apt to be scarce in the vicinity of the Globe camp ground. Just before six o'clock we pulled into Globe and made our way to that familiar spot beside the dry river. And the river is still dry as it was in the spring of 1925.

It was a year ago Thursday that the man from Kankakee and I reached Globe. Well, here is Globe, and

here are Lizzie and I, but the whereabouts of the man from Kankakee is a mystery. Business was evidently slack, for there were not more than three or four cars on the camp ground when we pitched our tent and started supper.

The next morning, after breakfast, I went up town to look the place over and renew acquaintances. It was Washington's Birthday and I never expect to see a finer one. The weather was as warm as June in Connecticut, the sky was as blue as the famed Mediterranean, without a cloud in sight; the trees were putting on new foliage, and the clear air and brilliant sunshine made it a perfect day. From my standpoint Arizona is an ideal winter resort, with all of the characteristics which make the Rocky Mountain region so attractive both in summer and winter.

My old friends, the chess players, had not forgotten me, and they gave me a royal welcome. Two or three nights after my arrival a match was staged at the Elks' Club in my honor, and all of the leading players of the city took part.

I had a run of luck during my stay and of the twenty-seven games I played while in Globe I won twenty-three.

The weather was beyond reproach on the morning of February 28th, when we pulled up stakes in Globe and started for Las Vegas, Nevada, four hundred and seventy-five miles distant. We took the Apache trail, which leads by the Roosevelt Dam and over wild mountain roads to Phoenix, the state capital. Navigating those roads was some tax on Lizzie's good nature and it was four o'clock when we reached the metropolis. Phoenix is some two thousand feet lower than Globe and the

change in temperature was noticeable. The lawns were bright with color. The shade trees provided unmistakable shade and the fields were green with grass and clover, in some places more than a foot high. Much of the way from Globe to Phoenix the road had been a hard-surfaced dirt road, quite rough in places, though we entered the city on concrete, but when we turned north and headed for Wickenburg we were on a concrete road as fine as the finest.

Arizona is a land of contrasts. For hours you drive over mountain roads where hairpin turns and yawning precipices confront you at every turn, and then, almost before you know it, you are following a concrete road through a country as level as a ball room floor, where the road like a narrow ribbon stretches straight ahead as far as the eye can reach.

Late as we were in leaving Phoenix, we made good time on the long stretch of concrete which parallels the railroad leading north, and just before dark entered Wickenburg and turned west on the "Parker cut-off." The "Parker cut-off" is a widely advertised short cut between Phoenix and Los Angeles, which materially reduces the distance between these cities. A few miles beyond Wickenburg we camped beside the road. It was a lonely spot, without a house, fence or any sign of civilization in sight. As we had drawn somewhat on our supply of wood while at Globe, Bimbo started out in search of fuel.

A little later he brought in some dry material resembling pea brush, and I started a fire, filled the teakettle and put on a kettle of soup for supper. The fire showed no unusual animation at first, but the longer it burned

the fiercer it became. The night was warm and the heat was oppressive. The stove got red hot and the soup boiled over. I shut off the fire to the best of my ability, but nothing could check it. The stovepipe turned a cherry red and the tent caught fire where the pipe went through the roof. I beat that out before it had done much damage, but the fire continued to gather headway. It became so hot that we couldn't stay in the tent. When we got outside, a pillar of fire was shooting out of the pipe, two or three feet in the air. "That is certainly some wood," I remarked to Bimbo as we stood there watching the flame and smoke rise above the tent. "I didn't put in much more than an handful and look what it has done." We finally decided that it must be greasewood, for in all of the stories of the southwest that is the orthodox fuel, and we felt if it had been pure grease it couldn't have been any more inflammable.

We even discussed the advisability of throwing overboard our stock of lumber and substituting a few sticks of that inflammable brush. It was a half hour before it had cooled off enough to go in the tent and start supper, and I hope that I never have to eat my meals in a warmer place than it was even then. It seems too bad to spoil a good greasewood story, but somebody remembered at the last minute that he put three or four sections of an old automobile tire into the firebox of the stove when we broke camp in the morning and forgot to take them out before starting the fire. The moral is, old tires should be burned with discretion.

It was a grand morning when we pulled down the tent at Greasewood Camp and resumed our journey. The country stretched away in level lines to the distant moun-

tains, and those in the west were plainly visible, though they were a hundred miles removed and in California.

Sometime in the forenoon we passed the filling station of Dick Wick Hall, the Arizona writer, now dead. It was along toward noon, and we were sailing along in that glorious sunshine, drinking in the magnificent view, when we were brought back to earth by a frightful crash. Bimbo's provision box had tumbled off the load and upset in the road. We piled off and went back to the wreckage. Bimbo swore soundly and seizing some of the offending articles threw them around to give vent to his feelings. Fortunately very little damage resulted from the mishap and after things had been repacked and reloaded we got under way again.

It was a little after two o'clock when we reached Parker, on the Colorado river, and inquired our way to the ferry. The road was a steep and rocky trail leading down a long hill to the river level, where it wound blindly back and forth through clumps of bushes to the ferry landing.

The boat was at the rude dock and the men were working at the ropes as we approached. "Going out or coming in?" I inquired. "Going out. You will have to wait until next trip," said the captain, as the boat swung out into the river. It was a very small boat and two or three cars would have loaded it to capacity. Its present load consisted of two saddle horses and four cows, and gradually it disappeared behind the trees. We couldn't see much from where we sat. On one side was the bluff where the town was located, on the other the river, almost invisible from the screen of trees and bushes along the bank, and overhead the high bridge where the rail-

road crosses to California. In a half hour the ferry boat came back and we went abroad, and were the only passengers. The ropes were slackened, the boat slid away from the wharf and the captain took his place at the wheel. So this was the mighty Colorado River. How deep it was I have no idea, but it was not more than half as wide as the Connecticut at Hartford, and as red as the name implies.

It was about 3:30 when we landed on the California shore and started for Needles, Cal., sixty-three miles distant. If we had secured some water there it would have saved us trouble later on and we could have camped where night overtook us, but not realizing the scarcity of water, we pushed on into a land as arid as the great desert. The traveling was hard, the water in the radiator was low and the motor heated up like a greasewood fire. After about an hour we met three Indians in an old Ford. They wanted a spark plug, and as we had an extra one we gave it to them. "How far is it to water?" we inquired. "No water until you get to Needles," said the spokesman in broken English. Well that was that. Night was not far distant and our lights were not working. We must either reach Needles or camp without water, which was not a pleasant prospect.

The road was merely a short cut, without other excuse for existence, crossing a sandy waste and winding in and out through narrow canyons among the foothills. For nearly sixty miles we did not see a house or store or place where water was obtainable. It was just about dark, when we were within a few miles of Needles, that we came to a little filling station and stopped for water. All the water they had was brought from Needles in

barrels and the supply was limited. We did not have the face to ask for enough for camp purposes, so pouring a pitcher full down Lizzie's parched throat and filling up with gas to show our appreciation, we pushed on toward our destination. It was quite dark when we crawled into Needles and finally muddled our way to the West Side camp ground, where we put up for the night. This camp ground was strictly up to date, with stucco buildings, store and filling station and many cabins, plus any quantity of shade trees. It was moreover, with the exception of the cabins, a free ground. The elevation at Needles is less than five hundred feet and the weather was decidedly warm. Crossing into California we set back our watches another hour, making the time three hours slower than eastern time.

We broke camp early the next morning and started on the last lap of our run to Las Vegas, Nev., one hundred and fourteen miles distant. The first seventeen miles of the trip was over the National Old Trails Highway, which was no stranger to me, and then we turned off on the Arrowhead Trail and soon entered Nevada. It was the same landscape to which we had become accustomed, a sandy, barren waste replete with cactus and surrounded by rugged, multi-colored mountains, bare of trees or any vegetation. There were no houses or other signs of civilization with the exception of an occasional mine shaft house perched on a distant hillside. About eleven o'clock we passed through Searchlight, a friendly little place set in the desert, and an hour or two later reached the border of an immense dry lake several miles across.

As we approached it, a large sign confronted us, read-

ing: "Warning, in wet weather take the other road." The flat was terra cotta color, as level as a floor, and where the road crossed it as smooth and shiny as if it had been varnished. There were no ditches or anything to mark the highway and nothing to indicate that the road differed from the rest of the flat. After crossing the flat we went up hill several miles through a region where in spite of its barren aspect the prettiest wild flowers bloomed beside the road. There were yellow flowers as yellow and as delicate as buttercups and as large as poppies, white ones resembling asters and blue and purple blossoms in many shades, and when we rode into Las Vegas on that first day of March the dooryards were ablaze with peach blossoms.

It was about one o'clock when we pulled into Las Vegas, a pretty little place with a population of about four thousand. It is a source of surprise and wonder in a region where towns and cities are so widely separated and so remote from main lines of travel to find so many places which are modern in construction and strictly up to date. The larger part of the business blocks and many of the residences are stucco or concrete, with few wooden buildings in evidence. The blocks, seldom more than two or three stories in height, show the influence of Spanish architecture, the streets are wide and laid out at right angles and the brilliant sunshine sets off the rows of light-colored buildings with fairyland effect. The use of stone, concrete and stucco is undoubtedly designed to limit the fire loss. The ruins of destructive fires are among the outstanding features in almost every town and city in this region, due to the fact that in such a dry climate every building constructed of

combustible material is as dry as tinder at all times and to the additional fact that the water supply is generally limited.

To people who think of cotton as a product of the southern states it may be a matter of surprise to learn that cotton is raised extensively in California, Arizona and New Mexico. In New Mexico we passed a sign reading, "Wanted, five hundred cotton pickers," and in each of these states we saw cotton fields along the highway. In Arizona and in California we were held up on the road and inspected by representatives of the boll weevil commission, and after successfully passing every test stickers giving us the right of way were affixed to Lizzie's windshield.

On our arrival in Las Vegas we were directed to a very pretty little camp ground on the north side of the city, and from our tent that night we could hear the frogs peeping lustily, unmindful of the fact that the date was March 1st.

One night while we were there it rained for a few minutes, a gentle drizzle. It is noticeable in this part of the world that everyone seems to regard even the smallest fall of rain or snow as a genuine blessing and a contribution to the common good.

The camp ground was owned and operated by a married couple who lived in a very classy stucco bungalow next door. Connected with the camp ground was a filling station, grocery store and a few cabins.

The Union Pacific Railroad operates a line through Las Vegas, and one evening I was at the station when the northbound express came in, and took particular note that one of the Pullmans was named Wentworth.

Near the camp ground a young man was developing a rose ranch, a line of business one would scarcely associate with the sage brush district of Nevada.

It was Saturday morning, March 6th, and a very pleasant morning from every standpoint, when we pulled down our tent at Oasis Campground and took to the road again. Barstow, Cal., was our next objective, but before we headed for California a detour of two hundred and twenty miles to enable us to camp one night in southwestern Utah invited our attention. On our way we stopped at the little hamlet of Mesquite, near the eastern border of Nevada, with the intention of buying meat. A filling station man to whom I applied for information said there wasn't a meat market in town, but what meat there was could be found at a nearby grocery. I made my way to the grocery store and a first glance assured me that meat was indeed limited in supply and variety. A tall, spare sun-browned old man was waiting on a woman when I entered.

When it came my turn, I asked about meat. He was a very mild mannered old man, with a very patient way of talking. "I don't reckon that you'll find a pound of fresh meat in town, sir," he said, with a whimsical smile on his sad old face. "How about newspapers?" "Newspapers are just as scarce as meat. You see, we are forty miles from the railroad and such things are hard to get." I bought a dozen fresh eggs at twenty-five cents, about half the price asked when we left Globe.

No land could look more parched and arid than the country here, where you can drive for miles without seeing anything which could be classed as verdure, but quite unexpectedly sometimes you come in sight of a ranch lo-

cated on a river bottom where the land is irrigated and under cultivation. No contrast could be greater than the dark, luxuriant green of the grass and clover. The east does not produce crops of that color. Just beyond Mesquite we crossed the line into Arizona, and ten miles further on stopped to buy gas where a lone pump stood by the wayside. A bright boy of ten or twelve, with snappy black eyes, came from a house far back in the lot to wait on us. Gas was three gallons for a dollar, he said. "Have you change for a $100 bill in your pocket?" I inquired. "I sure have; I allus carry a little change with me," he said, promptly.

It was about two o'clock when we crossed the line into Utah and pitched our tent a few rods north of the state line post. No signs of civilization were visible, just a far-reaching expanse of cactus covered desert, surrounded by ragged richly-colored mountains, some of which were tipped with snow. The road, which was the No. 1 of Utah, was also the Arrowhead Trail and the Zion Park Highway. Zion National Park is located in Utah, a few miles beyond the place where we camped.

On our way back to Las Vegas the next day we stopped near a wayside filling station to read a large sign conspicuously posted. It was a notice directing tourists to turn off to the buried prehistoric city of Nevada, where excavation work was in progress. It was only twenty miles distant, and if we had known that it was so near to our line of travel we should have made plans to pay it a visit.

We were back in Las Vegas about one o'clock, filled up with gas and started for Barstow, one hundred and sixty miles distant. Some thirty miles from Las Vegas we

came to a crossroad near the railroad station of Jean, and according to my map a short cut highway for Barstow turned off at this point, going by way of Good Springs and Silver Lake. At Good Springs, seven miles from Jean, we found a hotel and several small stores. Stopping there for water and to make inquiries, we were told that that was the old road to Barstow, very mountainous and rough, and that we should not think of trying to go that way. Accordingly we drove back to Jean, thereby losing fourteen miles and not a little time. Toward night we came in sight of another large dry lake. Dry lakes are not by any means a rarity in this part of the country, but this was one of the largest we had seen.

These mud flats are very curious and baffling things. In wet weather they are lakes and the tourist is obliged to detour. In dry weather they are the king's highway. Visible a long distance they lie, as a yellow streak or patch upon the landscape, and you drive toward them for an incredible length of time without apparently getting any nearer. As you study a flat from a distance, you discover an expanse of clear blue water on the farther end, and as you watch it it seems to shimmer and sparkle in the sunlight. As your eyes return to it from time to time it appears to shift and vary and recede. If you keep driving toward it long enough, you reach the mud flat eventually, but the water is seldom there. What creates this illusion of water is hard to say, but in spite of the fact that you know by experience that there is no water there, it is always plainly visible. We camped that night near the big dry lake, on a sandy expanse resembling a beach at the seashore.

The psychology of the Puritan is inexorable, ruling

him with a rod of iron, and Bimbo is a worthy disciple of the old, rock-bound rural New England stock, which never changes and seldom acquires a new idea. Reared and nourished in an environment where tampering with timepieces and changing the time not only is regarded with abhorrence but is absolutely taboo, he left Connecticut in December and rode proudly into El Paso, Tex., in February with his watch unchanged, two hours ahead of El Paso time. I confidently expected that he would complete the circuit and appear in Connecticut about July 4th with his watch still registering "God's time." But in El Paso a strange thing occurred, which upset all calculations. Like the hare in the famous fable, it appears that Bimbo's timepiece got the notion that having two hours' start of all competitors it could safely afford to take a nap, and Bimbo came along and found it asleep at the switch. I would have predicted that something dreadful would happen, for it had lost exactly two hours when he discovered it, but Bimbo absent-mindedly wound it and it started merrily off registering mountain time without a break. Thus was the day saved and a timepiece of one of the rock-ribbed fraternity changed without connivance on the part of the owner or any violation of the sacred tradition.

One day when we were approaching McAlester, Okla., Bimbo had the ill luck to lose his cap beyond recovery. Some people would have solved the problem by buying another headpiece, but not Bimbo. Buy another cap? Certainly not. And although that was January and it was now March he still rode bareheaded, with the wind whistling through his pompadour. Is it any wonder that the New England Yankee is the despair of the rest of mankind?

Starting from our camp beside the big dry lake we crossed to the other side, with a world of confidence that we should reach Barstow that day. Our road led through Baker, and as Baker was shown on all of the maps, we fully expected to see a place of some size, and noted with interest that a road from Baker led into Death Valley. When we reached Baker, however, we found that the town consisted of a filling station and two or three cabins.

To one who has always lived in the east it is not easy to envisage a region so arid, so vast and so scantily populated, where you can see for miles and drive for hours without passing a house or fence or meeting a human being.

As we swung onto a bridge coming into Baker, the rear spring broke, and broke in such a manner that immediate repairs were necessary. We were still sixty-six miles from Barstow and the outlook was not encouraging. The filling station man had no springs on hand, but fortunately there was an old Ford out on the dump, and he was willing to sell us the spring with the provision that we take it out ourselves. This we did, and succeeded in patching Lizzie up after a fashion, and after two or three hours delay started on again. The road for twenty miles was very rough and it was necessary to drive with extreme care. We finally got where the traveling was better and were congratulating ourselves on the improved conditions when, before we knew it, we were stuck in the sand, and badly stuck, too. After much time was wasted in fruitless effort, we unloaded the equipment and carried it ahead to firm ground. And as it was then too late to think of reaching Barstow before dark, we pitched the tent and made things comfortable for the night.

The land on either side of the road was nothing but sand, yellow sand, so soft that the feet sank into it at every step. And yet such a profusion of wild flowers I never saw along a country road. There were tall yellow flowers as large and showy as black-eyed Susans, white lilies and white blossoms with four petals as handsome as dogwood, and the ground was covered with vines loaded with pink clusters resembling verbenas. Around these latter humming birds were working busily. Several cars passed our camp that night and the following morning. Those going down the grade managed to wallow through under their own power, but with those coming up it was a different story, and Bimbo and I boosted several cars up onto solid ground.

We reached Barstow about noon, and Barstow is another modern town, with up-to-date architecture. What is commonly called "old town" is down by the railroad, but the part answering to the name of Barstow today is on the side hill and a very attractive place.

We pitched our tent back of the jail. At least we were told it was the jail, though it was the most diminutive jail I ever chanced to see, not more than twenty feet square by twelve feet high, a finely constructed piece of concrete. While we were in camp one day, six airplanes came circling over the town and descended just beyond the city. This was the first intimation we had that Barstow possessed an aviation field, and as the distance was not great we lost no time in getting out there. When we reached there, the six machines stood side by side at the edge of the field, with their noses to the road, which was full of automobiles, the property of Barstow residents who had come out to look them over.

The six planes, representatives of the navy department, were on their way from San Diego, Cal., to Las Vegas, Nev., and had stopped at Barstow to refuel. A Standard Oil truck met them at the field and they were busy transferring the gas and oil where it was wanted. The navy men had peeled off their working clothes and in their trim blue uniforms were a snappy looking bunch. Their stay was brief; the refueling completed, they slipped on their khaki-colored working clothes, adjusted their helmets, swung the machines around facing down the field and climbed aboard, two men to a machine. Then din broke loose as the propellers began to whirl, and one by one they scurried down the field, rose in the air and headed across the mountains toward Las Vegas.

One evening shortly after our arrival in Barstow I was sitting in the tent scanning the evening paper when my attention was attracted by a vigorous popping sound, strangely like torpedoes on the national holiday. In Virginia we discovered that firecrackers occupied a prominent place in Christmas observances, and in this instance I hurried to the door anticipating some like departure in popular custom. Just then Bimbo dashed up in front in a strange flivver, with the top amputated. This was my first intimation that he was organizing an independent sight-seeing tour of his own and was assembling the necessary equipment to go on the road. On the second morning after, he left us. Out of consideration for Lizzie's feelings, and to prevent her from making a scene, I saw him off at the postoffice, from which point, with bands playing and flags fluttering to the breeze, promptly at nine o'clock, Bimbo, my faithful mechanic and Lizzie's soulmate, stepped on the gas and even as I watched,

he and his sawed off flivver became the merest speck upon the landscape.

About as far from my tent on one side, as the jail was on the other, stood a little shack where a lone man kept bachelors hall. Once in Connecticut I saw a man who was the living likeness of Augustus Mutt. He complied with all of the specifications and had a nose which exceeded that of the original, but I never expected to see the prototype of Happy Hooligan until one evening I called at the shack and met the proprietor. He was a pleasant and amiable soul, as genial and unassuming as Happy himself, and we struck up a friendship during my brief stay. The last evening of my sojourn in Barstow he came over to the tent to show me a razor hone which had been presented to him and which he insisted was the finest hone he had ever seen. He wouldn't come in as he was cooking some beans and couldn't leave them. While we were talking a young Mexican came along and entered into conversation with my friend in Spanish.

Everybody in this part of the world talks Spanish. You step into the postoffice and the clerk who sells stamps is discoursing to a patron in Spanish. You are in a bank and the suave cashier finishes a well-rounded sentence in English, then bows as a good-looking, dark-complexioned woman approaches and starts right in speaking the melodious language of the hidalgos. But to return to the Mexican, I thought that he and Happy were old friends. In this I was mistaken. It developed that the Mexican had picked Happy as a member of my party and was trying to engage a night's lodging. Happy started for home and the Mexican asked me if I had any objection to his sleeping in the car.

He had walked all day carrying his roll of blankets and was very tired. He was a plump, good-looking fellow, with a pleasant face, and I told him to make himself at home. The next morning about seven o'clock as I was already to load up I woke him, and he turned out, showing his white teeth appreciatively.

My next stopping place was to be the Yosemite Valley, and my first day's run was through the Mojave Desert to Mojave, seventy-five miles distant. This name is pronounced Mo-hov-a, or, as most American say it, Moharvey, which probably sounds better to American ears.

The desert road was said to be deep with sand and hard traveling, so I took pains to fill the milk can with water and take on all of the gas that the tank would hold. The Mojave Road proved to be as sandy and troublesome as the forecasts indicated. About twenty-five miles beyond Barstow I met a large truck on its way to Las Vegas, the only car I saw during the run to Mojave. The driver was not enthusiastic about the road. "For thirty miles it couldn't be worse. Better stay on this side of the railroad," he advised as he started along.

Along toward noon I came in sight of another dry lake, the largest yet. It is a conservative estimate to say that it was at least eight miles long by five miles across and as level and smooth as a concrete road. Imagine a concrete surface larger than the town of Winchester and you have some idea of how that mud flat looked. What a place for speeding! I let Lizzie go, and have no hesitation in saying that she shattered several records. I afterwards learned that automobile men from Los Angeles come out on the flat and hold races. With the ex-

ception of where the road crossed the mud flat it kept close to the railroad; indeed it was on railroad property much of the way, according to notices which lined the road. Everywhere that the railroad crossed a bridge or a sluice, ditches were dug across the road to carry off the water and some of these were wet and muddy. In one of these I got stuck, wasting half the afternoon in trying to get out, and finally obliged to unload and carry everything across.

It was at this place, while I was trying to persuade Lizzie to climb out, that I discovered the gas was getting low, a fact which could only be accounted for by the deep sand and hard traveling.

As it was getting late and I still had plenty of water, I decided to camp there and postpone entering Mojave until the next day.

Taking the road the next morning, in spite of low gas I managed to keep Lizzie going through deep sand and presently came to a little railroad station where the road crossed the track, and a guideboard announced the distance to Mojave as eleven miles. I stopped and inquired about gas and, finding none, resumed my journey. Beyond the station I got into a deep gully, where Lizzie paused some time before I succeeded in getting her out. At this point the road had been forced back from the railroad by soft spots and sand and there were any number of independent tracks to choose from.

The left-hand track seemed to be the most used, and as there was nothing to indicate that it was not the road to Mojave, I followed it, although as it kept drawing farther away from the railroad I had my misgivings. It was deep sand at first, but gradually improved and be-

came slightly down grade, and I hated to turn back, with my meager supply of gas. Presently I came in sight of ranch buildings and experienced a sensation of relief, for I could inquire about the road and possibly buy a little gas. When I reached there and went in, I found that the place had been abandoned and the buildings were tumbling down. The road again became more sandy and I found great difficulty in persuading Lizzie to go at all. I was traveling to the south and left of the railroad, and when I came to a track turning to the right, I followed it, in the hope that it would bring me back to the main highway. It was a vain hope, for the track rambled aimlessly through the sand till it came to an open space where at some time a large building had stood. In the distance I could see a small shack and drove a quarter of a mile farther, and got stuck in the sand, only to find that the shack was deserted and the road went no farther.

That was an interesting state of affairs, off the road, stuck in the sand, out of gas and with no definite idea of where I was, and this on a day when the weather in the Mojave Desert was torrid enough to please a salamander.

Realizing that the situation demanded prompt action, I took a copious draught of water from the milk can and started. As I figured it I could not be more than ten miles from Mojave and I knew that the railroad lay to the north. Accordingly, I planned to locate the railroad and follow it into town. Never have I experienced such a thirteenth of March. The sun was like a blast furnace and the sand hot enough to fry eggs. A half hour after I started I heard the scream of a locomotive and a little later could see a freight train in the distance.

Crossing a slight elevation, I was able to make out a

string of freight cars on a siding and the railroad station of a small town, and beyond, the town itself. Seen in Connecticut, it would be safe to bet that the town was not more than two miles distant, but in this part of the world estimates must be revised. For three hours, with lips and throat painfully dry and temperature rising, I plodded on toward a town which was always just ahead. Eventually I hit the sidewalk. What did I do when I got there? Just what I had been saying for the last two hours I would do when I arrived—hunted up a soda fountain and put down three plates of ice cream, three glasses of ice water and three coca cola's. And by that time I began to feel better. Then I hunted up a garage and stated my case. The garage man said that he had no one to send and couldn't leave himself, but after thinking a while said, "I'll tell you what to do. Go up to the next pool hall and ask for Jack Merrifield. Tell him that I sent you, and I think he will take the gas out for you."

Jack Merrifield had just departed from that pool hall when I reached there. They sent me to another pool hall. "He was here a minute ago, but I reckon he's gone," said the proprietor, looking around the place. I went where he kept his car, but was just too late to catch him. Finally I found him where no one thought of looking for him—at home. I had pictured Jack Merrifield as a late-model sport, but when he came out on the veranda to greet me, I found myself facing a plump, middle-aged man of easy manners. When I had told my story, he said, "I'd take you out in a minute, brother, and be glad to do it, but my tires are all shot and I couldn't get out of the village with them. I've got some new ones ordered and I don't dare move the car until them come."

"You go up and see Bill Monroe at the end of this street. Bill is a mighty good fellow, and he will fix you up." I thanked him and went in search of Bill. A plump, black-eyed woman who answered my knock said Mr. Monroe had just stepped down the street after some cream. "He'll be back right away," she assured me. I sat down in the shade outside to wait for Bill. The shade was very grateful. Presently Bill came back and I told my story. "Now ain't that hell?" said Bill sympathetically. "I'd be glad to help you out, but the kid has just taken the car and gone off joy riding, and you know what kids are; he may not be back before morning." I walked to a nearby filling station. Walking was evidently my strong suit that day. There were two men at the filling station, father and son. "I couldn't do a thing for you, no matter how good my intentions were, but if Jim is willing to go, that's his affair," said the older man. To my infinite relief, Jim was willing.

The first difficulty lay in finding cans to carry five gallons of gas and an equal amount of water, since I was determined to carry water enough for the car and a sufficient surplus for camp purposes in case of an emergency. A 20-quart milk can was located and filled with gas and two large canteens, each holding two gallons, and a sprinkling pot with cheese cloth tied over the top held the water. When Jim brought his car around—a small Studebaker truck—another man rode in the back, an old cow puncher who was camping near the filling station. Neither of the men knew the Barstow road, and they both seemed to have the very haziest ideas as to where my car was located, due in part, no doubt, to the fact that in walking in I had come cross-country. Before we reached

the railroad station where I crossed the track, I suggested to Jim that if he would take the next road to the right it would undoubtedly bring us onto the road I had followed.

He vetoed my suggestion. "I don't aim to do anything as reckless as that. I want to go to where you crossed the track and then follow down where your car went, and I figure that it may be some job to find it at that," he said good-naturedly. So we went up to the station, turned around and came back following the left-hand track, as I had done, Jim insisting that we were going back to Mojave on the road we had followed out. Two or three miles beyond we came to the abandoned ranch, followed down the road, took the right-hand turn and in a few moments brought up by the ruins I have described, with Lizzie in plain sight in the distance. The old cow puncher gazed around him like a man enchanted. "Well, I'll be damned," he said at length. "Now I know right where I am. That was the old hotel, and many a time I put up at that old house. It burned years and years ago." Then, turning to me, "Why didn't you say that your car was back of the old hotel?" "Because I didn't see anything that looked like a hotel," I replied. When we poured the gas into the tank and transferred the water to the milk can, they told me to start along and they would stay with me until I got out on the highway.

We went down the road instead of going back to the station, and after traveling a few miles came out on a fine concrete highway leading into Mojave. By six o'clock we were back in town and I had picked a place in the outskirts and pitched my tent.

After supper I went around to the filling station and

found the old cow puncher there, and a most interesting character he proved to be. He knew the western country like a book and in his unassuming way told of catching trout in the Roaring Fork below Aspen, my old home town in Colorado, of shooting wild turkeys and trapping on the mountains which the man from Kankakee and I crossed on our memorable journey from the White River to Globe; of the fishing to be found in the neighborhood of McNary, where the pessimistic Mexicans warned us against attempting to cross the mountains, and of many other things of interest to me, to the end that I spent an unusually pleasant evening.

The next morning, with his burros and dogs, he was leaving Mojave for some place in Arizona where he had heard they wanted a range hand—one of the old order of cow men, now almost obsolete. I suffered no ill effects from my enforced walk through the desert, but the next evening when I got out my glass to shave I was more than astonished by the fine mahogany complexion I had developed. Few Apaches or Mexicans could show a richer color or more of it.

CHAPTER XIII

The Wild and Woolly

The next morning I broke camp at Mojave and started for Bakersfield, sixty-five miles distant. The road from Mojave to Bakersfield lies through the mountains, a broad highway with moderate grades and well-planned curves. Winding and twisting it crosses Tehachapi Pass at an elevation of four thousand feet. Leaving the summit, it clings to the mountain side, making the descent with many a loop and hairpin turn and all of the thrills characteristic of a mountain road. Bakersfield is not only in the oil region, but is a prominent place in a section devoted to the culture of oranges, olives, figs and cotton, an enterprising city of twenty-five thousand population.

Inquiring my way, I came to a stop in a tourists' camp on a busy street where trolleys passed at frequent intervals and the bell at a railroad crossing just beyond clanged an almost incessant warning of approaching trains. This was a modern camp ground, with store, filling stations and cabins, located close to the business section of a bustling city. At this ground I had a gallon can of oil stolen from under my car, one of the few things I have had taken since I have been on the road.

At Bakersfield I learned that the Yosemite Valley was full of snow and the roads leading there were impassable. It seemed hard to realize it for the Yosemite is not far distant from Bakersfield, as distances in the west are estimated, and in the city the lilacs were in blossom and

signs of spring confronted us on every hand. When I reached McFarlane, twenty-five miles north of Bakersfield, the next morning, I mailed a letter to the postmaster at Yosemite requesting him to forward my mail to Madera, still farther north, which I substituted as a stopping place. The road I was following is the main highway through Sacramento to Vancouver, B. C., a fine concrete roadway and well patronized. It seems as if the namers of towns in this region had a partiality for names beginning with M, as witness the names of the larger towns along this highway, McFarlane, Madera, Merced, Modesto and Mantica, which appear almost in succession. When I reached Madera, I stopped at a filling station in the outskirts to make inquiries about camping facilities. A pleasant-faced woman, in charge, told me that I could camp beside the station. There was no charge, but campers were expected to buy their gas and oil there, an eminently fair provision.

Madera, a place of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, is the headquarters of the Sunmaid Raisin Industry and vineyards are plentiful all through this region. I had taken out my 1926 car license in Florida, and in that state only one marker was required. A traffic officer stopped me near Madera to learn why I had no marker in front. After that matter was satisfactorily disposed of, I praised the California climate and suggested that with such a dry atmosphere and clear sunshine the winters must be similar to those of Arizona, and learned that the great drawback in the winter was the fogs. In the winter just passed, for several weeks the fog was so dense that it seriously interfered with traffic and the work of the highway police.

The following Saturday morning I started for Red Bluff, three hundred miles farther north. I camped that night by a little garage in the outskirts of Sacramento and the following morning rolled through the city and followed the Pacific highway.

In passing through Sacramento I crossed a street named Portala Way, which brought to mind a poem by Bret Harte beginning:

"It was the morning season of the year,
It was the morning era of the land;
The water courses rang full loud and clear,
Portala's cross stood where Portala's hand
Had planted it when faith was taught by fear,
When monks and missions held the sole command
Of all that shore beside the peaceful sea,
When spring tides beat their longdrawn reville."

As I was leaving the city, a road turning to the right attracted my attention, with a large sign over it reading "Pratt's Sand Lane. Speed limit ninety-nine miles an hour. Fords do your best." Lizzie wanted to try, but I dissuaded her, telling her that I doubted if I could ride so fast.

The vegetation north of Sacramento did not look as luxuriant or as far advanced as that farther south, but the temperature did not seem far different, for it was still quite sultry.

It was late in the afternoon when I pulled into Red Bluff, one hundred and fifty miles north of Sacramento, and a little later recrossed the Sacramento River and camped on the river bottom just east of the town. There were several campers in my neighborhood, and they were a wild, woolly bunch, who camped without tents, slept on

the ground, cooked over open fires and stewed their coffee in smoke-blackened cans. My next neighbor was a red-faced, cock-eyed buckaroo, with thick lips and a flexible vocabulary. At night he lay on the ground beside his car, snoring and sneezing by turns. Days he lay under his car making repairs, the silence broken by the rattling of his wrenches and outbursts of lurid and sulphurous profanity. I did not fancy him, but still he was a neighbor and I maintained neighborly relations with him. My final conclusion was that he couldn't be worse, and might be better than he looked.

Although Red Bluff is in the northern part of California, the weather is very mild from a Connecticut standpoint. I was told that the largest orange and lemon grove in the world was less than ninety miles from there, that figs, olives and rice were grown in the neighborhood and that the mercury the coldest night of the past winter did not go below freezing.

Mt. Lassen, advertised as the only active volcano in the United States, is forty-seven miles east of Red Bluff. It was taking a rest while I was in the city, but has a habit of firing up at frequent intervals.

Even the most capable people slip a little at times. I wrote recently to one of Winsted's leading business men for the address of a man residing in Oregon, and got a prompt reply. The address was No. ———— Street, the street was in the Portland end of the city and the writer suggested that I inquire before I reached the center, as it was about a mile out, but very accessible. What city was it? Nothing said about that, but as every place in the west with a thousand inhabitants calls itself a city, and every city in Oregon has a Portland end, there

was some chance for speculation, in spite of the fact that it was very acccessible.

When I pulled out of Red Bluff Saturday morning, March 27th, Mt. Shasta, 14,380 feet in elevation, wrapped in a blanket of snow, was apparently just ahead. When I had passed Dunsmuir, a hundred miles farther north, Mr. Shasta was still ahead, but it was evident that I was gaining. Snow on the mountains is to be seen all through this section, but Mt. Shasta, banked with snow for thousands of feet, is a different proposition.

North of Redding, which is thirty-two miles from Red Bluff, the road enters the mountains and climbs to an elevation of about four thousand feet. Mountain grades are very deceptive and after traveling on a continuous up or down grade for any length of time few people can correctly gauge a level. A stretch which looks as if a car could coast down it frequently can not be made in high. The mountain country through which I was passing was wooded and beside the road were bushes and trees loaded with flowers resembling lilacs.

A few miles north of Dunsmuir I came abreast of the immense snow-covered bulk of Mt. Shasta, several miles to the right of my road. It was toward camping time when I passed through Yreka and after leaving the town the road entered a canyon where for miles it swung down a terrific grade. It was cut from the left wall of the canyon and followed the contour of the mountain, a wide road and well graded, with a high bank on the left and a sheer drop to the river on the right. A heavy railing fenced the road and through it the river could be seen foaming and tumbling far below.

Night was at hand and the necessity for making camp

was urgent, but there was no place to camp, just that wide road with the bank on one side and the drop to the river on the other. Finally, when I had about given up hope, I came to a place which looked more favorable. A good sized tree stood in a bend in the road and back of the tree a little cranny about large enough to pitch a tent came down to the level of the floor of the car and by some contriving I backed Lizzie up against it. To be sure it was about as steep as the roof of a house, but why mind a little thing like that? In a short space of time I had the tent up and my evening meal on the stove.

There was considerable travel past my camp that night and the following morning, for the Pacific Highway, which at this point is also the National Parks Highway, is one of the great thoroughfares of this section. Starting in good season, I followed the mountain road down to where the river through the canyon joins the Klameth River and a little later stopped at a filling station at the foot of the grade over Siskiyou Pass. The elevation at the filling station is twenty-three hundred feet and at the pass, which is in Oregon, something over forty-five hundred feet. In the valley the trees were in full foliage; on the pass they were scarcely budded.

When I struck the Oregon line, Lizzie rolled onto a fine concrete road, and all through Oregon the roads were of high quality.

After crossing Siskiyou Pass, the road drops more than two thousand feet and a few miles farther north enters the city of Ashland, named for the place in the sunny south made famous as the residence of Henry Clay. The vegetation in Oregon was not quite as far advanced as the vegetation across the mountains in Cal-

ifornia, but even here on the 28th of March, at an elevation of more than two thousand feet, the meadows were green, with fruit trees and dandelions in blossom.

Nowhere have I seen a more beautiful country than the mountain region of southern Oregon. The mountains, rising in some places two thousand feet above the general level, show no rock formations, nothing but well-rounded, grassy slopes. The forest is mainly fir and the green of the fir and laurel added to the outstanding green of the vegetation lends a wonderfully pretty effect.

Fifty miles beyond Ashland I came to Grant's Pass. Ordinarily a pass is an isolated place where a road crosses the summit of a range of mountains, but at Grant's Pass I was agreeably surprised to find a pretty little city with a marble courthouse as large and handsome as the Gilbert School, nor did I see in the neighborhood anything suggesting the traditional pass.

According to my map, Wolf Creek, seventeen miles distant, was the next place on the road. It made no impression on me at the time, but later Wolf Creek assumed a more prominent place on my program.

It was getting along in the afternoon, and as I assumed that I had gas enough to carry me through the day, I was not thinking of buying more, when, coasting down a long decline, I spotted a road winding up the mountain side on the opposite side of the valley. If ever a road looked as if it was headed for the pearly gate, that one did. As the driver of a Lizzie is always obsessed by the phantom of a gas shortage on up grades, I drove up to a filling station just beyond to make inquiries.

"Is that the road to Wolf Creek across the valley?"

I inquired. "That's the road. Climbs a thousand feet in three miles," said the man. "What does it do when it reaches the top?" "Drops right down as low as this and then starts climbing again." Needless to say, I bought all the gas the old bus would hold before I left that filling station. That mountain road of finest cement, winding through those green-clad hills, unfolded as pretty a picture as the eye ever rests upon. But I had something besides pastoral pictures to think about, for my brake bands were getting darned thin, so thin that I hated to think about them, and still was obliged to, for when I stopped to tighten them I found that there wasn't anything left to tighten. I had known that they were thin, but had hoped that they would last until I reached Springfield, Oregon, where I planned to spend a few days and would have time to replace them.

The map, however, had not shown all of these mountains, with the prodigious climbs and corresponding drops, to play havoc with the bands, in a country where towns and garages are far apart. There was nothing to do, apparently, but to keep on and hope for the best. There is a story of an Irishman who fell off a 20-story building. The boss stuck his head out of a fourth-story window and yelled, "Look out, Pat; you'll get hurt." "Faith," says Paddy, "I'm all right so far." And that was my case as I bucked those frightful hills and slid down the endless declivities of that infernal road with my break band weakening at every jump. My emergency brake wouldn't hold a pound but still, with much contriving, I managed to go ahead or hold back in all emergencies and finally plunged headlong down the last grade and stopped with a bump near a little camp ground in the outskirts of Wolf Creek.

The proprietor of the camp ground sizing me up as a prospective customer, ambled out into the road to interview me. "Looking for a place to camp?" he queried. "Just that." "Drive in and make yourself at home." "Is there a garage in the neighborhood?" I asked "Right across the road. Mighty good man, too. There he comes now." I stopped the garage man and arranged with him to take Lizzie in hand the first thing in the morning. I managed to get onto the camp ground, unload my equipment and start for the garage. I got in all right, but didn't stop until I hit the rear wall, and it was a good thing that it was well braced or Lizzie and I would have landed in the chilly waters of Wolf Creek, out back.

The Wolf Creek camp grounds had a pair of mountain lions in a pen, a card on the outside stating that they were about six weeks old when captured west of Grant's Pass, August 1st, 1925. They were big fellows now, and as they lay in the straw they looked as pleasant and benign as any old house cats. While I was looking at them the Pickwick Stage, a big bus running between Portland and southern points, drew up in front and the passengers got out and came over to see the cats. Some of the ladies wanted to see them on their feet, so one of the masculine passengers undertook to get them up. Taking a long-handled shovel which was leaning against the cage, he stuck the handle through the wire netting and pocked one of the cats with it, whereupon the big fellow, clasping the shovel handle in his immense paws, blissfully closed his eyes like a playful kitten. A barrel of rolled oats stood next the cage, presumably a part of the lions' rations. Failing to rouse the lion with the shovel, the man threw a handful of oats into the cage and the effect

was electrical. With a spit and a snarl the big cat was on his feet in a flash and hurled himself at the man from the Pickwick Stage. Fortunately the wire mesh was strong enough to hold him, but there was nothing in his conduct suggesting that inherent fear of man which some people insist is the heritage of all members of the cat family.

The garage man was as good as his word and shortly after noon the following day I bade adieu to Wolf Creek and resumed my journey to Springfield, Oregon, which was to be my next stopping place. Springfield is a sleepy little place with about two thousand inhabitants, located in the famed Willamette Valley. It is evidently an old place, and possibly was once of more importance, but it is across the river and a half mile off the Pacific Highway, where the north and south traffic rolls past and never gives it a look. It is, moreover, within three miles of Eugene, a bustling place of fifteen thousand people, which in size and importance obscures its smaller neighbor. Springfield has a municipal camp ground, down near the shore of the placid Willamette River, a shady spot with water and all necessary accommodations, and there I pitched my tent.

There were no chess players in Springfield, so far as I could learn, but an ex-service man operated a bowling alley, a lively little place with much going on, and there I passed a part of my spare time during my stay in the city. The boys and young fellows frequenting the place were a plain, wholesome-looking lot, and the approved costume of those from sixteen to twenty consisted of a sweater or sport shirt and a pair of blue overalls. It is my conclusion that where overalls are worn for evening

dress money is not as plentiful as it is in Connecticut. One morning when I had been working on Lizzie and started to enter the tent I discovered that I had company. A snail was just going in and two others were sitting by the stove. At any rate they looked like snails, though they were larger than any snails I had ever seen, at least three inches long and the size of a hoe handle. If they were of the edible variety, they certainly had good nerve to walk in just before breakfast and take a seat by the cook stove.

The morning of April 3rd, on which I planned to leave Springfield, was rainy and as it rained the remainder of the day and the following morning, I did not get away until the afternoon of the 4th. The Dalles, Oregon, was to be my next stopping place, and the road for the first one hundred and twenty miles lay down the Willamette Valley.

At Albany, a thriving place of about seven thousand inhabitants, located some fifty miles from Springfield, I stopped to look up some former Winsted residents, and was so pleasantly entertained that I stayed over until Tuesday morning. Spring had unmistakably arrived. People were mowing their lawns, lilacs and some roses were in bloom and the fruit trees were loaded with blossoms. In the gardens potatoes and peas were several inches above ground, with lettuce, radishes and onions coming strong.

In California and along the Pacific coast the filling stations are operated by the oil companies, and the men in charge wear uniforms. As an example, the employees of the Standard Oil Company of California wear white duck suits and white caps. Nowhere in my travels have

I found filling station men more attentive or more disposed to serve the public. They not only supply your needs as far as gas and oil are concerned but they see that your radiator is full, they polish off your windshield and in a variety of ways show that they are completely at your service.

During my stay in Albany I camped back of a Shell Union filling station on the Pacific Highway. Tuesday morning I broke camp and took the road, with Lizzie in high spirits. Shortly after noon I passed through Portland, a city which estimates its population at three hundred fifty thousand, and somewhat later struck the Columbia River Highway and headed east. The Columbia River Highway is a very popular route and a great scenic highway, with all of the spectacular features which belong to such a thoroughfare. At Crown Point it is eleven hundred feet above the river and commands a wonderful view in every direction. There are tunnels cutting through sections of the mountain, long winding declines where the road drops hundreds of feet, long spiral climbs where it rises to higher elevations, hairpin turns and figure 8's and places where five or six tiers of highway lie one above another on the mountain side.

I had still fifty miles to cover to reach The Dalles when darkness began to settle down, so I started looking for a place to camp. On such a road camp sites are few. The highway is wide, but it takes up all of the level space. In old times a road adapted itself to the contour of the country and there was no difficulty in getting off at the side, but these modern roads pay little attention to the general level of the land, and getting off is more of a problem. At last I came to where two large pine trees stood beside

the road, and between the trees was a space forty feet long, extending twenty feet outside of the concrete and here I pitched my tent. There was a heavy forest on either side of the road and a hundred feet below me through the trees I could see the swirling waters of the mighty Columbia. There was not a house or a building of any sort in sight. Fifty feet below me and between my camp and the river was a branch line of the Union Pacific. Two or three trains passing in the night and an occasional auto whirling past on the highway were the only sounds to disturb the solitude.

In the forenoon I reached The Dalles, a place of about five thousand inhabitants. The Dalles takes its name from Fort Dalles, which was the first post established in Oregon and dates back to 1850. The old fort is still standing on a hill several blocks from the center, but with houses all around. As a fort its appearance was distinctly disappointing. It looked like a large, old unpainted house, with a huge stone chimney at either end.

There was a municipal camp ground some distance outside of the city, but the charges were high and the accommodations were not of the best, so it did not interest me. I have little use for city camp grounds, where you pay for the privilege of camping and get little for your money. So later in the day I strolled down to take a look at the river bottom lying between the railroad and the river.

Two men who looked like railroad men were going down the road. "Any place to camp down this way?" I asked. "Sure," said the older man, "a hundred acres and camp where you please." I did not assume that he had any authority, but I took him at his word, and, get-

ting Lizzie, drove down and pitched my tent in a clump of willows on the grassy river bottom.

I left The Dalles the morning of April 10th. There was a red sunrise, which did not promise well for the weather, and before I got the tent down it began raining, whereupon I suspended operations and waited for clearer skies. Heavy black clouds obscured the sun and for a time it looked very threatening, but a little later it stopped raining and I pulled down the tent and started for Spokane, Wash., three hundred and fifty miles distant.

I passed through Arlington, Umatilla and Pendleton and camped that night about fifteen miles south of Walla Walla, Washington. They were oiling a stretch of road fifteen miles long near Arlington and in consequence I got a fine dose of oil there. The mud guards over the rear wheels had been digging into my new puncture-proof tires and to save the tires I took the guards off in California. In consequence Lizzie had no protection from the oil and when she got through she was plastered from top to toe. Darkness was approaching as I drew near the Washington-Oregon state line and camping places were not numerous. Coming at length to where the road climbed a tremendously long hill, I saw a place where the grading extended twenty feet on one side of the concrete, and driving Lizzie well out of the road I proceeded to make camp. This was in the wheat belt, a fertile-looking land which compared favorably with anything I had seen. High, well-rounded hills without a tree, bush or rock to mar their beauty, green with growing wheat, stretched away as far as the eye could reach. These were evidently large farms, for the houses and buildings were widely separated.

The next morning I drove through Walla Walla, Wash., a prosperous looking place of twenty-five thousand people. In the forenoon I overtook a man with a suitcase and offered him a ride. I do not make a practice of taking on passengers, for it is not a prudent thing for a man traveling alone to do, and as I am camping, if Lizzie broke down I should have a boarder and lodger of uncertain status on my hands. This section is overrun with tramps and hoboes, and I laugh when I think of one long-legged pedestrian I took pity on and invited to ride after leaving Red Bluff, and found after I had landed him that I had hooked an old rounder who was willing to share my bed and board and ride with me to the end of time. This man with the suitcase, I persuaded myself, couldn't be a hobo, but after he had ridden with me a few miles I couldn't be so sure. When he learned that I was headed for Spokane, he announced that he was going to Spokane, too, though I was sure that originally he had no such intention.

It had not been my intention to reach Spokane that night, but it started to rain a slow drizzle, and I stepped on the gas. I couldn't decently unload my passenger in the rain, and that being the case the only other alternatives were to reach Spokane or put him up for the night. By steady plugging we reached the outskirts of Spokane just before dark and as we were crossing a bridge I noticed a place at one end of the structure which appealed to me as a camp site. It was a narrow strip of grass-land with a high cliff on one side of it and the river thirty feet below on the other. I did not stop, however, but drove up to a filling station a few rods beyond the bridge to inquire. The man said that there was a municipal

camp ground further along in the city, but many people camped across the bridge. That was enough for me and I hurried back to the car, telling my passenger that I was going back and pitch my tent by the cliff. He insisted on returning with me to help make camp, and I surmised that he was planning to spend the night with me, but after helping me pitch the tent and unload, he thanked me for the ride, gathered up his luggage and took his departure.

The rain which had been falling steadily while we were pitching the tent increased in volume until it was a regular downpour before all of the equipment was inside, but after the tent is up, let it rain as hard as it may, the camper is not disturbed by such trifles.

Spokane is an up-to-date city, with a population of one hundred thousand. The name was originally Spokane Falls, and the falls on the Spokane River in the center of the city are a very pretty sight, not as imposing as Niagara, by any means, but with a very attractive display of white water.

The week of my stay in Spokane was "clean-up week," and it was ushered in Monday by a parade. In front was a platoon of mounted police, back of them was the hook and ladder truck of the Spokane Fire Department, with a large and capable band riding on the ladders. This was followed by squads of men on foot carrying shovels, hoes and rakes and women armed with brooms or pushing carpet sweepers and vacuum cleaners, then a band of Scotch bagpipes and more delegations on foot, followed by a procession of automobiles.

There was one poor old girl on foot pushing a vacuum cleaner who excited my heartfelt commiseration. She

should have been presented with an iron cross. Limping and hobbling along in a pair of high-heeled slippers, two or three sizes too small for her, she was a sight to make angels weep, and I was fully prepared to see the agents of the humane society swoop down and remove her from the parade. Nothing of the kind occurred, however, and when the parade disappeared from view that patriotic old girl, with set jaw and glassy eye, was still hobbling along and shucking that vacuum cleaner over the pavement.

Washington is the fortieth state that I have camped in, and when Lizzie and I cross Wisconsin and enter northern Michigan the number will be forty-eight. Michigan is Lizzie's home state. In Michigan she first saw the light of day. I will not say how many years ago, since no gentleman would advertise a lady's age in the paper. But it is a safe bet that few mortals of her tender years have traveled farther on their own feet or kicked up more dust than she has since the day Henry Ford led her out to the king's highway and dismissed her with his blessing.

On my run from The Dalles to Spokane, three hundred and fifty miles, I covered the distance in two days, which is as good as Lizzie has ever done, and considering her load and the general road conditions it must be rated as very satisfactory. To offset this, on my next lap, from Spokane to Butte, Mont., approximately four hundred and twenty-five miles, by the road I traveled, I was five and one-half days on the way and encountered as many setbacks as did Jonah in the Bible story.

It was this way: The A. A. A. of Spokane informed me that the main road east over the mountains by way

of Cour d'Alene, was impassable from snow and mud, and advised me to go by way of Sandpoint and Clark's Fork, Idaho. Sandpoint, which is not more than fifty miles from the Canadian border, is on Lake Pent d' Oreille (pronounce it to suit yourself), and is reached by a rickety wooden bridge more than two miles in length. This lake, I should say, is larger than Lake Champlain, though I am unable to give its exact dimensions. Leaving Sandpoint, the road swung to the north of the lake and was soon winding its way through a wild country with high, snow-capped mountain peaks on every side.

We passed through two or three widely-separated hamlets, one of which was appropriately named Hope, and along toward dark, after negotiating a frightful piece of road along the face of a cliff, where conditions were actually hair-raising, pulled into the little settlement of Clark's Fork, and camped on the public camp ground. There was one other party there that night, consisting of a man, his wife and two pretty little girls. They were having serious trouble with their Lizzie, but they opined that they knew what the trouble was, and as I was sure that I did not, I refrained from offering any suggestions. In that respect I believe that I am a model, for I am one of the few men living who does not think that he knows just what is the matter with a Ford whenever it goes on a strike.

The road to Butte follows up Clark's Fork River, a branch of the Columbia, several hundred miles in length. The following morning I took the river road, a rough thoroughfare, with many heavy grades and practically nothing in the way of road signs. Idaho and Montana apparently have not reached that state of civilization where road signs are deemed essential.

The country I was traveling through was as sparsely populated as one often finds. At Noxon I crossed the bridge to the other side of the river, which proved to be a serious mistake, though mistakes of that nature seem unavoidable in a country where road signs are minus and there is seldom anyone at the right point to furnish information. There had been a sawmill and logging job on that side of the river and the road was completely wrecked. It was late in the afternoon when I pulled into Thompson Falls and pitched my tent on the municipal camp ground, an exclusive and solitary tenant.

Before reaching Thompson Falls, I turned out in a narrow piece of road to let a touring car pass. A cross-eyed flapper with a frowsy bob, who occupied the rear seat, leaned out and surveyed us critically. Then she smirked and wagged her head dubiously as if we were the limit. Neither Lizzie nor I give a whoop whether the rest of the world likes the cut of our jib or not, but if that cross-eyed flapper was a member of my family I know I should cry myself to sleep. It is one of the merciful dispensations of Providence that we never know how funny we look to other people. I have seen a bunch of rubes congregated on a street corner or resting on a fence, wink and chortle and grin when Lizzie rolled past. But if such a bunch could be lassoed and placed on exhibition, audiences from Boston to San Francisco would laugh their heads off and pay good money for the privilege.

From my camp I could hear the booming of the falls and in the morning I strolled down through the lots to look them over. On the way I noted several flowers which were new to me, among which were vines with

large blue bells and peeping through the leaves pink and white flowers resembling trailing arbutus.

Stopping in town for a glass of coca cola, I asked for ice in it, and was told that they had no ice. Later, in another town, I asked for ice with the same result. "What is the reason that ice is so scarce in this region?" I inquired, and was told that the weather was not cold enough the past winter to freeze ice. Think of that in Montana, and not far from the Canadian border! "But," I protested, "we are always reading about the thermometer registering 30 or 40 below zero in Montana." "Oh, that is in eastern Montana, east of the Rocky Mountains," they assured me. It is unfortunate that some of us can be depended upon to laugh when we shouldn't, but what can be done about it?

The Lion's Club is a very progressive and public-spirited institution in the west. It provides camp grounds for the tourists and in many ways shows its good will and helpful disposition. But I never see one of the frequent signs along the highway, "Save a Child. The Lions' Club," but I feel very hilarious, and I seem to see a big African cat looking fondly at a fat juicy youngster.

After leaving Thompson Falls and passing through a city calling itself Plains, I made another wrong turn, which took us through a hillier country and miles out of our way.

It was one of the roads to Missoula, where I was going, but not the road I should have taken, and it led through the Flathead Reservation. Along in the afternoon I came to a fork in the road, with nothing to indicate the proper course, and while I was speculating on which road to take I sighted an Indian shack some distance ahead of

me. An Indian of about twenty-five or thirty answered my summons. He was a bright-looking fellow, about the color of a mulatto, and spoke very good English. I have forgotten to mention the Indians before, but all through these states they are fairly conspicuous—Indian girls, gay young bucks, sober-looking old squaws and old Indian farmers in rickety rigs, with small, unruly pigtails sticking out from under their hats. Taking the road which the Indian recommended, I rolled and bumped down a succession of long hills and finally came out in an open farming country.

A loose connecting rod was making considerable clatter, so I stopped at a wayside garage to have it fixed. The mechanic went to work promptly and had the job nearly completed when the school bell rang. It was four o'clock, and as he had the contract for transporting the school children, he promptly knocked off work on Lizzie and got out his bus to take his charges home. That was the last I saw of him for an hour and a half, but eventually he arrived and completed his task, and I took the road again.

I arrived at Permos just before dark and learned that I was only fifty miles from my starting point in the morning. I camped just east of the town and the next day about noon rode into Missoula, a neat-looking city of about fifteen thousand people. In the early afternoon I pulled out of Missoula and headed for Butte, one hundred and forty miles distant. I had covered about forty miles, the road was fine and Lizzie seemed to be at her best, when without any warning, she stopped dead in the road and refused to budge.

After working on her about an hour, I hailed two

fellows passing on a motorcycle, and they exhausted their resources without result. At last, unwilling to hinder them longer, I got them to help me push the old girl two hundred feet along the road to a place where there was just room to park her, and made preparations to camp there. By shoving one end of the tent up into the bushes, I contrived to set it up back of Lizzie without having it out in the highway. Along in the evening I heard a horse clattering along the road and realizing that here was an opportunity to learn of the whereabouts of the nearest garage, I sprang out of the tent so abruptly that I nearly upset horse and rider. The man, after he had succeeded in quieting his steed, informed me that the nearest garage was about three miles farther on, and I decided that I would use my persuasive powers on Lizzie again in the morning, and failing, take a little jaunt in quest of help.

Meeting with no better success in the morning, I walked to the garage, where I found the proprietor down in a forty foot well engaged in improving his water supply. On learning of my arrival he came to the top and after a little delay occasioned by arranging the work for his helpers, he took me in his small Ford and started for the recalcitrant Lizzie. He located the trouble in a coil box where some of the wiring had become unsoldered, and contrived to splice the wires so the car would run, and we pulled down the tent, loaded the equipment and drove to the garage. There I was delayed until well into the afternoon, hindered by frequent interruptions, and finally by the arrival of two men whose car had been wrecked, which necessitated towing it in.

When I did get started it was late in the day and as the

road became rougher the farther I went I did not try to reach Butte that night, but camped a few miles east of Deer Lodge, on a little triangular green where a road turned off to the north. I had been climbing ever since leaving Spokane and the elevation was marked by a lower temperature. Snow-covered mountains were in sight in every direction, the wind was keen and bitter, the grass was winter killed, no flowers were in blossom and the trees were only budded. It was about dark when I stopped to camp and then I discovered that I had lost one of my tent poles. There was no wood in sight where I could cut one, but I finally managed to extract two old nails from my surplus lumber and by nailing two boards together I managed to pitch the tent. To the right of the road and apparently not more than two or three miles away, although it was actually nearer ten, the lights of the city of Anaconda twinkled in the frosty air.

Later in the evening a storm arrived with little warning. There was a terrific wind, followed by rain, and before I realized the change the tent was staggering under a load of wet snow. How cold it seemed after my several weeks' sojourn in spring and summer temperature!

The next morning was clear but cold and windy. It was the first time in weeks that I had worn a heavy coat, and I would have put on two if they had been available. During the forenoon I pulled into Butte, a place of about forty thousand inhabitants. Butte is set on the side of a mountain in a semi-vertical position. You are going up or coming down most of the time. It is a shabby, dirty disreputable-looking old mining town, highly unionized, but lacking in the neatness which characterizes most western cities.

There are many fine buildings and some attractive streets, but interspersed are streets poorly paved or with no paving whatever, buildings uncompleted and buildings partially destroyed, remains of old theaters and dance halls and uncollected refuse and rubbish in the gutters. But in spite of all this the richest hill in the world is said to be in Butte.

The municipal camp ground was closed, but I finally found quarters in the back yard of a garage on the Yellowstone Trail, about two miles east of the city. There were no other tenants when I pitched my tent, but during the next half hour four other cars drove in and it resolved itself into a busy place. That was an exceedingly cold and boisterous night and the old sheet iron stove did valiant service, for during the evening I entertained two women and several children in the cheerful glow, while the men were pitching tents and getting fires started.

It was my intention to make an early start on the Saturday morning of my departure, but fate was against me. In the first place I knocked over my glasses when I turned out, which necessitated my going to town to have them repaired and getting back Lizzie developed a balky spell which further delayed our departure.

Billings, Mont., three hundred and fifty miles distant, was my next objective. Fourteen miles east of Butte I crossed Pipestone Pass, the continental divide, elevation 6,495 feet, and a hundred miles farther east the road crossed Bozeman Pass, which is a few hundred feet lower. These passes seem like very trifling affairs in point of elevation when compared with the passes of Colorado, which are 10,000 and 12,000 feet above sea level. It was

my intention when I reached Livingstone, one hundred and forty miles from Butte, to turn south and head for Wyoming. This would necessitate a run of one hundred and twenty miles extra, but it seemed to be my best plan for camping in that state.

But when I reached Livingstone, I found that deep snow, which had kept me out of the Yosemite National Park, would keep me from entering the Yellowstone Park or the state of Wyoming at this point.

"What became of Bimbo? Did he ever come back?" asks Anxious Enquirer. Bimbo never came back, and was never heard from afterward. In which case it appears that he is entitled to share first honors for a perfect fadeaway with Charlie Ross and Dan McCinty.

CHAPTER XIV

The Yellowstone Trail

Finding that I could not reach Wyoming by turning off at Livingstone because of deep snow, it was clearly my best course to proceed to Billings, Mont., and undertake to reach the state from that vicinity. With that point settled, I resumed my journey on the Yellowstone Trail, which I had been following since leaving Missoula, and which was to be my road for fourteen hundred miles to Hudson, Wisconsin.

Nothing gives the autoist traveling through a strange country greater confidence than to be following a well-marked highway. Those bright yellow bands on the poles, with arrowhead pointing toward the park and yellow stones placed beside the road in regions remote from civilization, were, to quote Fitz Greene Halleck:

"Welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land."

The roads of Montana were wide and well graded, but most of them were exceedingly rough, and there were few concrete roads in the state, outside of the cities.

It is a striking fact that over a wide area of the United States, including states as far removed as Montana, Arizona and Iowa, the dirt roads possess certain characteristics in common, differing essentially from similar roads in New England. After they have been wet they bake to a flinty hardness and the traffic polishes them as glossy as concrete. Unfortunately when they

are wet they become rutted and rough and when they dry out are decidedly uneven. At such times a little scraping would have a very beneficial effect. It is characteristic of these roads that there is very little dust. They are either dry and hard or wet and soft.

I camped that night on a grassy hillside a few miles east of Livingstone. On that day's run I lost two tent poles, so before making camp it was necessary for me to provide something to take their place. I finally cut two poles down on the river bank. They were soft and crooked, but they did the work.

The next morning was somewhat warmer, though it was still quite windy and the road became worse instead of better until I was within twenty miles of Billings, when I struck a gravel highway which was a decided improvement. It was late in the afternoon when I pulled into Billings, a place of fifteen thousand inhabitants, got my mail and made inquiries about a camp ground. There was a municipal camp ground located five or six blocks east of the postoffice and there I went in search of the glad hand. Finding the grounds closed, I pitched my tent back of a billboard across the street, and it proved to be a very satisfactory location.

Learning that I could reach Wyoming from Billings, with a round trip of one hundred and seventy miles, I pulled down my tent Thursday morning and headed south. My road was the B. C. Way (Billings-Cody) and all went well until afternoon, when I got stuck going up a canyon. Lizzie had been going fine until she reached this place where there was a terrific grade, with the road badly rutted, and here she stopped.

The day was intolerably hot and I worked and sweat

for nearly two hours before I got under way. It was a nasty place, too narrow to maneuver, and on a side hill where the landscape fell off a hundred feet on one side. I finally backed her down a dozen rods and got over into a smoother rut, and when we got under way that time she just managed to go over the top. I passed through Bowler, which consisted of a filling station and store; through Warren, which was somewhat larger, and about three o'clock reached Frannie, Wyoming. I would not have gone to Frannie, for I knew that the line was three or four miles north of the town, but I did not know just where it was and went into town to inquire.

Before it turned dark I started back toward Billings and camped just inside of Wyoming. The next morning I stopped at Warren to ask if the road I had followed was the best road to Billings, and was told it was not. "Turn left and follow the railroad," said my informant. "But isn't the road through Bowler the B. C. way," I asked. "It was the old B. C. way, but all the travel now goes by way of the railroad." That suited me for I had no love for that road through the canyon. It looked like an old one, and a B. C. at that.

I reached Billings a little after noon. On the way I saw a young woman, scarcely more than a girl, riding a wheel harrow, driving four horses and holding a baby at the same time. While tractors are employed to a considerable extent, one is struck by the number of horses used in various operations. Four horses hitched up abreast is the usual thing in farm work and one often sees two or three teams of that number in a single field. I met a road scraper drawn by eight horses, four abreast, on my way to Billings.

Reaching Billings, I went back to my old camp near the billboard. The next morning I pulled out for Marmarth, N. D., three hundred and seventeen miles distant. I camped that night beside the road a few miles east of Forsythe. I had been told by a drummer who shared the camp ground back of the billboard with me one night that the Yellowstone Trail east of Forsythe was in bad shape and I would do better to cross the river just east of the town and stay on that side until I reached Miles City, some fifty miles distant. This I did, and got along fairly well until I reached a point between Miles City and Terry. A new piece of road had been completed by filling in a hollow where formerly the road followed the contour of the landscape. The new road looked sandy and soft, so I chose the original highway, which proved to be an unfortunate choice, for it was a regular sand wallow and before I knew it I was in all over.

After struggling vainly to go through I tried backing and managed to back onto firmer ground. But the real struggle came when I tried to get back onto the main highway. Several times I headed into the sand and was making some progress when the rear axle broke. That was a nice state of affairs Terry was the nearest place, and Terry was nine miles away. Fixing things in shape to leave, I put on my coat and started for town. After I had walked a mile or so I was picked up by a car containing four gay young fellows and landed in Terry. When I reached the Ford service station the young fellow in charge, evidently a temporary man, opined that they wouldn't be able to do anything for me until the next day. It seemed that there was a ball game that afternoon between Terry and Miles City clubs and every-

body was at the game. Another garage was in about the same situation, but the man in charge thought that they might be able to tow Lizzie in after the game was over.

My preference was the Ford service station. Along about 5:30 the boss, whose name was Claude, came back from the ball game, and hearing my story, decided that he would go out right away. He had a notion that his Ford roadster would pull Lizzie out of the sand in double quick time. Taking another man whose name was "Bill" and a long tow line, we started. When we reached the sand pit Claude hooked onto Lizzie's rear axle and pulled her back onto solid ground. Then we transferred Lizzie's load to the little Ford, which had a truck body, and he hooked on in front and started, the rest of us boosting. It was his intention, as I understood it, to pull her across the main road onto a level tract covered with sage brush, swing around in a large circle and coming back onto the main road, undertake to go up the hill. But when he had crossed the road he kept going straight ahead up an old trail which led out of sight behind the big hill. The other man, who was in front, jumped on the running board and in a moment they were out of sight.

Suddenly the sound of the motor ceased and then I could hear them laughing as if they were having the time of their lives. I started up the trail, and when I had rounded the hill the two men were sitting on the grass. Lizzie had keeled over on one side and one rear wheel was a hundred feet down the trail. Claude was an old hand, and things like that were meat and drink to him. We jacked Lizzie up, put on the wheel and hung one of my tent poles outside of it to keep it on. That time we

had gone about two miles when the rope holding the pole broke and the wheel came off again. Claude and his understudy were a gay pair and they had more fun with Lizzie than two kids at a circus. After we had fixed her up and ran a mile or two more we came to the top of a steep and very crooked hill, with a little bridge on one of the turns.

"I am going to unhook you here and let you go down alone," Claude announced. There wasn't a brake of any description working on Lizzie and I didn't relish the idea of running her down that hill at full speed. "I don't care for the job either," said Bill very promptly. "Since you fellows are so yellow it looks as if I would have to run her down myself," said Claude. He sent Bill along in the roadster and told him to go well up on the hill beyond the bridge. "Hold her back as long as you can," he shouted to me, and he was off. Down the hill Lizzie went, pitching, bounding and cavorting like a colt ahead of a band. She swung around the curves like a racer, struck the little bridge with a crash, shot across it like a rocket and went up the hill nearly to the roadster, then she stopped and, slowly gathering momentum, rolled back down the hill to the bridge. "Pleasantest ride of my life. I wonder that you fellows would pass up such a chance," said Claude as he got out.

When we got within three miles of town the wheel came off again. It was nearly dark, and as there was ample space to camp beside the road, I had them set my things off and I camped there, leaving them to take Lizzie to the garage. Just as they were starting I thought of my tent pole, which they were still using to keep the wheel on, but they wouldn't stop. "Nail a couple of

boards together. Just as good," was the last thing I heard. I managed to get the tent up minus the ridgepole, and by propping up the center with two or three boards got along. The next morning I walked to town, and as it was nearer cross lots I abandoned the road. On the way I startled two jack rabbits. How those old boys can run. With ears pointing straight ahead, they look to be four feet off the ground, as large as small deer, and they run as if running were a pleasure.

Lizzie had been in need of repairs for several months and now that she was in the garage I decided that it was a good time to put her in ship shape. In consequence it was late in the afternoon when the work was finished and I started for camp. It was too late to expect to go very far, but I decided to break camp and make a start at least. When I had covered a few miles I came to a place where the road dropped into a hollow to cross a river and the hill beyond the bridge was so steep and sandy that Lizzie couldn't make it, and we were hung up there for some time. In the end a car from Los Angeles, containing two men and two women, came along and the men helped me get started.

At Fallon the Yellowstone Trail and the National Park Highway separate. I was following the Yellowstone Trail, since that route led through North and South Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin without any detours or retraces.

I camped that night beside the road east of Fallon and started the next morning on the final lap of my run to Marmarth, N. D. I got away to a good start and was reeling the miles right off when Lizzie came to a sandy hill which was a little beyond her capacity. Fortunately

after I had exhausted all of my resources, a farmer came along with a pair of horses and, hooking them on, pulled us up to the top.

The rest of the run to Marmarth was uneventful. I reached there in the afternoon, got my mail and, crossing the bridge over the Little Missouri River at the eastern edge of the town, pitched my tent under a large tree on the river bank. Marmarth, a place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, lies on the border of the bad lands, at the end of a branch line of railway. The weather turned bad during my stay there. A cold rain, accompanied by a high wind, made things raw and disagreeable and it was several days before the sky cleared.

In consequence I stayed in Marmarth two or three days longer than I expected. I say two or three because I supposed that I pulled out on Monday morning, but somewhere I lost a day that I could never account for, and it may be that I did not leave until Tuesday. In any case, while I was detained there I got in with a bunch of chess players and enjoyed several very satisfactory sessions. One day as I was crossing the bridge on my way to town I came up with a boy who was trying to mount a gray bronco. The boy was trying to get his steed to stand near the side of the bridge so he could get on his back and the bronco, with characteristic perverseness, was determined to stand out in the roadway. Taking a hand, I succeeded in getting the boy on his back. Just then an auto came along from behind and the bronco braced himself and stood like a piece of statuary. Then as the car drew nearer he went through a few evolutions not down on the program, winding up by standing up on his hind legs three times in succession.

The third time he leaned so far backward that I expected he would fall on the boy, but instead the youngster slid deftly over his tail, and much to my relief that ended the exhibition.

In my travels, though I do my own cooking, I patronize restaurants frequently enough to be able to contrast the methods and practices in vogue in different sections of the country. In some sections no potatoes are served with short orders. In some your dinner is served on a platter. Some restaurants are liberal with meat, others with vegetables, bread or sugar, as the case may be, but from the Atlantic to the Pacific they are all parsimonious with butter. They may serve two, three or four slices of bread with an order, but the butter which accompanies it will not decently spread more than one slice. I have heard of waiters and restaurant proprietors who could carry nine and ten cups of coffee at a time and perform other remarkable feats, but I have never heard of one who could butter three slices of bread with that insignificant shaving of butter which accompanies an order, a shaving so thin that nothing less than a micrometer caliper could ever determine its thickness and so unobtrusive that a pair of high-power glasses is often necessary to locate it on the table.

The night after leaving Marmarth I camped beside the road a few miles east of White Butte, S. D. It was a lonely spot, with an unoccupied shanty across the way, the doors standing wide open. Back of my tent was a railroad on which an occasional train passed with thunderous clamor.

It was the next forenoon, while I was on my way, that I had a new experience. I was driving peacefully along,

viewing the landscape and thinking of nothing in particular, when I became conscious that there was considerable smoke around the car. Since smoking has become popular among the ladies, Lizzie has acquired the habit, and in any case a little smoke is not unusual in the best of regulated families. Still as the smoke continued and seemed to increase in volume, I investigated and found that Lizzie was on fire. The cushion and the adjacent woodwork was blazing. Bringing her to a stop, I threw the cushion on the ground and undertook to beat out the flames with my hands. A brisk wind was blowing and the fire in the cushion and the blaze in the side of the car gathered headway in spite of my efforts. At this juncture I fell back on the milk can, and a few dippers of water brought the fire under control. The damage proved to be slight and in a short space of time we were on our way again.

In the late afternoon we crossed the Missouri River and entered Mobridge, S. D. The origin of the name of the town is interesting. Mobridge, interpreted, means Missouri bridge, and as the bridge was there and signs directing to it, before the town arrived, when the town came it was promptly called Mobridge. I had been told that before I reached Mobridge I would strike a fine gravel road, which would continue to Aberdeen, my next stopping place. I struck it, and it was gravel all right, but it did not measure up to my expectations, being so new and soft that it was all Lizzie could do to wallow through on a level and more than she could do when she came to a hill. We got stuck on one hill and stayed there until a fellow came along and offered to give us a tow. We didn't have a tow rope between us but he hooked

on with my tire chains and got us to the top in short order.

Those tire chains were the same pair I carried over my shoulder one January morning in 1925 when I set out from the Greenhorn store, thirty miles south of Pueblo, to rescue Lizzie who was stuck in a snow bank.

I had a little trouble in the gravel west of Mobridge and I camped that night on a hill about two miles east of the center.

The next morning, finding that Lizzie had burned out a connecting rod bearing, I left my tent set up and drove back to Mobridge for repairs, in consequence I made such a late start I did not reach Aberdeen that night. The next forenoon I pulled into the city, a place of about fifteen thousand people, and after getting my mail and a few supplies located a camp ground on the Yellowstone Trail, in the eastern outskirts of the city. I was the only person on the camp ground during my two days' stay in Aberdeen and found it a very pleasant and quiet place.

Leaving Aberdeen on Saturday morning, I crossed the line into Minnesota late in the day and camped that night in a triangular space where three roads came together a few miles east of Ortonville. It seemed to be a busy spot and the traffic was unusually heavy.

The next morning Lizzie blew out a small fragment of the cylinder head gasket. It was nothing of consequence, but as a result she developed a playful spit, which, while it was not very audible, had a most extraordinary effect on the horses we encountered on the road. Some of them stood on their hind legs as Lizzie drew near and others tried to go over the fence. After a few interesting experiences, I regulated Lizzie's speed by watching the horses'

ears. When a horse's ears went up, I found it was time to lay off and throttle her down. My regular course of procedure when I saw a horse, or a pair, ahead of me was to get Lizzie going fast enough before the ears went up to coast past, and usually it worked like a charm.

That night I camped beside a railroad crossing where the Chicago and Northwestern trains roared past at frequent intervals.

I was now within twenty-five miles of the twin cities, as Minneapolis and St. Paul are always designated in this section. I found that I could skip Minneapolis, but it was necessary for me to go through St. Paul in order to reach Hudson, Wis., my next stopping place. I passed through St. Paul and about noon reached the toll bridge over the St. Croix River and entered Hudson, a place of about three thousand population.

In the afternoon I drove to the public camp ground, a sightly place, high on a hill, overlooking the town and the St. Croix River. The first thing I did when I reached the camp ground was to take note of the luxuriant crop of dandelions everywhere in evidence, and the result was that I made a quick trip to town, invested in a chunk of fat pork and had greens and pork for supper.

The Hudson camp ground is a pretty place, in an oak grove, and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The trees were putting on foliage, the lilacs were in blossom and dandelions, blue violets and columbine filled the grass surrounding my tent.

On the morning after my arrival, as I sat on a stump admiring the scene, a large red-headed woodpecker was drumming on a nearby tree and thirty feet ahead of me on the limb of a small oak one of the largest gray squir-

rels I have ever seen whisked his bushy tail and studied me intently.

Another spell, with high winds, seemed destined to delay my departure from Hudson, as it had from Marmarth, and even the night before, the weather looked very dubious. But the next morning was clear and sunny, though the atmosphere was decidedly chilly, so I turned out in good season and prepared to take the road. My next stopping place was to be Watersmeet, Mich., two hundred and seventy miles distant, and though I had to change from one road to another, with numerous turns and cross angles, I got along fine and had covered more than half the distance before I began to think of camping.

As has happened before, it was hard to find a suitable place to camp, and when darkness settled down I was still straining my eyes looking for a spot to pitch my tent. About this time Lizzie gave a lurch and came to a dead stop. I got out and looked things over. There had been a mud hole at that point and the scraper had neatly covered it over with sand and gravel. Three wheels were on solid ground, but one rear wheel had gone in out of sight. I got in and tried her ahead and back, but it was no go. She was anchored there until that wheel was raised or she was dragged out. There were three or four farm houses in sight and I went to the nearest one. A girl who answered my knock said that the boys had gone to town, but I might find someone at the next place. At the next house there was nobody home, so I turned my steps in the direction of the other farm houses, which were in the opposite direction.

It was now too dark for an unlighted car to be on the

road, and Lizzie was in the middle of the highway. As I hurried along I formulated plans as to what I should do in case I could not get reinforcements at the nearby houses. First, hang out a lantern; then consider the prospects for camping. There was no place to pitch the tent, but I could get out my blankets and sleep beside the road. I could even set up the stove in the ditch or back of Lizzie and cook my evening meal. At this point a young fellow in a runabout came along and gave me a lift. At the first place, a neat house with a prosperous-looking barn (in the west it is the barn instead of the house which tells the story) I found the farmer eating his supper. When I had told of my mishap, he said, rather shortly, that he had just unharnessed his horses, which I was afraid meant that he would not help me. However, he invited me to join him at the table, which I did with many misgivings concerning Lizzie, and when we had finished he went to the barn and hitched up his team.

It was about eight o'clock when we reached the place where Lizzie was bogged, and try as we would we made no headway in getting her out until we unloaded her. Then the horses managed to drag her onto solid ground, and, replacing the load, we landed, about ten o'clock, in the farmer's dooryard, where I pitched my tent not far from his kitchen door. The next morning I put in a new cylinder head gasket to restore Lizzie's standing with horses and about ten o'clock was ready to take the road again. The farmer and his wife were very friendly and agreeable people, and it would be a pleasure to meet them at sometime in the future.

In the afternoon I pulled into Rhinelander and made a short stay. Rhinelander is the gateway to the northern

Wisconsin fishing country. Lakes of all sizes confront one at every turn. All along the highway are signs advertising the merits of the different camps. Sportsman's paradises, big bass resorts, bathing beaches, chicken and fish dinners and all of the attractions which vacationists are looking for. This is the great camping section of Wisconsin, which caters extensively to Chicago and more distant points. The fishing season had not opened, but there were signs of extensive preparation on every hand.

Late in the afternoon I passed through Eagle River, which is quite a famous resort, and camped that night beside the road about twenty miles south of the Michigan line. The next morning, after I had covered a few miles, Lizzie got stuck in the mud and it was an hour before I got her out onto solid ground. It was about ten o'clock when I passed through the village of State Line and an hour later pulled into Watersmeet, Mich., where I was to stop for a few days.

Watersmeet, which is a place of about five hundred inhabitants, takes its name from the fact that here is the divide from which the streams start in one direction for Lake Superior and in the other for the Mississippi. Watersmeet has a fine little tourist camp, which a sign announces is provided by Gogebec County. It is on a grassy knoll, shaded by poplar trees and right back of it in the brush is as fine a trout stream as you can find in a day's ride. When I drove onto that camp ground and pitched my tent, I was camping in my forty-eighth state, and Lizzie was back on the old home plantation.

On Washington's Birthday, I saw the trees turning green in Globe, Ariz., and here in Watersmeet, three months later, they were no further advanced. When I

reached Bakersfield, Cal., March 15th, I found the lilacs in blossom, and I had just about kept even with them as I traveled north and east. They were in blossom in St. Paul when I passed through the city May 20th, but I had beaten them to it at Watersmeet and was a week ahead of them at least.

I did not learn of the creek back of the camp ground until the first morning I started to go fishing, as it was down in the brush and not to be seen from a distance. A man in the town had told me that the Middle Branch, a half mile beyond the village, was a fair trout stream, so providing myself with a can of worms, although they were already using flies, I unlimbered my tackle and started for it. I figured that my nearest way to reach it was to go across lots and not go through town. Starting down the hill back of my tent, I had not proceeded far when I heard the sound of running water, and a moment later came in sight of a creek twenty feet wide, tumbling and rippling toward the Middle Branch.

The first time I threw in I caught an eight-inch trout and my third catch was a full twelve inches long. I had only succeded in finding three hooks and I had not been out long before I had snagged them all, but I took home half a dozen trout from eight to twelve inches in length and I was perfectly satisfied. That afternoon I picked and cooked another mess of dandelion greens, and the next morning, having secured a fresh supply of hooks, went down to the creek again. I did not stay long, but I brought back eight sizable trout with me and the only reason I did not bring more was that I had all I could use and it has never been my practice to catch fish just for the fun of catching them. During the remainder of my

stay in Watersmeet brook trout and dandelion greens were an important feature of the bill of fare.

Watersmeet is the name of the little Michigan hamlet where I spent the last week in May, and the name is appropriate without doubt, but if I am ever called upon to rechristen it it will go down through history as Mosquitoesmeet, for not in the twenty-three months I had been on the road have I stumbled on such a rallying place of the mosquito clan. Large, vicious and absolutely lawless, they circled about the little camp ground with the droning hum of distant airplanes and perched on the ridgepole of my tent in such numbers that I feared the roof would fall in. But mosquitoes are on the wrong track when they camp on my trail, for I am as near mosquito proof as human flesh is made, and when Lizzie and I bade farewell to the Watersmeet camp ground it was strewn with the remains of their bravest and best.

Lake Geneva, Wis., three hundred and twenty-five miles due south, was to be our next stopping place, and three hundred miles of the distance from Watersmeet to Fort Atkinson we were to follow highway 26. A simple proposition and easily accomplished it would seem, but you never can tell. A simple proposition is just as likely to put you on your back.

My purpose in going to Lake Geneva was due to the fact that Pauline, who accompanied me west in 1924, and Pollyanna, who rode as far as Niagara Falls with me in 1925, were due to arrive at Lake Geneva June 8th to spend the summer, and I, after my strenuous trip encircling the U. S. A., was stopping there for a visit and a much-needed rest.

The morning of May 29th, when I left the Watersmeet

camp ground and headed south was comfortable in point of temperature, but it did not promise uninterrupted fair weather. The first thirty miles was a retrace of the road I had followed to Watersmeet, and in due time I arrived at the mud hole which had held me up on my way north. I had hoped to find it a thing of the past, but it was still there and doing business. This time I approached it with becoming care and by a little maneuvering and much good luck plowed through it without stopping.

Reaching Eagle River, highway 26 turned off from the road I had followed north from Rhinelander, and I was in new country again. About this time it began to rain. The coils got wet and Lizzie kicked up a rumpus on a hill, which delayed proceedings considerably. But when she did reach the top she cut right loose and then nothing could hold her. Up hill and down, through mud and water she tore as if the old boy was after her. We had covered several miles and had reached a place where the mud was the softest and greasiest yet, when she began to fuss and finally stopped with the motor running. I concluded that the wheels were slipping and was getting ready to put on the chains when I discovered, to my dismay, that the rear axle was broken again, this time on the opposite side to the previous break. She was in the middle of the road, so in spite of the fact that it was raining briskly I got out and by no little cramping and more pushing managed to get her over close to the ditch. Getting out my map, I decided that I was about seventeen miles south of Eagle River and six miles north of Monico Junction, and while I studied the map the rain was coming down in torrents.

When the shower had subsided I put on my reefer and

started through the mud for Monico Junction. The road led through a swampy, desolate-looking country, with few signs of civilization. After I had traveled a mile or so to the accompaniment of another shower, a touring car containing two men picked me up. The rear of the car was already full of clothing and bedding, but on their assurance that I wouldn't hurt anything I crawled in and there I reclined with my feet as high as my head, but decidedly comfortable.

Monico Junction was a small place, with little in the way of a garage and nothing in the way of Ford axles. The owner of the only garage, who was also the proprietor of a general store, thought he could get an axle by the next day or the day after. He called in two other men and there was a free-for-all discussion, which did not get me anywhere. The final judgment was that I had better utilize the only telephone in town and try and get in touch with the blacksmith at Starks, a small place some ten miles distant.

This I did, but owing to the thunder shower, which still held the boards, I was unable to get either Starks or the nameless blacksmith, and after wasting an hour or more without result I gave up in disgust and started back on foot for the swamp which sheltered Lizzie.

It was late in the afternoon. My best course seemed to get back and make camp and in the morning I could walk to Starks, which was not more than four miles in the opposite direction. On the way I got a ride with a young couple and reached Lizzie considerably before dark. There was a fair place to camp about forty feet ahead of her. By jacking up one wheel which was in the mud, I managed with no little pushing and hauling to get

her up there and unloaded my goods and chattels. I lost no time in pitching the tent and getting supper for it would soon be dark and as Lizzie was in the road it would be necessary to hang out my only lantern as soon as it turned dark. In truth I was not reluctant to turn in early for I was tired from walking and pushing Lizzie through the mud, and as I was half wet through, the thought of rolling up in my blankets was decidedly pleasant.

I slept well that night though I was conscious of the rolling and crashing of thunder and the rattle of rain on the tent. It was clear and pleasant in the morning when I turned out, with the sun just coming up through the trees. This improved the outlook decidedly, though my camp was in a swamp where water stood in the ditches and mosquitoes were as plentiful as they had been in Watersmeet. For that matter much of northern Wisconsin seems to be wet, with much standing water along the highways. I lost no time in getting breakfast out of the way and by 6:30 was on my way to interview the blacksmith at Starks. According to my instructions I was to proceed north until I came to four corners, where county highway C crossed the road I was following, then turn to the left and follow highway C to Starks. The sun was intolerably hot despite the showers of the previous night and by the time I reached Starks, I was ready to sit in the shade. It was a small place boasting a railroad station, general store, blacksmith shop and a few houses.

I had some difficulty in locating the blacksmith, for he was not at the shop when I arrived, but in course of time he appeared and listened to my tale of woe. He could do nothing for me that day as he was going out of town, but

the following morning it might be that he could make the necessary repairs. At any rate he had the axle, which was one point in his favor, and before my departure I succeeded in getting a definite promise from him that he would come the first thing in the morning.

On the way back to camp I stopped where a man was getting a pail of water from a spring beside the road. The water was as cold as ice water, and the man was a sociable soul, which made a very pleasant combination.

After reaching camp I stuck around and fought mosquitoes the rest of the day. I considered the advisability of going fishing as there were several streams in the vicinity, but I had done considerable walking during the last twenty-four hours, and as the day was hot enough to make your hair curl, I prudently decided to take things easy.

The blacksmith came in his car about eight the next morning, bringing two boys and a dog with him. The boys, not more than twelve or fourteen years old, took the car and disappeared down the road and the dog, answering to the name of Teaser, started running rabbits. At intervals, we would hear Teaser barking and shortly after a rabbit would come loping up through the brush. About noon the blacksmith finished his work on Lizzie and departed and I set to work pulling down the tent and getting my goods aboard. When I was ready to start, Teaser, having tired of running rabbits, came back to see me off. Feeling some responsibility in the matter, I undertook to send Teaser home, but Teaser, unaccustomed to taking orders from me, refused to obey, and when I finally got under way he watched me out of sight. Lizzie was working fine and we rolled through

Monico Junction and the town to the south of it at a very pretty pace.

The day was warm and showery, and while it did not rain at this stage of proceedings there were shifting black clouds ahead which looked decidedly wet. We had covered about seventy miles since starting and everything was working fine when we reached a point where the road was covered by the water and mud left by a recent shower, and after a few miles of this we ran into the shower itself.

About this time the gears began grunting and grumbling in a way suggesting trouble, and the farther we went the noisier and more threatening the sound became. There was no town or place of refuge in sight and the road was a sea of mud. I therefore kept going in the hope of reaching a garage or camp ground before I was compelled to stop. We were going up a hill through a wood, with no signs of civilization in sight, when Lizzie gave a final wail of anguish and threw up the sponge. A little investigation disclosed that the housing was completely shattered and what other complications had developed could be only conjectured.

Well, there we were, and there it looked as if we would stay for a while. In the words of the song, "When you come to the end of a perfect day"—and if Lizzie and I hadn't actually arrived at the end of a perfect day, it at least looked as if we had reached the end of our rope. Sadly I got out in the pelting rain and pushed the old girl over onto her own side of the road; to get her off the road was out of the question. Owing to the depth of the ditches in this part of the world it is practically impossible to get off the road and get back on again. That

matter attended to, I turned my attention to the prospects for camping. The land on the side was higher than the road, with a four-strand wire fence enclosing the woodland, which, owing to the density of the trees, offered little in the way of camp sites.

At one place where the ground was more than rough there was just room to set up the tent between the trees, and there I pitched it, roping it to the tree trunks at the four corners. How it did rain while I was carrying my equipment up the bank and throwing it over the fence, a piece at a time. It was manifestly impossible to transport the three large chests containing my provisions, bedding and clothing across to the tent, but taking out such things as I needed, including the stove, milk can and two or three planks, I got them under cover as expeditiously as possible. When everything was in the tent, I split some kindlings and started a fire, and a little later sat down to a hot supper. As Lizzie was on the traveled portion of the highway it would again be necessary to hang out the lantern early, which was a sufficient reason for getting supper out of the way before dark and fixing things in readiness to turn in.

Not having the chests to sleep on, I put down two planks, spread my mattress and blankets on them and was ready for a night's repose. It rained steadily most of the night, I concluded by the way things looked in the morning, but it didn't disturb me any, I slept like a log. I was up early, breakfasted and carrying my equipment across the fence reloaded Lizzie. When everything was in ship shape I started south on highway 26 in quest of a town or at the very least a garage. It had partially cleared off and the walking was much better. A man I

met informed me that Tigerton was the next town, and about five miles distant. I didn't get a lift this time, but covered the distance square heel and toe.

I was pleased to find that Tigerton possessed a Ford service station and there I arrived shortly after reaching town. If there is anything that appeals to a garage it is getting out the wrecker and Tigerton garage was no exception. In double quick time they ran the big machine out like a fire truck starting for the latest outbreak. A bare-headed young buck, wearing one of the new style eye shades was at the wheel and we were on our way. That wrecker was a powerful machine, roaring like a lion in search of its prey, and the way it hit the road under the ministrations of that young bandit was a caution. Chickens, pigs and all forms of rural life started for tall timber when they heard the wrecker's voice. Past the slow-moving traffic of the road we whirled like the juggernaut of fate and with neatness and perfect control drew up beside the luckless Lizzie parked on the wooded side hill.

My young friend was a man of action and it did not take him long to decide that with the housing so badly broken it would be necessary to raise the rear wheels off the ground. Accordingly he hooked on the derrick and raised Lizzie off her feet. The highway was too narrow to turn around there so he whirled us up the road a half mile or more, with Lizzie trailing backwards, then around a little triangle at breakneck speed, and we were headed for town and the Ford service station—at least the wrecker was; Lizzie and I were still looking backward.

It was something after nine o'clock when the Tiger-

town wrecker delivered Lizzie and yours truly at the Ford service station, and yet so expeditiously did the Tigerton mechanics take the old girl in hand that before the noon whistle blew to knock off work they had her strutting around as proud as a peacock and even took me for a ride around the town to show me that she was her old self once more. Just as we had taken on gas, oil and water and were ready to hit the road again, a heavy shower propelled by a furious wind came down the pike and drove us under cover. After it was all over, or more explicitly, about one o'clock, we sallied forth following Highway 26 in the direction of Lake Geneva. That night I camped in Menominee Park, on the lake shore, in the city of Oshkosh. This is a large and handsome park with many acres of neatly mowed lawns, shaded by fine old trees.

A hundred yards from my tent in a conspicuous position was a large statue and in the morning I paid it a visit. It was a statue of Oshkosh, chief of the Menominees, who was evidently a redskin of prominence and for whom the city was named. The weather, which had been bad enough before, had had a relapse and this was the second day when it was almost unendurable. Masses of murky, seething clouds obscured the sun and the wind blew savagely and ceaselessly with no rest for the weary. The old tent tugged and strained at the guy ropes and the fire had intermittent spells of burning fiercely and filling the tent with smoke. After breakfast, as the wind showed no signs of abating, I decided to postpone my start until there was a change for the better, and started for town. I am not sure that there was any marked improvement in the weather while I was looking around

Oshkosh, but in any case my sight-seeing tour revived my courage to the extent that about ten o'clock I returned to the camp ground, pulled down the tent and resumed my journey.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached Ft. Atkinson. Here I left my old friend Highway 26 and followed No. 12 to Whitewater, where I camped for the night on the public camp ground. The weather changed in the night and the next morning when I turned out, it was extremely pleasant. As I was within thirty miles of Lake Geneva I made no effort to make an early start and in consequence it was nearly noon before I reached the city. At the postoffice I was directed to the old Seminary Park as the only camp ground and there I repaired and pitched my tent. This park was a maple and oak grove several acres in extent and was not far from the lake shore. It was a pretty place, with unlimited shade and in the center was an open space where in days gone by the seminary buildings had stood.

Although there was practically nothing in the way of accommodations it suited my purpose perfectly. After six months of fairly steady plugging on the road, I was quite content to settle down to peaceful routine, for Pauline and Pollyanna had not arrived at College Camp, as the Y. M. C. A. camp is called. There was a fly in the ointment, however. It did not appear at once but it did eventually in the form of a policeman who explained to me that the park was free for parking or picnic purposes but camping was prohibited. The fact that I had been able to spend two weeks there before I attracted the attention of the authorities must be laid to the density of the shrubbery and the horrible weather. It rained most

of the time after my arrival. One shower followed another with such frequency that people were prone to stay indoors and mind their own business.

Though I was not intending to stay much longer in any case, this sudden onslaught threw me into a panic which resulted in a hasty call on a high official. The conference was eminently satisfactory. While I was not given authority to remain, there was a tacit understanding that I would not be interferred with if my stay was not prolonged, and that was all I asked.

During my stay in the city the local paper contained an item to the effect that a man who had visited Lake Geneva was so impressed by its beauty that he had made a trip to Washington to urge President Coolidge to spend the summer there.

The city of Lake Geneva, situated at the eastern end of the lake bearing that name, has a winter population of about seven thousand and a summer population of five times that number, I was told.

The business portion does not suggest a place of that size and there is little there but hotels, restaurants and drug stores. It is a summer resort pure and simple, greeting the tourist with outstretched hand. Besides the regular hotels, there are innumerable establishments calling themselves hotels which are doubtless closed in winter.

On many of these, some of which look as if they may have been former dwellings of substantial men, were placards declaring, "Dinner is ready," "Fried spring chicken, porterhouse steak, fresh lake fish today," "Try our 75c noon lunch," etc., etc. Despite these signs it was a safe bet that dinner was not ready in most of these

places and that the only guests were occasional transients. Perhaps that was not to be wondered at, considering that it was early in June of a rainy season, and as cold as the first half of May. The lake, which is about nine miles in length and thirty miles around the shore line, is one of the prettiest lakes I have ever visited and the grounds bordering it contain many show places and handsome residences.

On one side of the lake is the palatial summer home of William Wrigley, Jr., the chewing gum king, and on the other the baronial halls of Andy Gump. A fleet of launches running on a regular schedule provide transportation from one end of the lake to the other, and during the passage the captain names and points out the residences of the large property owners. I went down on the boat one day to visit Pauline and Pollyanna. I spent a very pleasant afternoon with them, but when I was ready to return I learned that the boat schedule had broken down and there was no way to get back to town but to hoof it.

It was nine miles but that didn't disturb me any. I had become so accustomed to having Lizzie lie down on the job several miles from anywhere that it seemed perfectly orthodox in all respects.

I caught a ride with a truck driver to Williams Bay, two miles, walked two miles and was picked up by a game warden who deposited me on the postoffice corner, Lake Geneva, a half hour earlier than I would have reached there if the boat had been running. On the way he entertained me with gruesome stories of men he had arrested for fishing without a license, and I was so absorbed in his narrations that I forgot to tell him that I

had been fishing three times without a license, and had fish for supper every time. In fact, it had not occurred to me that a license was necessary.

It was my last day in Lake Geneva, my last day because my truce with the police department had expired and I must leave the park. And as I must pack up and move, I decided to take to the road again. I had completed my camping tour of the forty-eight states and was now free to go where inclination called. And inclination had been whispering for some time to start for Santa Fe, New Mexico. I had it in mind before I reached Spokane and increasingly on my mind ever since.

The only factor of uncertainty was Lizzie. The old girl was apparently getting more and more decrepit as time went on. She was not old as years go but she had traveled more than twelve thousand miles since I bought her, to say nothing of the thousands she had reeled off before she came into my possession. In negotiating the last fifteen hundred miles she had fallen down so many times on the road and kicked up so many rumpuses that I had practically decided, if she ever lived to reach Lake Geneva, to knock her down to the highest bidder and load my equipment on the railroad when I started for Santa Fe.

In the end I decided to give her one more trial, and pulled down the tent and started. That day we ran down to Marengo, Ill., not more than forty miles, and camped on the public camp ground. It was a pretty little ground with plenty of grass and shade and directly off the Grant Highway. Marengo was where Sue, Pauline and I stopped one night in October, 1924, staying over at the home of one of Sue's chums. It was the lady of the house

who presented us on the 18th day of October with that famous loaf of entire wheat bread, which the dry air of Colorado preserved so effectually that I saved it for special occasions, using the last of it on New Year's day, 1925. In the present instance Sue, who lived in Chicago, was talking about going with me to Santa Fe, so after reaching Marengo I wrote her to join me there, telling her that I was camping on the public camp ground and could stay there indefinitely. This perfect assurance was ill-advised, later developments indicated, for I had been there less than two days when I got a bad wallop. There was a party with two cars there when I arrived, and the second morning one of the men came over and told me that they had been notified that forty-eight hours was the camping limit and they must leave that day. That was not so good, for it was then only Wednesday and Sue was not coming until the following week.

Without losing any time I hustled to town to consult with the one substantial citizen with whom I was acquainted, and discovered much to my surprise, that he was one of a committee of two having the camp ground in charge.

When I had explained the matter to him, he assured me that he would look the matter up and let me know the result at the earliest possible moment. True to his word, he got busy at once and in the afternoon arrived at the camp ground with the information that I could stay as long as I wished. The blow was averted. Once more I had saved myself from dispossession, with every prospect of being able to hold the fort until the arrival of my prospective partner.

CHAPTER XV

Starved Rock

I spent a pleasant week in Marengo while Sue was finishing her work in Chicago and making preparations to join me. Monday I received a letter from her announcing that she would come either Tuesday or Wednesday. Interpreting that to mean that she wouldn't arrive before Wednesday, I made no effort to meet her on Tuesday and therefore was much surprised when I encountered her on the street Tuesday afternoon. She was a frequent visitor in Marengo and on her arrival had gone directly to a friend's house, where she planned to stay until our departure. She was ready to start at once, so we decided to pull out the following morning. Instead of getting a month off, as I had understood her original intention, she had arranged to return by the following Wednesday, which gave her only a week. And instead of starting for Santa Fe she wanted to visit Starved Rock, Grand Detour, the Oregon Woods and a few other points of interest, all located within the sacred precincts of the state of Illinois. It made no difference to me. I had plenty of time. I was not due at Santa Fe on any specified date, and these short trips might prove fully as diverting as the longer run to the southwest.

Sue, I surmised, was no camper. She had put in several years at the University of Chicago, first as a student and more recently as private secretary to one of the Deans, and was familiar with all phases of university life. She was interested in college sports, a great hiker

and cross country tramper, but still, as I have suggested, I had my doubts whether camp life appealed to her. According to program she was to reach my camp about nine o'clock Wednesday, and when she did arrive somewhat later I was putting the finishing touches on the load and a few minutes later we bade farewell to the Marengo camp ground and rolled out on the Grant Highway. Starved Rock, sixty miles to the southwest, on the Illinois River, was our first objective. During the day we passed through De Kalb and saw the school which recently achieved so much notoriety in the affair which culminated in the conviction and sentence of three students to thirteen years each in the state prison.

Starved Rock is seven miles east of La Salle, and it was my intention to camp at La Salle that night and proceed to Starved Rock in the morning. The fact that there was no camp ground at La Salle made a change of plans necessary, and in consequence after a short stay there we continued to Starved Rock and camped on its large and well-equipped public camp ground. This camp ground was a sightly place in a grove high above the river, but the mosquitoes were as numerous as they had been at Watersmeet and all of the time of our stay we were obliged to wage war against them. The weather was of the same disagreeable quality which had become familiar during the last few weeks, a period of thunder showers and high winds. Starved Rock is in a park reservation of about nine hundred acres, located midway between Ottawa and La Salle. This park was created to preserve the rock and all its picturesque surroundings.

Starved Rock is a conspicuous landmark at the head of navigation on the south bank of the Illinois River. It

is about one hundred and thirty feet high on its north side and is almost inaccessible at most points. It contains about an acre of level grass land at the summit, well shaded by medium-sized trees.

The name Starved Rock recalls the fate of the last band of Illini Indians, who were besieged there in 1769 until their supplies gave out, by a hostile force of Ottawas and Pottawatomics who were fighting to avenge the death of Pontiac. On a tablet placed at the summit of Starved Rock is this inscription:

"In memory of
LOUIS JOLIET AND JACQUES MARQUETTE
who visited this spot in 1673,
RENE ROBERT CAVALIER SIEUR LA SALLE
who built on this rock in 1682
FORT ST. LOUIS,
Important French fortress in the Illinois county for thirty-six years,
HENRI DE TONTY
La Salle's intrepid companion who died in this fort in 1714."

Illinois is a flat country, but in the vicinity of Starved Rock is a section which exhibits all of the roughness and beauty of the Rocky Mountain region, on a smaller scale —canyons with grotesque and curious rock formations, precipices with sheer drops of more than a hundred feet and winding trails and paths which one moment penetrate the prettiest little glens and grottos and the next are scaling perilous cliffsides where there is hardly footing for a mountain goat.

It is a popular vacation resort and the tourists were

there in full force. Despite the rainy weather cars were coming and going all of the time of our stay. Large brick fireplaces and equally large tables are scattered about the grove, and the supply of fire wood was the largest I have seen anywhere, piles of wood from logs two feet in diameter down to the brush. It rained so much of the time while we were there that we could not take any very extended trips, and yet between showers we were able to get around enough to appreciate the picturesque beauty of the region.

We camped at Starved Rock two nights and Friday morning headed north to visit the other places which Sue had in mind. Dixon, a place about the size of Winsted and located about forty miles from Starved Rock, was to be our next stopping place, and Dixon we were told, was considered one of the prettiest small towns in Illinois.

From Dixon, Sue thought we could make side trips to the points of interest which she wished to visit. As we rolled along the road and Sue developed her plans it was apparent that she was inclined to cut her vacation still shorter, and before we reached Dixon she had practically decided to return to Chicago some time Sunday. Whether Sue's change in plans was due to the showery weather or the lure of Chicago I couldn't make up my mind.

We reached Dixon, which is on the Rock River, a little after noon and heading for a camp ground, crossed the river, reading the inscription on the bridge, which designates Rock River as the Hudson of the west. A mile out and across the road from a Texaco Filling Station we located a camp ground. It was a large meadow, with

fairly tall grass and little shade, and near a lone tree where we planned to pitch our tent, two cows were tethered. Although it had rained rather freely since our departure from Marengo, the ground seemed quite dry and in selecting a place to pitch the tent I picked out a spot in the shade of the tree, where the grass was short.

After pitching the tent, as the day was hot and stuffy, we lay in the shade most of the afternoon, had an early supper, walked to town and took in the pictures. There was only one theater in town, and Tom Mix in "Hard Boiled" was on the boards. It was about ten o'clock when we got back to camp. It had not rained during the afternoon or evening, but it looked decidedly threatening. Sue decided that she would turn in, and as I had secured a late Chicago paper on coming out of the movies I settled down to read the news. A half hour after Sue turned in she was sound asleep and about that time the storm broke. The thunder, which had been muttering ominously, began to roll and crash and the rain rattled on the tent like a snare drum. I had weathered too many storms to be disturbed by the outlook. The atmosphere was already cooler and pleasanter and as I had finished my paper I turned in.

I went to sleep quickly, but during the night I was dreamily conscious of continued thunder and splashing water. I was sleeping on the war chests and Sue was sleeping on a mattress on the ground, an arrangement of her own contriving. Along toward two o'clock I was awakened by Sue's cry above the roar of the storm, "I am getting wet." "Coming from above or below?" I asked drowsily. "From below," she announced, after she had pawed around awhile. Realizing the gravity of

the situation, I hastily lighted the lantern. If the roof had been leaking I could have spread another blanket or a piece of rubber duck over her, but if it was coming in from below it meant that the ground was flooded. When I had lighted my Flagstaff lantern I saw that my worst fears were realized. The water was three or four inches deep around Sue's mattress, and when she stood up and walked across it it went down under water like punching clothes down in a wash boiler. What was to be done? Not much apparently. The rain was coming down in torrents; it was even misting through the tent, and the only half dry area was on top of the war chests.

Sue's blankets were soaked but mine were dry, so I divided with her, and wrapped in blankets, we sat side by side on the chests and discussed the situation, as the poet says, "By the misty moonbeams' struggling light and the lantern dimly burning."

Sue had camped enough, and she was determined to start for town and take the first train for Chicago. The bedding was thoroughly soaked and she insisted that it was foolish to think of camping another night. I doubted the wisdom of starting for town so early. We did not know when the Chicago trains departed or how long a wait would ensue, nor did we know that we could get in anywhere for breakfast or for shelter. In the end I persuaded her to have breakfast with me and postpone starting for town till a little later. By utilizing an extra plank I made a walk from the chests to the sheet iron stove, started a fire and soon had breakfast under way.

It did not take Sue long to dispose of her breakfast. She was impatient to be off, but I was in no hurry, and while I was eating, the only other occupant of the camp

ground, a roving paper-hanger, came over to visit us. He had slept in his car and as the roof leaked had found himself in the morning in a very moist condition. As he stood in front of the tent visiting Sue the rain was still descending smartly and he was ankle deep in water. He was wondering where he could get some water for shaving purposes, so I provided him with hot water from the tea kettle and a small mirror and he went back to his car to finish his toilet. It was about six forty-five when Sue, taking her oxfords and stockings in her hands, waded out to the road and completed her toilet at the filling station. When I joined her a few minutes later, I had on my boots and by pushing two planks alternately ahead of me had managed to get out without getting very wet.

It was still raining briskly and we had no umbrellas, but at least we were on our way. Sue had learned that the Chicago train due to depart about the time we left the filling station was forty-five minutes late, which would give us time to reach the station. After we had walked a half mile a fellow came along in a car and gave us a lift into town. This and the fact that Sue's train was still losing time gave us nearly an hour to wait after we reached the station. We were at the Chicago and Northwestern Station, and while we waited three Union Pacific trains either stopped or tore through at a high rate of speed, one of them being the Los Angeles Limited. At last Sue's train appeared in the drizzle, made a brief stop and I waved her out of sight. Then, as it was raining steadily, I seated myself in the station and took an inventory of the situation. I was again a lone camper.

It was July 3rd. The day we spent at Starved Rock

was July 1st, and July 1st was the second anniversary of the day I first pulled out of Winsted with my camp outfit. For two solid years I had been touring the country, living in a tent and doing my own cooking. What had it profited me? What had I gained or lost by the experience? Looking back I could truthfully say that these years had been the pleasantest years of my life, and devoid of all regret. We all get into a rut if we follow the same path long enough, and I broke out of the rut when I took the road. My present life provides a pleasant variety and guarantees that freedom which all of us crave but few are permitted to enjoy. Outside of the occasional traffic officer, who is there to meddle in my affairs or tell me what I must or must not do? I go where I please and stay as long as I like. I eat what suits me and turn in or turn out when the spirit moves me. In short I am free and live my own life according to the dictates of my own conscience.

After an hour's stay in the station I went back to town, bought a paper and spent part of the day there. It had stopped raining, but was hot enough to make your hair curl. Late in the afternoon I went back to the water-soaked camp and looked it over. I had thought when the ground dried off that I might leave the tent where it stood, but I soon saw that that was out of the question; everywhere the water had been it had left a slimy coating of mud. When I picked out the spot to camp I had inadvertently selected the lowest ground in that big meadow and the heavy rain had done the rest. I hated to pull down the tent and move in the heat of that sultry day, but it was the only thing to do. I dragged out the water-soaked mattress onto higher ground, hung up the

dripping blankets and, pulling down the tent, re-pitched it on a little rise forty feet distant.

That was better but it was not perfect. In moving away from the tree near which the tent was first pitched I had moved out into the open sunshine, and a tent is an intolerably hot place where there is no shade. It did not make much difference in the middle of the day, for I do not stay in the tent much when the sun is high, but curiously enough it bothered me most before I got up in the morning. By six o'clock the heat would be almost insufferable.

At Marmarth, N. D., I first noticed the strange wailing cry of an unknown bird. I might have heard it before but it had made no impression on me. It was generally at a distance, sometimes in the day time and quite frequently in the dead of night. I had never heard anything like it, and the farther I traveled the more frequently I heard it, all through the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois, a long-drawn, mournful cry at frequent intervals—ew-hew-hew hew, the four syllables slowly repeated. I made frequent inquiries to establish the identity of the unseen wailer. Some people told me it was a small owl; other people identified other birds as the guilty party. My last information, from a woman who has been a resident of Illinois many years, is that the bird is the mourning dove, which is quite common. I have not verified her statement, but I am inclined to think that she knows what she is talking about.

My stay in Dixon, Illinois, was a pleasant one. When later I moved my camp from the sunny hillside to the recesses of a cool and shady grove I discovered in the territory lying between, a large patch of cultivated straw-

berries. Apparently it had been abandoned. Whether this was due to the lateness of the season or to the fact that it was left over from last year I cannot say, but suffice it, the grass and weeds were full of large, dead-ripe berries, as sweet as honey, and I have no apologies to offer when I announce that I made several trips to that strawberry patch, bringing back each time as many strawberries as I could use. One morning when I was in my tent, several times I heard voices so near that it seemed the speakers must be in plain sight, and yet when I looked out they were invisible. After this had occurred two or three times I suddenly discovered a little telescope tent not more than thirty feet from my own. It was in a little hollow screened by the low-hanging foliage of a tree, and quite effectively concealed. Near it two young fellows were cooking breakfast. When they arrived and made camp I could only conjecture, but as I was absent from camp during the day and frequently did not return until after nightfall they had ample opportunity to pitch their tent while I was gone.

Later I paid them a visit and found that they were hikers, packing their equipment, and headed for the harvest fields further west and south. Although they stayed there three or four nights, disappearing at times and quite unexpectedly reappearing, I never saw the little tent after that morning, though the camp was in the same location.

Going from camp to town and returning I crossed and recrossed the Rock River Bridge and the Rock River seemed to be a favorite resort for fishermen. On the north shore, in the shade of several large trees, each day there was a gathering of the disciples of Isaac Walton

armed with trout rods, cane poles and every conceivable style of the home-cut variety. I frequently stopped on the bridge above to watch them and soon discovered that they did not use worms, flies or like bait. The majority carried a section of a loaf of bread and each time they baited up they took a piece of soft bread from the inside of the loaf, rolled it into a pill and impaled it on the hook.

It occurred to me one day that I had not seen a single fish caught, and I fell to wondering if the fishermen were meeting with much success. While I was considering the matter a fellow came up the bank with twelve or fifteen catfish, ranging in weight from half a pound to a pound, and looking down I could see another string with at least twenty fish of about equal size. The day after, I saw a fellow on the bank hold up two shad-like fish weighing at least four pounds each. These were carp, a fisherman explained to me, and you could catch either catfish or carp with dough balls, but if you wanted only catfish you could prevent the carp from biting by mixing a little old cheese with the bread. That was certainly a new idea on fish bait to me.

One night as I started campward the walk under each light on the bridge was strewn with long-winged flies. The next morning the river was bearing down stream myriads of these flies and the water was alive with large fish getting their fill. In an area ten or fifteen rods square often a dozen fish weighing from three to five pounds each were visible at a time. The fish were swimming just under the surface and most of them were carp, but I could not say that all of them were.

The Rock River country was the scene of the Black-hawk War in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Twenty-five miles from Dixon and in the vicinity of Oregon is a gigantic statue of Blackhawk set high on a mountainside.

Dixon is an old town as western towns go. The records show that in 1832 Abraham Lincoln was sworn in as captain in the Blackhawk War at Dixon. This is a big world in some ways and yet just as we come to that conclusion we discover what a small world it is after all. As an illustration, after I landed in Globe, Arizona, in February, 1925, I began making inquiries about chess players. As there was no Y. M. C. A. in Globe, I appealed to the postmaster, and the postmaster named a prominent man who was an enthusiast. Whereupon I called upon the man and we became intimate friends. As I have explained, I came to Dixon on Sue's motion, staying after her departure to allow my mail to overtake me, and while I was there I wrote a friendly letter to the Arizona man without any thought that he had ever heard of Dixon.

One night while I was sitting on the steps of a bank with a number of other men I engaged in conversation with my next neighbor, who proved to be an ardent socialist and a very agreeable and entertaining fellow. In the course of the evening he introduced me to a young man about town, and though I did not catch his name I met him frequently after that and stopped several times to converse with him. One morning when I called at the postoffice for mail I was handed a telegram addressed to me, General Delivery, Dixon, Ill. I was somewhat disturbed at sight of the telegram for I receive few messages of that sort and feared it contained bad news from some of the members of my family.

Opening it hastily, I discovered it was from my friend

in Arizona, and his object in wiring me was to tell me that Dixon was his home town, and to urge me to call on his brother and brother-in-law before leaving the city. I called on the brother-in-law first and was pleasantly received. He was an elderly and distinguished lawyer, and what was more remarkable, his name was Warner and his birthplace was in Litchfield County, Connecticut.

Later I called on the brother, where I met with a cordial reception. Soon after my arrival, who should walk in but my acquaintance, the young man about town, and it developed that he was the brother's son, and a nephew of my friend in Arizona.

As nearly every feature of this case was the result of pure haphazard and chance it seemed to me that it had a remarkable termination.

I planned to leave the meadow camp ground west of Dixon one Tuesday morning, and I was up bright and early getting things in readiness for the start. I had been there more than two weeks and I therefore felt considerably indebted to the filling station man for the hospitality extended, purposely delaying my start until he opened for business so I could stock up with gas and oil before taking the road. He was an oldish, square-built, red-faced man, not especially prepossessing, and yet there was something about him which appealed to my fancy. After loading Lizzie, I drove out to the filling station and found it closed, with my friend nowhere in sight. While I was waiting an automobile passed and the man driving it shouted, "No use in waiting, they've got him in jail." Just that brief message and in a moment the car was out of sight. I waited a little longer, however, and presently the red-faced man's understudy

appeared and sold me gas and oil. As I paid him, he said, "I suppose you have heard about the old man?" And when I questioned him he related a story which is convincing proof that the age of romance and adventure is still with us, that as many thrills to the square inch remain as the world ever possessed.

According to the understudy's story the boss, or the old man as he called him, became enmeshed in Cupid's wiles, and fell for a buxom widow with very engaging ways. They were married not many days before and the happy pair spent their honeymoon at the filling station. A brief honeymoon it proved to be. After a few days of connubial bliss the bride took her departure, taking at the same time about $500 of hubby's money. And as if that wasn't enough, right on the heels of her departure the officers of the law fell on him for selling bootleg and even as I heard the story he was languishing in jail, with small prospect of regaining his liberty. These are dull and prosaic times, people keep reminding us, and even so, did you ever know of a time when so much and so many interesting things can happen to a man with less warning than at the present time?

The weather had been intolerably hot most of the time during the last three weeks, with the mercury registering 100 and more in the shade at widely separated points in the middle west, and it was no less sultry on the day of my departure from Dixon, though a furious wind was blowing, which at least provided a good circulation of air.

In mid-afternoon I crossed the bridge over the Mississippi at Clinton, Iowa, and a little after noon pulled into Iowa City. Iowa City was familiar ground to me for I

spent ten days there and witnessed one of the big football games between two of the western universities in the autumn of 1924. Topeka, Kansas, was to be my next regular stopping place, but I planned to camp at least two nights in Iowa City, taking the time to look up some people with whom I was acquainted.

The camp ground was not conveniently located for my purpose, so I crossed the bridge over the Iowa River and driving a little way up the river road pitched my tent in a little grove near an abandoned stone quarry. I was pleasantly entertained during my stay in Iowa City and could easily have put in more time there, but I had already had my fill of hot weather and the thought of the cool temperature of the Rocky Mountain region was an inducement not to tarry. On the second day of my stay a heavy shower arrived in the afternoon and lasted well into the night. The morning of my departure everything was soaked and the roads, while not deep with mud, were exceedingly slippery. I had heard weird stories concerning the Iowa mud and that morning I had a perfect demonstration. There were few concrete roads in Iowa and as soon as I left Iowa City I was in the mud.

It was not possible to make more than ten or twelve miles an hour, and even at that pace a car without chains was all over the road. Creeping along in this slow fashion, I had covered some thirty-five miles from Iowa City and as the day was clear and sunny had reached a point where the road was quite reasonably dry when Lizzie stopped and refused to go farther. A brief investigation disclosed another broken axle. A farmer was working in a nearby field and to him I applied for information. From him I learned that Williamsburg was six miles be-

hind me and Victor was fourteen miles ahead, but there was a blacksmith two miles away on a crossroad and this blacksmith did some auto repairing. In case he had the necessary parts he would be a good man to get in touch with. The farmer took me to his house and undertook to reach the blacksmith by telephone, but without success.

Lizzie was in the middle of the road, but there was room to pass her, so I started on foot for the blacksmith shop, reaching there about eleven o'clock. At the shop I learned that the blacksmith was away and would not return until night, but what was more to the point, that his son, Heinie, was the car expert. And Heinie was due about noon. Incidentally I learned that the blacksmith's name was Charlie and he had ten children. Some time after noon Heinie arrived and I engaged his services at the earliest possible moment. But first, Heinie had to have dinner and then we had to wait until the axle which had been sent for arrived, so it was nearly two o'clock when we started for the wreck.

We rode in a Ford ton truck, Heinie, a little brother, who did the driving, and yours truly. The little brother was an undersized, barefooted kid of nine, whose legs were hardly long enough to reach the pedals, but he handled the truck like an old master. Heinie was an equally fast worker and by 4:30 he had Lizzie in prime working order and we took the road again. From Iowa City we had been following a detour, but at Victor the detour ended, and here we encountered our old friend, White Way No. 7. In the autumn of 1924 I followed White Way No. 7 several hundred miles in my journey from Iowa City to Colorado Springs.

That night I camped beside the road a few miles west

of the city of Grinnell. It was a cozy little spot, a patch of green grass in a hollow, and the shower had cooled the air so it was a good night to sleep. Since leaving Iowa City I had been advised that it was not only not necessary for me to go through Des Moines but actually better to turn south at Newton, a few miles west of my camp, and strike the Jefferson Highway into St. Joseph, Mo.

Following this advice, I left the White Way No. 7 at Newton and traveled south. My brake band had worn quite thin, so after I had traveled a few miles that morning I stopped to have new bands put in and when this was done resumed my journey. It was a pleasant day and not uncomfortably warm, but for some unaccountable reason I was extremely drowsy. I fought it off for some time, but eventually I succumbed and took a nap. It was a short one as naps go, but much too long at that, and I can't recall when I have ever selected a more inopportune time or place to fall asleep. At the time I was going down a long hill with a very moderate grade. When I woke up Lizzie had just missed going off a bridge into a creek and was engaged in going through a fence. She took four or five posts off clean and ripped off about thirty feet of railing before I could bring her to a stop.

And when she did stop she was tilted over at an angle of forty-five degrees and hanging on by the eyebrows over a dirty little morass twenty or twenty-five feet below, which was full of bushes and frog spittle. I crawled out and sized up the situation and it is no exaggeration to say that it was a bad one. The slightest push would have caused her to turn turtle, and if she ever went down there, I told myself, there she would stay for all of

me until the angel Gabriel blew his last blast, or after, for while the present situation was strictly up to me, she had fallen down so many times on her own initiative that I did not feel that I owed her any consideration.

Well, there we were. Lizzie was hanging over the bottomless pit by her eyebrows, and no telling how long the old girl would keep her grip. I could do nothing without help and help was lamentably scarce in that immediate neighborhood. There was a house a half mile up the road and I turned my steps in that direction.

Though I have stated that my present predicament was the result of taking a nap, I had no consciousness that I had been asleep. Few people have under such circumstances. How then did I arrive at that conclusion? When I started up the hill I had a definite conviction that the skidding of the car was responsible for our going off the road. But I saw no evidence of skidding and when I noted the long stretch on which the car was headed toward the edge of the highway, I became convinced that my eyes were closed when we coasted down that hill.

Arriving at the house previously mentioned, repeated rappings brought a man to the door, an intelligent-looking man of about sixty, wearing a habitually patient and resigned expression.

A married man, one would say off-hand, but I was not so sure of that. For some reason I had a rather definite idea that he was a bachelor.

From him I learned that the next town, a small one, was two miles ahead, with a larger one six miles back. The small town had one garage and possibly two and my friend very obligingly got me the leading one on the telephone.

When I had explained the situation, the man on the other end of the wire assured me that he would get out the wrecker at once and I could count on his reaching me in a half hour. Going back to the wreck, I considered Lizzie's predicament. It was evident that before she could be moved it would be necessary to unload her, and yet so critical was her situation it seemed probable that on the slightest pretext she would turn turtle, and take the fatal plunge. In view of this fact I decided not to touch her until the arrival of the wrecker.

In less than the stipulated time the wrecker arrived, bringing two men. The boss was a capable looking fellow of about twenty-five.

The first thing he did after sizing up the situation was to send his helper back to town for a coil of heavy rope and while we were waiting we unloaded the equipment. On the arrival of the rope he hitched one end to Lizzie's top, making the slack fast to a fence post across the road. This shut off the road and held up traffic, so that presently we had plenty of help and more advice than we could make use of. By putting planks under the outside wheels, when he had hooked on the chains he managed to drag Lizzie, a little at a time, sideways, up into the road, and for every inch he gained we took up the slack on the rope. In a surprisingly short time she was back on solid ground where investigation disclosed that the old girl had some kick in her yet. To be sure the front radius rods were bent nearly double and one headlight was busted, but she was still able to navigate under her own power. And that wasn't so bad considering the fence she put out of business. Replacing the load, I drove her to the garage in town and hung around until the mechanic put her in order.

The charge for hauling Lizzie back into the road and putting her on her feet again was less than six dollars and I maintain that few people can experience so much excitement at such a trifling expense. It was about 4:30 when I pulled out of Columbia, for that was the patriotic name of the little town, and continued my journey southward.

As we proceeded it became increasingly apparent that Lizzie had suffered a serious shock in bucking fence posts and that she was not as well as she superficially appeared. The radiator was leaking badly. She was losing considerable oil, and the motor showed a lamentable disposition to become overheated on small provocation. By humoring her I managed to reach the town of Corydon just as it was turning dark and pitched my tent on the public camp grounds which was located at the southeast corner of the town's square.

The camp ground was conveniently located and well equipped, but it was small and crowded, and when I had preempted the only vacant space in sight and had pitched the tent back of Lizzie there were cars and tents within a few feet of us on every side.

After making camp I took a stroll around the square and had supper at a restaurant. It was a small town not given to late hours and as the evening advanced it quieted down appreciably. By ten o'clock the curfew had tolled the knell of parting day, the streets were deserted and I was on my way to camp.

In the tent next to mine a father was delivering a slightly tart and somewhat cynical monologue to his sons. Judging from his voice, he was not very old and was strictly up to date. The sons were evidently not

much worried and regarded their sire with that detached indifference charactertistic of the rising generation. I voted that the honors were even.

I got up early the next morning and without waiting to cook breakfast got under way. The day developed into a pleasant one and not inordinately hot. A short run carried us across the line into Missouri, landing up in the northwestern corner of the state. Six months earlier with Bimbo I had camped in Southwest City, at the southwestern extremity of Missouri.

Along in the forenoon I entered the municipality of Princeton and made a short stay. The most conspicuous thing I discovered about Princeton was that the streets sloped in so many directions that a Lizzie with defective emergency brakes wouldn't stand anywhere without hitching. From Princeton I followed road No. 4 to St. Joseph where I expected to cross the Missouri River. It was toward night when I pulled into St. Joseph, or St. Joe as it is usually called, and made inquiries about a camp ground. There was a tourist camp ground there, according to all accounts, but it was a curiously elusive institution and in spite of all my efforts I failed to run it down. To make matters worse Lizzie was not acting as she should. At one place when I left her with the motor running to make a few inquiries, she could hardly wait until my back was turned before she climbed out of the road, walked all over a lawn and did not stop until she collided with a tree.

To be sure the damage was slight, but the whole matter was disquieting and about this time I discovered that the water was low in the radiator, that there was a shortage of oil in the crank case and in consequence the motor

was overheated. I had some trouble in getting her started that time but finally got under way, and at last turned off on a dirt road which was guaranteed to lead me direct to the tourist park. We hadn't gone very far on what looked to be the last lap when Lizzie stopped again and this time she refused to start. In spite of all of my solicitation and coaxing she was obdurate. It was just turning dark on a Saturday evening and I was half in the city and half out. There was a bank beside the road, and between the road and the bank was a level space where the dirt had been removed.

It contained a thriving crop of good sized weeds, but what of that? By considerable pushing, contriving and twisting, I managed to get Lizzie up close to the bank and well out of the road. Getting out the tent I pitched it in the weeds behind her. It was a busy spot on a corner, a dirt road to be sure, but a connecting link between two thriving sections of the city where much traffic rolled past. An odd place to camp, possibly, but it was the best I could do. It met my requirements in a satisfactory manner and I was not interfered with.

The following morning I got up early and taking a gallon oil can set out to locate a filling station. That done, I returned to camp, pulled down the tent and started for the bridge crossing the Missouri River. When I reached it I was obliged to revise my plans for after I had paid the toll charges I inquired about the road to Topeka and was told that the best way to reach Topeka was to follow the road to Atchison and cross the river there.

This I did and as I had not stopped to cook breakfast before starting, I breakfasted in Atchison with ham and

— as the piece de resistance. The day had opened hot and sultry and it was worse than that when I pulled up at a filling station in North Topeka and inquired about camping facilities.

The filling station man, it appeared sometimes, let people camp in his back yard and it seemed that I was to be one of those favored mortals. Reaching this understanding, I drove Lizzie into the yard but did not pitch my tent until after the sun went down. That filling station was a regular haven of rest, operated by one of the most genial and agreeable men I have met on my travels, and his seemingly unlimited stock of ice cream and coca cola did much to relieve the tedium of the torrid days which followed.

Topeka, the capital of Kansas, is a city of something more than fifty thousand people. It is on the main line of the Santa Fe railroad, and a few days after my arrival the Santa Fe held its annual picnic and parade. This is really a very notable affair, with the governor of the state and other prominent men in attendance.

The parade was several miles in length and it took more than an hour for it to pass a given point. In the parade were hundreds of automobiles trimmed with the Santa Fe colors, blue and white; bands galore, and the greatest variety of floats, many of which were unusually handsome. Some of the floats, it was said, cost in the neighborhood of four thousand dollars each. There was a large delegation of clowns and other humorous features and the applause along the line of march was generous and well sustained. There were three complete miniature Santa Fe trains in the parade, two freight and one passenger, headed by tractors cleverly disguised to

look like locomotives. These trains were about one-quarter size and came down the street with bells clanging and whistles blowing.

The masterpiece was a miniature of the California Limited, the Santa Fe crack flyer. It consisted of a locomotive, baggage, mail, passenger cars, and a diner. So complete was it in every detail that flowers and napkins were on the tables in the diner. Perfect in finish and resplendant in shiny varnish, with all of the look of the latest thing in railroad construction, it was the recipient of generous applause. One of the floats which attracted much attention represented the Conservation of Fuel Department, and bore the inscription, "Watch dogs of the coal pile." In the center of the float was a shiny pile of coal with a large white bulldog chained at each of the four corners.

One day when I was driving, with my eyes open, I passed a rural mail box inscribed with the name of the owner, Nellie Hoss. In the past it has been my privilege to be on speaking terms with several members of the Hoss family. It is a fine old family, none better, and has contributed its full share toward the betterment of mankind. North of St. Joseph I observed that a farmer offered a six gallon cow for sale. Anyone desiring a cow of that capacity will do well to look the matter up before it is too late.

I got my 1926 license for Lizzie in Florida and that state requires but one marker which is placed at the rear. Kansas is the only other state I recall which does not require two. Though I secured my license soon after Jan. 1, and have been traveling ever since through states requiring two markers, I have been held up but twice by

officers bent upon investigation, once each in Texas and California.

This circumstance and other evidence leads me to think that traffic officers do not see everything on the road.

When Lizzie was in the garage at Terry, Mont., undergoing repairs, for some reason the marker was removed, and not noticing its absence, I took the road without it. When I did notice that it was missing, I wrote to the garage at Terry requesting them to forward it to Marmarth, N. D. I drove to Marmarth without interference, secured the marker and restored it to its proper position.

In the more than two years I have been on the road I have become a consistent believer in the sheet iron stove as a camp necessity and have insisted that even in summer time the nights and mornings are cool enough so that a little blaze gives added comfort. To this end I have picked up firewood as I went along, to insure having a supply in regions where wood is scarce. Even now I have a plank in my collection which I picked up at The Dalles, Ore., in April, and another gathered north of Baltimore in November.

But the last six weeks have given the sheet iron stove a black eye and at present it does not appeal to me as a thing of beauty and joy forever. At Lake Geneva in June I actually burned so much wood that I reduced my supply. After leaving there the temperature rose by leaps and bounds. In Illinois during my four weeks' sojourn I burned nothing but newspapers and burned them sparingly. While in Topeka, Kan., it was so insufferably hot that I did not start a fire while there.

My camp was in an open space where the sun beat on my tent with pitiless intensity, with the mercury frisking

around 100 in the shade in shameless abandon. During this period of stress I subsisted mainly on ice cream and soda pop, but I never lost confidence that the day was near at hand when I should revel in a cooler climate and the sheet iron stove would be restored to its old-time popularity.

The weather during my stay in Topeka, Kan., was the hottest I ever endured. According to the Chicago Tribune, June, 1926, was the wettest June in twenty-three years and the coldest June in thirty-four years, but July, 1926, was a horse of another color. Beginning about the first of the month, the mercury started climbing and when I reached Topeka just before the first of August it was near the top and still rising.

I stayed in Topeka longer than I should, for it was a long pull to a place where weather conditions were likely to be more satisfactory, and I hated to take the road while the temperature was so torrid. The heat at last became so intolerable that I decided it was a case of move or perish and accordingly I pulled down the tent one Tuesday morning and started for Las Vegas, N. M.

There was a thunder shower early that morning which might have had a cooling effect on the atmosphere, but instead only served to delay my start. Las Vegas was eight hundred miles distant which was a much longer pull than I was in the habit of making between stopping places. And in this instance it had been my original intention to stop at Dodge City, which was about midway.

But the more I considered the matter, the more it seemed probable that the weather at Dodge City would not be appreciably cooler and I therefore changed my plans. Las Vegas is about seven thousand feet above

sea level and there I hoped to find a pleasant summer climate.

My road was the southwest trail, leading through Dover and Emporia, at which latter place it joins the new Santa Fe Trail, the main line of travel into New Mexico. South of Dover I met a cow ambling along the highway, and in avoiding her I cut a corner a little too short, with the result that one rear wheel went in a deep ditch. Try as I would I could not pull out, but after several trials two boys came along with a farm team, and improvising a tow line from a piece of fence wire, they hitched on the horses. Even at that it was no easy matter, but eventually they dragged Lizzie back onto the highway. It was about noon when we reached Emporia and swung onto the Santa Fe Trail.

I camped that night on the public camp ground in Florence, Kan. It was a shabby little camp ground, cluttered with dirt and rubbish and with very little grass or verdure in evidence. In spite of these drawbacks it seemed to be a popular place, doing a land office business, with new customers arriving at frequent intervals.

I had practically decided before starting that I would not pitch my tent or unload the equipment while the hot weather continued, but would sleep on the ground beside the car and buy my food along the way. The ground being rather hard and uneven, I unrolled the tent and slept on that, putting in a very comfortable night. As I was putting on my boots in the morning the man from the next car came past and stopped for a visit.

He was traveling with his family in a decrepit old Ford and was looking for work. "What kind of work," I inquired. "Any kind," he replied cheerfully. He was a car-

penter by trade, but could turn his hand to anything, and would take a harvest job or anything he could find to do. He was a Texan, a neat, intelligent looking man of forty or more and his wife was a capable-looking woman. There were two neatly-dressed small children and two half-grown boys. It always impresses me as an extremely hazardous undertaking for a man to take his family in a car and start out in quest of work. There is so much uncertainty connected with such a quest. Towns in the west are so widely separated and the cost of keeping a car on the road is so great that it looks like a losing game. Nevertheless, the west is full of such outfits.

The next day Lizzie went back on me while I was negotiating the rural fastnesses of the Santa Fe Trail, and caused me to lose much valuable time before I got under way again. I had coaxed and pleaded with her to the limit and had employed every device calculated to make an impression on her without result, when a fellow came along in a rickety old flivver and stopped to consider my case. His old boat was as crazy looking as anything ever seen on the road and was decorated with as many signs and symbols as a prehistoric ruin. He was evidently, like myself, a rambler on the world's highway with unlimited time at his disposal. It was his conclusion that my timer was at fault and his conclusion was evidently sound for I happened to have an old timer with me and when he had installed it Lizzie was as good as new. That day I passed through Hutchinson, a place of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and that night camped in a little place calling itself Belpre.

There was no public camp ground in Belpre but an am-

bitious filling station man supplied the lack by permitting people to park their cars and pitch their tents on the abbreviated real estate surrounding the station.

A thunder shower was in the offing and another camper advised me to pitch my tent and prepare for bad weather. Disregarding his eminently sound advice, I pulled the tent under the rear-end of the truck body and settled myself for a night's repose. After a elaborate electrical display it started to rain, but with the exception of getting my feet and legs somewhat damp I kept quite dry and passed a very comfortable night.

The next morning I had trouble with Lizzie again. I had driven the day before with hood off and had forgotten to replace it before turning in. In consequence water had gotten in and queered the works. After spending considerable time in an ineffectual attempt to get Lizzie started, I repaired to the Ford service station, where they supplied me with a mechanic.

According to this man's diagnosis, the spark plugs were wet and the only remedy was to exercise Lizzie behind the wrecker. Going back to the station he returned presently with the wrecker and another man, hooked onto Lizzie and we were off. The wrecker took us for a pleasant morning ride around the town, up one street and down another, out into the country and back into town. And when, after an hour's treatment, we pulled up at the camp ground and I called for my bill, I was greatly surprised to learn that it was only a dollar.

That day I stopped for lunch at Dodge City. Dodge City, with a population of six thousand, is one of the famous old-time border cattle towns, a place which, in its day, has seen the wildest kind of life.

That night I parked Lizzie beside the road in the outskirts of Lakin, a small western Kansas town, and slept in the grass which bordered the highway. As the result of scattered showers and the higher elevation, the weather was measurably cooler. The following morning I crossed the line into Colorado, stopping briefly at Holley, which has the lowest elevation of any town in the state, 3,387 feet.

I reached La Junta in the afternoon and camped that night across the road from a Texaco filling station in the outskirts of the town. The weather did not look especially threatening, though the sky was far from clear. I did not pitch the tent, but mindful of the shower I weathered the night I spent in Belpre, I leaned the tent poles against the side of the car, stretching the tent across them, and as the temperature was decidedly lower got out a mattress and my roll of blankets. I was very comfortable at first, but a little later when the storm broke, whipped by a lusty gale which drove the rain under my insecure shelter, I wished that I had pitched the tent in orthodox fashion. It is my impression that the storm lasted most of the night. At various times I shifted my position when the rain trickled in upon me, but I stuck it out until morning, and was not very wet though the mattress was so soaked that I abandoned it. A man told me the next day that the rainfall exceeded three inches, a statement which I was inclined to doubt, though I am ready to testify that the precipitation was ample.

The road was extremely slippery after the rain and I was rather doubtful of the wisdom of starting until it had dried off, particularly as the next eighty-seven miles,

from La Junta to Trinidad, lay through a sparsely populated country where settlements and filling stations were few and far between.

I finally decided to risk it and reached Trinidad without serious difficulty a little after noon. Trinidad was familiar ground to me for I passed through the city in January, 1925, after running the snow blockade south of the Greenhorn store. It is a wonderfully pretty place of about ten thousand people, surrounded by striking mountain scenery. It is a ride of twenty miles over Raton Pass, where the Santa Fe Trail crosses from Colorado into New Mexico, to Raton nestling at the foot of the mountain.

I paid Raton a brief visit and late in the afternoon took the Santa Fe Trail south, camping that night at Maxwell, New Mexico, on a camp ground provided by a garage and filling station, and noted that there were two other grounds in the vicinity. In some places, notably the smaller towns, there seems to be considerable rivalry among the garages, filling stations and civic organizations to provide accommodations for those desiring to stay over night, which is lacking in many larger cities.

The elevation of the region through which I was traveling was about 6,000 feet and the weather was much cooler, particularly at night. I bought gas and oil from the garage man the next morning, and making a rather late start, resumed my journey. I stopped at Springer, a somewhat larger place, where I spent the night at a hotel on my former trip and along about noon pulled into the old Spanish town of Las Vegas.

I had been puzzled by the maps and road signs referring sometimes to Las Vegas and sometimes to East

Las Vegas, and did not understand what the different phraseology meant. It was not until my second visit that I learned that East Las Vegas is the modern American city on the railroad, while Las Vegas, about a mile distant, is the original Spanish settlement, generally referred to as Old Town.

CHAPTER XVI

Pedagogues, Democrats and Bloodhounds

When I reached Las Vegas I camped back of a Texas filling station at the eastern end of the town, and there I stayed until I took the road for Santa Fe. The proprietor of the filling station, a former Kansas resident, lived with his wife and young son in a nearby house. He was a very pleasant, accommodating fellow, and excellent company. Two years before, he and his wife's brother had bought an interest in an irrigation project near Las Vegas and had moved from Kansas to New Mexico.

The brother-in-law, who was the moneyed man of the twain, had become dissatisfied with the development of the project and had returned to Kansas, taking with him the tractor and farm machinery he brought from the Sunflower state. My friend retained his interest in the project and had stayed. Possibly financial reasons induced him to rent his land to a tenant and open and operate the filling station as a revenue producer. The irrigation project, known as the Storrie project, from the man who financed its opening, embraces eight thousand acres, which was cut into farms of twenty, forty, and eighty acres, and sold outright to purchasers.

It is located about four miles from Las Vegas. While it is a new development and many of the purchasers were men of insufficient financial means to take full advantage of the opportunity offered, it appears to have achieved a

large measure of success and to be prospering. Peas and lettuce are at the present time the leading crops, and are shipped to places as far distant as New York, Boston and Washington. Last year more than one hundred and fifty car loads of high-grade produce were shipped east.

This year there are more than 1,000 acres of lettuce and 1,300 acres of peas on the tract and the proprietors have sent out a call for five hundred men to help with the harvest. It seems odd that in a state like New Mexico with its southern location and bright sunshine the first lettuce and peas from the project start for market about September 1st. Another singular fact is that while the climate of New Mexico is very similar to that of Colorado, its next neighbor on the north, and Colorado is a great potato producing state, it is impossible to produce marketable potatoes in New Mexico.

A party, consisting of three men, was encamped back of the filling station on my arrival. They were school teachers; had been at the camp ground a month and were engaged in trying to secure schools for two members of the party. The third man was already provided with one and was present to assist the others. It is so unusual at the present time for men to teach in the primary and country schools of the east that the trio interested me. Two of the men were brothers, between fifty and sixty years of age, and the third, who was in the late thirties was a nephew and a veteran of the World War. The older men were natives of Mississippi, the younger man of Arkansas, but all three had been teaching in New Mexico several years. They belonged to a type rare in New England at the present day, but common in the south. They were simple, honest and uneducated,

strangely deficient in knowledge of the world at large, and devoutly religious.

They were faithful representatives of the element which made the Scopes trial possible, men who are fighting the teaching of evolution through the south today. Hard-boiled fundamentalists who subscribe to nothing short of the ancient orthodoxy popular in New England a hundred years ago. Two of them were married, I learned later. One of the older men and the nephew had married Mexican women. The other man was an old bach, a bachelor of bachelors to the manor born. He was tall and red-faced, sporting a khaki suit and straw hat. His arms were long, his coat sleeves short and he reminded me of Irving's description of Ichabod Crane, the Sleepy Hollow schoolmaster. He had a habit of dropping around and visiting the newcomers at the camp ground soon after their arrival, and in this way I made his acquaintance. He was a ready talker on most subjects and fairly entertaining, but he was never at his best until he discoursed on religion; then he was a spell-binder with the fiery zeal of a crusader.

One morning I stopped at their tent in passing and we entered into conversation. "Where is Charlie?" I asked, noting that the nephew was not present. Charlie didn't come home last night, they explained. He had been talking several days about going to Albuquerque to have his teeth fitted and they supposed he had gone there. He was shell shocked in France and otherwise incapacitated and the government was looking after his dental work. He had been using a temporary set of teeth for some time and it was now time that his permanent set of teeth were installed. That sounded plausible and yet Albu-

querque was one hundred and forty miles distant, and the more I thought of it it seemed queer to me that Charlie should have started for Albuquerque without mentioning his intentions. A little later I went back to my tent and the two men started for town. A half hour passed and a car drove up to the filling station and a man went inside. In a few moments he came out where I was and questioned me concerning the school teachers. He wanted to know if they were around and when I told him that they had gone to town, he asked if I knew where they were going or where he could find them.

It finally developed that he was a deputy sheriff and the reason that Charlie didn't come home was because Charlie was behind the bars in the county jail. The deputy wanted me to take a ride around town with him in an effort to locate the two uncles, and while we were gone he detailed the circumstances connected with Charlie's arrest. It seemed that the police department received a telephone call the previous evening from a woman who was considerably excited and who wanted an officer sent out to her home at once. A man was walking up and down the sidewalk, stopping at each house he passed. He would go to the door and when his knock was answered insist on going in and praying for the inmates. His conduct so frightened two or three women that the telephone call was the result and an officer was dispatched to capture the offender. I spent a pleasant half hour riding about town with the deputy in a fruitless search for the missing men, after which he brought me back to the camp ground.

An hour later, just as I was starting for town, Charlie returned and went to work on his car. That night when

I reached camp they were holding an indignation meeting. The filling station man denounced Charlie's arrest as a piece of unmitigated stupidity, and the school teachers were insistent that I should hear the true explanation, which was, in substance, that Charlie didn't stop at a house; that the deputy was drunk; that if he had been bonded they would have sued him for damages, and that they made him eat dirt as it was. This was a happy termination of the affair and perfectly satisfactory to me, but for my part I could never make up mind concerning the truth of the matter. Charlie was an upright and well-intentioned man, without a doubt. But, owing to the fact that he had been shell shocked and considering the religious fervor of all hands, it was easy to visualize him starting out to convert the world.

New Mexico is blessed with a wonderful climate and possesses many material advantages, but the state is a reactionary of reactionaries, with small prospects for future improvement, says my friend, the filling station man. This is due to the fact that the Mexican population outnumbers the American. The Mexicans are ignorant, unprogressive and distrustful of the Americans, with the distrust which characterizes an inferior race. They not only are in a majority, but they are increasing more rapidly than their paler neighbors, and they will work for such small wages that there is no inducement for white labor to take up a residence in the state. The sum required to support a Mexican family is ridiculously small. Give a Mexican a supply of beans, chile peppers and tortillas and his cup is filled to overflowing.

The Spanish speaking race controls the school boards in most of the counties and it is not unusual for men

and women to serve on these boards who are unable to read and write. In view of these facts it is not surprising that Mexican teachers enjoy a distinct advantage. When New Mexico was admitted to statehood it was stipulated that after a limited time the English language should prevail in all public schools. Years have passed, but there are still many schools in the state taught by Mexicans with no knowledge of English.

Did I say Mexicans? That is not the proper designation. While the recent Democratic state convention was in session in Las Vegas, the courthouse in the old town was the scene of an unusual public gathering. There assembled men from every county in the state and they passed resolutions declaring that Spanish-Americans were entitled to equal representation with Anglo-Americans and insisting that Spanish-Americans be named for one-half of the places on the Democratic state ticket.

Don't turn up your nose at the idea of Spanish-Americans. There are Martinez, Gallegos and Romeros living in this section whose forbears were hanging around here before the first white man rolled his eyes at what is now Connecticut. It was a great week for Las Vegas when the Democratic state convention took possession of the city and the staid old municipality was in gala attire. The streets were filled with automobiles, the sidewalks were lined with people, and the hotels and restaurants were crowded to capacity.

One day as I came up the street on my way to the convention hall the Las Vegas military band stationed on the sidewalk in front of the Meadows Hotel struck up "Yankee Doodle." The Las Vegas military band is no piking one-horse band, but a real aggregation of mu-

sicians dressed in snappy uniforms and with two good-looking girls manipulating the slide trombones. Assuming that I had been recognized and that the selection was in my honor, I squared my shoulders and advanced up the sidewalk. As the poet says, with all the pomp of a pompadour. As evidence that my assumption was correct I have only to state that when I neared them they stopped playing, swung into marching formation ahead of me and escorted me to the convention hall. I felt deeply honored. I have several times been mistaken for a United States marshal, chief of police, deputy sheriff or federal enforcement agent, but this is the first time that a real brass band has ever taken me in tow.

I secured an elevated seat at the rear of the hall, which afforded me an excellent view of the proceedings. It was an animated scene. In the crowd present there were nearly as many women as men and as many Mexicans as Americans. The main floor of the auditorium was reserved for the delegates and high over each county delegation was a standard adorned with the name of the county.

Several of the counties were named for presidents of the United States. Among them were Lincoln, Grant, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Harding. Most of the others bore Spanish names, such as De Baca, Donna Ana, Otero, Hidalgo, Rio Arriba, Sandoval, San Miguel, Socorro and Taos. Like most foreign words, few of them were pronounced as they looked. San Miguel is pronounced San McGill, while Taos seemed to rhyme with that delectable dish on the bill of fare which is composed of pigs' feet. The band, which occupied a platform to the left of the main platform, played "Dixie," which

was favorably received. The crowd applauded and after a brief delay the Hon. Sam Bratton, who represents New Mexico in the United States senate called the convention to order.

The Hon. Sam, who is as plain and unassuming as a typical Methodist minister, made a few remarks in English which were translated into Spanish by a swarthy complexioned man on his left. Then one of the county delegations marched up onto the platform and sang a selection entitled, "Good-bye, Dick Dillon, Good-bye." As the Hon. Richard is governor of the state and the republican nominee, this made a great hit and was greeted with prolonged applause.

Nominations for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court were now in order and the secretary, armed with a megaphone, proceeded to call the roll. As the name of each county was called it either passed, gave way to another county or sent a speaker to the platform to place the name of the county's choice before the convention. When the speaker reached the platform he was joined by the dusky interpreter. The chairman introduced the speaker, the interpreter translated the introduction for the benefit of the Spanish-American contingent, the speaker began his address and they were off. The county orator snapped out from three to six words and stopped as suddenly as if he were equipped with four-wheel brakes. The interpreter came into action, restated the case in sonorous Spanish and stopped with equal precipitation, and so they alternated with the greatest energy and animation. It gave boundless zip to the proceedings, for they seemed to be talking back to each other and at intervals the crowd broke forth in tumultous ap-

plause. When the convention was voting the head of each county delegation announced the vote of the county in English, the chairman repeated it from the platform and the interpreter droned it in Spanish. The convention did not accept the ultimatum of the Spanish-Americans concerning the division of places on the state ticket and a hot fight ensued. The Spanish-Americans had picked one of their men for the position of commissioner of the land office, a high salaried position, and the Anglo-Americans had a candidate of their own. The Anglos nominated their candidate and offered the other man the nomination for lieutenant governor, but it didn't set well and the battle was on. It was long and sanguinary, but in the end the Anglo-Americans won out and the honorable Spanish-American was named for lieutenant governor. When they undertook to escort him to the platform he was nowhere to be found.

It certainly looked as if he were sulking in his tent, but if he was they lassoed him and brought him out, carrying him around the hall on their shoulders while the band played "Hail to the Chief" and the county delegations behind their waving standards marched 'round and 'round the auditorium. It was a great sight and one not soon forgotten. The audience was on its feet, every soul yelling in a different key and different dialect. The band had worn out "Hail to the Chief" and had struck up "Way Down South in the Land of Cotton, Cinnamon Seed and Sandy Bottom" and still that surging mass of humanity with the honorable Spanish-American lifted high in front swept up one aisle and down another, waving their standard and beating time to the music, while the leader's big cornet warbled "Look Away, Look Away, Look Away Dixie Land."

It was a pleasant Wednesday morning early in September when I pulled down my tent on the little camp ground back of the Texaco filling station in East Las Vegas and took the highway leading west. Santa Fe, which was to be my next stopping place, was only seventy-four miles distant and the prospect was decidedly pleasant, for the day was fine, the road was good, and as the elevation of the capital city is about the same as Las Vegas, there was a reasonable expectation of a continuance of the delightful weather which had marked my stay in New Mexico. I stopped at the Old Town post-office for mail and to leave a forwarding address, cranked Lizzie, and we were off. As we rolled past the plaza, my friends, the school teachers, parked on a bench under the spreading trees, waved a friendly farewell.

An old town is Santa Fe and a quaint one in all its essentials. Founded in 1598, it dates back to the childhood of the white race in America, to the days of the Spanish conquistadores and adventurers. I had some difficulty in locating a camp ground after my arrival. A ground highly recommended by the bachelor school teacher had gone out of business. Another ground was inaccessible because a street was torn up, but about this time I fell in with an old filling station man, who came to the rescue nobly. "No use looking for a camp ground," he grumbled. "Get outside of town and you can camp anywhere. Take along some wood and water and tell 'em all to go to hell. Which way you going, brother, to Albuqeurque? Anywhere the other side of the state prison would be all right, I'd say."

Then as I turned and started down the sidewalk he shouted in a confidential undertone: "Hey, I wouldn't camp too near the pen if I was you."

I went back to Lizzie and headed her for the outskirts, according to my instructions. They were putting in a sewer in the main highway and much detouring was necessary. When I got almost to the prison I spotted a place which looked good to me — a level strip between the highway and railroad. It looked good, but after due consideration, I drove along. Not that I objected to the proximity of the state institution, but it occurred to me that the authorities might object to a stranger establishing a camp in their immediate neighborhood. Down the road beyond the pen, on a corner where a road turned to the right, was a cemetery and beside the cemetery on a smooth piece of grassland I pitched my tent.

Some people seem to harbor an unwarranted prejudice against cemeteries, especially after dark, but I do not follow them. According to my theory a cemetery is one of the quietest and most orderly places on the map. And I do not subscribe to the notion which prevails in some quarters, that the members of the first families who have taken up their residence there spend the long evenings in practicing the Charleston or in flitting across the landscape.

A snug little place, it looked to me, with the cemetery on one side and a big oil tank on the other. The state prison was behind me, while in front across the valley I could see the outlines of a few scattered adobe houses. My location was a little more than a mile from the post-office, which was not bad under the circumstances. On the flat in front of Lizzie was one of the largest prairie dog towns I have ever seen. Nothing seems to deter the little animals from digging a burrow wherever they please—between the ties on the railroad or even per-

forating the surface of a state road. The passage of an automobile or a person walking through their town is the signal for a general scampering for their cyclone cellars.

Reaching the entrance, they pause, upraised on their haunches, until the cause of their excitement gets within striking distance, then bolt for the lower levels.

Santa Fe is an interesting place, with old churches, convents and public buildings which date back more than three hundred years. A city with the greatest conceivable variety in the style and design of its architecture, a blending of the old and new, a mingling of American, Spanish and Indian ideals. Here a massive structure with Doric columns, there a large hotel patterned after the architecture of an Indian pueblo, and just beyond little flat-roofed adobe residences which look like dolls' houses beside their larger neighbors. A city of narrow sidewalks and narrow streets. Sidewalks so narrow in some places that when two persons meet one must step into the gutter. Streets so narrow that motorists are compelled to exercise the greatest caution in making right angled turns and in making headway through the traffic.

The stores are filled with antiques, souvenirs and curios—Indian basket work and Indian pottery of every conceivable size and description, Indian jewelry, filagree work, bears' teeth, lizards, skeletons and rattlesnake rattles by the wagonload.

The Spanish idea of building a house seems to be to build it flush with the sidewalk, the floor on the same level. If an ambitious householder desires a veranda he fences in the sidewalk by putting a railing around it, roofs it over, and builds another sidewalk in front of

the veranda. I cannot say whether there is any law restricting such practices or not. I only know that I have often seen places where it has been done.

All manner of people are seen on the public thoroughfares. A woman on horseback, wearing a sombrero, a lariat looped to her saddle, canters down the street. An ancient Indian with a black rag bound around his forehead, his stringy black hair hanging down to his chops, sits on the step of a store selling pottery. A flapper tourist, tall, thin and spindle-shanked, strides up the street. She is dressed in a bright green coat reaching to her knees and bright yellow boots reaching to the coat.

Two Indians who look like laborers shuffle up the sidewalk. They are dressed in blue overalls, wear moccasins, and carry their blankets over their shoulders. A Mexican woman in a black dress with a black shawl over her head is looking in a store window. Down the street come four donkeys hitched abreast to a rickety farm wagon. They are black, brown and mouse color. Cute little fellows with their long ears, gray noses and paintbrush tails. The outfit stops and the driver goes in a store. The burros look patient, pensive and demure as they stand by the sidewalk, their ears perfectly perpendicular. A party of Mexican girls stroll by, chattering in Spanish. The Mexican girls are as attractive as girls are any where. They bob their hair, dress as becomingly as their American sisters and with their dark eyes and rich complexions are unmistakably pretty. The older Mexican women dress in uniform style with practically no variation. Their outer attire consists of a black dress and black mantila with long fringe, which is worn over the head.

Down the street comes a Mexican driving two burros loaded with wood. The wood is cut about thirty inches long and is strapped along the animals' sides and over their backs, making a wide bulky load as high as a man's head. These burros carry their ears at right angles, perhaps for the purpose of balancing the load. At one point on the sidewalk is assembled an Indian family, an old buck, his squaw, and numerous children. The buck is a hard-looking old citizen, tall and knotty. Possibly because he is a poor salesman, he is carrying the papoose in his arms, while the squaw and the remainder of the younger generation display the greatest assortment of baskets and curios in pottery.

The plaza at Santa Fe is a more aristocratic affair than the one at Old Town, Las Vegas, with better walks and grounds and more modern settees, and throughout the day the seats are well occupied with a motley gathering of tourists, Anglo-Americans, Spanish-Americans and genuine Americans.

In the center of the plaza is the soldiers' monument, the oldest Civil war monument I have seen, and its presence took me by surprise, for I did not realize that New Mexico took an active part in the war. It is an ancient brownstone shaft mounted on a base of ancient design bearing on its four sides the following inscriptions:

"To the heroes of the federal army who fell in the battle of Valverde, fought with the rebels Feb. 21, 1862."

"To the heroes of the federal army who fell in the battles of Canon del Apaches and Pigeon's ranch (La Glorieta), fought with the rebels March 28, 1862, and to those who fell in the battle fought with the rebels at Paralta April 15, 1862."

"To the heroes who have fallen in various battles fought with savage Indians in the territory of New Mexico."

"Erected by the people of New Mexico through their legislatures of 1866-'67 and '68. May the Union be perpetuated."

In contrast to the scarcity of policemen in Las Vegas, where one is seldom seen, Santa Fe is full of them, in full uniform and armed with long nightsticks, they look like the real thing. I have seen more officers on one corner at one time than I saw during my stay in Las Vegas, and this in spite of the fact that Las Vegas is credited with a larger population.

One day while I was seated on a bench in the Plaza engaged in writing my memoirs, someone clapped me on the back. It was my friend the bachelor schoolmaster, When I left Las Vegas I had little expectation of seeing him again, and there he was as big as life. When pressed to explain his presence in Santa Fe he told me that the school board had postponed the opening of the schools another month and he had gone into partnership with an ex-convict and they were traveling about the state conducting evangelical services. He had arranged to hold services in Santa Fe Sunday evening and was trying to arrange to hold a meeting on the Plaza that night. The mayor was out of town and he was trying to locate the chief of police in the hope that the chief would give permission. "I'll bet that's the chief in that car," he announced as a uniformed official shot past. "See you again," he shouted as he started in pursuit, and that was the last I saw of him.

The difference between the soil of the western states

and the soil of New England is quite remarkable. The sewer under construction here crosses the flat and joins the river not far from my camp. Where it crosses the flat the trench, which is thirty inches wide and more than twenty feet deep, is without planking or shoring of any description. Like conditions exist in Iowa, Nebraska and other states, where automobile roads are cut through the hills to a depth of forty feet or more and the dirt sides are as smooth and as straight as a granite wall, even where the work was done many years ago.

There are places where a railroad train looks decidedly out of place. One day while I was engaged in navigating Lizzie through the narrow streets of Santa Fe my attention was arrested by the tooting of a locomotive whistle and the vigorous clanging of its bell. Up the street, in the middle of the road, on what I had supposed was the trolley track, came a Denver & Rio Grande passenger train. I had not realized that I was trespassing on a main line, but lost no time in getting off the right of way as the little narrow gauge engine, with much puffing and snorting, moved majestically up the street.

One day a friend employed by a city filling station invited me to take a ride out to his ranch, some fifteen miles distant. Seen at the filling station, my friend was an engaging young fellow with curly hair, and always dressed in a brown union overall suit with the name of the oil company embroidered in red letters across the shoulders. But when he went off duty and prepared to take me out in the brush he put on a plaid sweater with four-inch squares, a ten-gallon white hat, jammed an automatic into his hip pocket and was transformed into a very different looking party. We followed the Al-

buquerque road about five miles and then turned south. The country through which we passed was devoid of trees and brush, a smooth, undulating land with an uninterrupted view in every direction, and in the background distant mountains. We visited the ranch, called at two other ranches and rode home in the white light of a full moon. A wonderful country this in either sunlight or moonlight.

From my camp by the cemetery, occasionally at night I heard the heavy, deep-mouthed baying of dogs, seemingly not far distant, an ominous sound in the darkness, and was told it was the bloodhounds kept at the penitentiary. Several times as I lay in my blankets during the early morning hours, I heard a brass band play "The Star Spangled Banner", and play it with fine effect. I was considerably mystified by the circumstance as it sounded quite near, and it was some days before I learned that it was the Indian band at the Indian school a short distance down the road.

When it comes to climate the Rocky Mountain region is hard to beat, and I have yet to be convinced that either California or Florida offers a finer summer or winter climate. The portion of the summer I spent in Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, from July 1st to August 15th was the hottest weather I ever encountered. And while I sizzled on the plains the papers from day to day reported the excessive heat and heavy death toll in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, and in fact, from all sections of the country east of the Rocky Mountains. In addition to stories of intolerable heat, the papers were filled with graphic accounts of storms, torrential rains, cloud bursts, floods and hurricanes devastating

the middle, eastern and southern states. A terrible storm in the vicinity of New York city, with the loss estimated in millions. Heat, floods and hurricanes in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, with heavy property loss and many deaths. Destructive rains in Iowa and Kansas, flooding large areas, washing away bridges and houses, and causing great damage. In Iowa the "embattled farmers" were working frantically building dykes of sand bags and cornstalks to keep the swelling rivers within their banks. From the south stories of the terrible loss of life and property from a hurricane, the third time the Florida cities have been submerged within a few months. And yet through all this turmoil the Rocky Mountain region goes serenely on its way, unscathed and undisturbed.

I arrived in Las Vegas on the 15th of August and during the six weeks I tarried in New Mexico one sunshiny day followed another. Neither too hot nor too cold, the kind of days which make life a pleasure, and the kind of nights when a man sleeps like a log. And although the elevation is 7,000 feet and October 1st is near at hand, no frosts have killed the flowers or blackened the fields of corn.

My friend, the filling station man, native of Texas and owner of the ranch, was not a bad man by any means, despite his ten-gallon hat and automatic. When he talked, it was in the low, musical drawl characteristic of certain sections of the south. And when he spoke of his father, he didn't say "the governor" or "my old man," as a scion of the north would have done, but always referred to his father as "my papa." Just imagine an up-to-date New Englander of twenty-five referring to

his father in such endearing terms! I doubt if the old gentleman would survive.

The time had come to break camp. Realizing that I had listened to the strains of the Indian band and heard the baying of the penitentiary bloodhounds for the last time, one Wednesday morning I pulled down my tent next to the cemetery and took the road for Albuquerque, sixty-five miles distant. I had traveled the road from Santa Fe to Albuquerque once before, but one trip over a road doesn't make one familiar with it. And then the conditions were different from those confronting me today, for it was in January, 1925, which saw the coldest weather of recent years. Still, I had a fairly distinct recollection of the La Bajada Hill, twenty-one miles west of Santa Fe, with its hairpin turns and drop of seven hundred feet in a mile and a half.

This is a land of famous Indian pottery, dating back before the arrival of the Spaniards. Pottery of different designs and patterns, the product of different Pueblos. On the way from Santa Fe to Albuquerque little groups of Indians, or sometimes a single Indian, sat by the roadside surrounded by their wares. Sometimes there was a family of five or six. Frequently there was a framework of poles covered with withered foliage as a protection against the sun. As the car approaches, the Indians one and all grasp a piece of pottery in either hand and rising, stand with arms extended, supplicating the passerby. Domingo, an old pueblo famous for its pottery, is a few miles west of La Bajada and next comes Bernalillo, where we struck a fine concrete road leading into Albuquerque.

It was a little after noon when I pulled into the Duke

City, as Albuquerque calls itself, and, parking Lizzie in a quiet spot, set out to get my mail and procure a few necessary supplies. An hour later I drove back on Fourth Street, by which I entered the city, and pitched my tent back of a billboard in the suburbs. As it was still early, after I had made camp I returned to town and spent the evening. Albuquerque is a thriving, bustling place with handsome buildings and broad, smoothly paved streets. It has its full share of automobiles and yet, strange as it may seem, there was not a traffic officer or a traffic signal in the city. The streets are broad and at right angles, and the autoists seem to manage without supervision. A filling station man told me that despite the fact that the tourist season was practically over, there were more tourists in town than ever. Walking down the sidewalk one evening I saw something which seemed to corroborate his assertion.

I was passing one of the leading restaurants about 7:30 in the evening. Apparently every chair was occupied, and the manager was on the sidewalk trying to persuade a party not to enter until some of those inside had departed.

The *Albuquerque Journal,* which is the leading paper, kept open house the night of the Dempsey-Tunney fight. A crowd estimated at more than five thousand assembled in the Journal's side yard, and a man with a megaphone supplied detailed information as the bout proceeded. Western time being so much slower, the west has a distinct advantage in events of this kind. The Dempsey-Tunney bout was over before 7:30, and even the small evening papers of the west print the baseball scores of the National and American leagues, and the closing

prices of the New York Stock Exchange the same day.

New Mexico is developing a prodigous amount of excitement over oil production, and Albuquerque advertises itself as the center of the oil fields. Since my first visit here in January, 1925, the new Bernalillo County Courthouse has been completed, and the Santa Fe railroad has erected a million dollar hospital.

During my stay in Albuquerque there was an item in one of the daily papers stating that Cannon Ball Baker passed through a neighboring town one day that week driving a Ford car. It may have been intended as a joke, quite likely it was; but just the same it was no joke when the man from Kankakee and I trailed Cannon Ball, driving a Rickenbacker Six across the mountains from Springerville to Globe in the winter of 1925. I haven't yet forgotten the Sunday afternoon we spent shoveling snow on the Continental Divide on that memorable occasion.

It was Saturday morning when I pulled down the tent back of the big billboard and took the road again. The clear skies of the last few days had been replaced by a mottled partly cloudy effect, and the weather, while not threatening, looked decidedly uncertain. Holbrook, Arizona, two hundred and seventy miles distant, was to be my next stopping place, the road leading through the Pueblo of Isleta and by way of Las Lunas.

When the man from Kankakee and I started for Globe we came this way, following the original National Old Trails Highway through Socorro, Magdelina and Springerville. On this occasion I turned off at Las Lunas on the short cut to Gallup, which is the main road at this time. It was a comfortable day despite the overcast skies. Along the road were fields of corn untouched by

frost, and the gaudy strings of chile peppers suspended from every Mexican and Indian shack lent color to the occasion. There were no large towns on the highway short of Gallup, and settlements of any description were few and far between. I had been told that there was a bad spot on the road between Grants and Blue Water in wet weather, and it was my fervent desire to get past that place while the weather remained dry. Vain hope! Early in the afternoon it began to rain, a thin, driving spray which gradually increased in volume, and the road became as slippery as new ice.

I had been filled with ambition in the forenoon and had been looking forward to a day of great achievement, but as the rain increased and the day became more sour and disagreeable, I began to consider the advisability of stopping at Grants. I had covered a hundred miles and was within five miles of Grants when I encountered a rotten stretch of road and Lizzie, running true to form, promptly picked out the sloppiest place she could find and proceeded to lie down in it. She wasn't stuck, you understand; just peevish and unreasonable. I pleaded with her to go a little farther. I dilated on the necessity of our getting to Grants. I beseeched and entreated her, but all to no purpose. She had gone just as far as she cared to go, and that was all there was to it. It was not by any means an ideal place to camp or one I would have selected. In fact, where she stopped was on a small bridge; but a hundred feet ahead was a low, flat piece of land with the water trickling across it. It was low ground, lower than the road and devoid of vegetation. It looked like sand, but all of the soil here is more or less adobe, which is quite a different matter.

There was a little rise ahead of Lizzie, which I was

unable to push her over, but stopping a passing motorist, I persuaded him to give me a hand, and we soon had the old girl safely parked beside the highway. As a camp site it did not appeal to me. It was wet enough as it was, and in case of a steady rain was likely to be under water. But the old adage says "Any port in a storm!" And the storm was there, all right and gathering headway every minute. I set briskly to work; pitched the tent and unloaded the war chests, dragging them inside on planks to keep them out of the mud, and blocking them up so the water would not reach them. Then I put up the sheet iron stove and as there were some stunted evergreens near at hand I cut off several armfuls of branches and strewed them on the ground in the tent to raise the floor level above the mud.

And such mud! There is nothing like it in the east,—a slippery, soggy substance as plastic as putty. The next task was to dig a trench around the tent to divert the surplus water, and that done I took a short vacation and watched the traffic roll past. There was considerable traffic, for the National Old Trails is a leading highway, and the traffic was having its troubles. Spinning, skidding, crossways of the road or wallowing in the ditch, cars of all makes and sizes tackled that muddy stretch of road. The heavy cars suffered the most. A big closed car with its siren screaming plowed through mud and water until it could go no farther. A gay young sport in light trousers and tan oxfords sprang out in the mud half way to his knees and placed his shoulder behind the car. Rocking and reeling, the big car gave a sudden start, and the valiant pusher lost his balance and went into the mire.

At times the road was full of roaring cars and anxious men trying to expedite their progress. An elderly man and his young wife or daughter turned out a little too far and found immediate trouble. I went to their assistance and by much hard work got them started. Though their progress was slow and uncertain, by hook and crook, hard work and much profanity, the cars all managed to go through, while Lizzie and I were bogged there with no immediate prospect of escape. In one respect at least we were fortunate, for we had wood, water and provisions sufficient for an indefinite stay. I suspected that the trouble was due to the failure of the timer, a second-hand timer which a friend in need installed when I was having trouble back in Kansas. I was not greatly concerned by the turn affairs had taken, for I doubted if Lizzie could have negotiated that mud with the load she was carrying, and a few hours of sunshine will work wonders with a place like that in this country.

It rained steadily through the night, and, as the road was fully as bad the next morning, I postponed making any attempt to start that day. It did not rain as the forenoon advanced, so along about ten o'clock, I started on foot for Grants. To avoid the mud I made my way to the railroad, which passed within a hundred yards of camp, and followed that into town. The Santa Fe railroad does not take a back seat from anything in the way of transportation. Double-tracked, rock ballasted and equipped with the block signal system, it is one of the most efficient and best-equipped railroads in the country. Grants is a little frontier town with a population of about four hundred. Its principal excuse for existence seems to be that it is located on the National Old Trails

Highway, and hotels, garages and filling stations are its chief assets. On the occasion of my visit the hotels were filled to overflowing owing to the storm, and many tourists were compelled to sleep in their cars.

There was a vigorous shower accompanied by hail while I was in town and another overtook me on my way back to camp. Fortunately I managed to reach a bridge before getting very wet and, crawling under it, I stayed until the sun came out. The next morning was clear and pleasant, and as the road was much improved I made plans to get under way—to start Lizzie if I could, and, if she refused, to walk into Grants and get reinforcements. To this end I was up early, breakfasted and loaded my equipment. When I undertook to start Lizzie, she was as obdurate as ever, so after a few unsuccessful attempts I left her in her tracks and started for Grants alone.

CHAPTER XVII

Lava Beds and Indians

I had not proceeded far on my way to Grants after leaving Lizzie when a car overtook me and stopped. "Is that your car back beside the road?" the driver inquired. I assured him that it was. "Well, do you know, I wouldn't dare leave a car like that. I shouldn't expect to find anything when I got back." I explained to him that Lizzie had gone on a strike and that I was on way to Grants for reinforcements. "What seems to be the trouble, the timer? I'm a pretty good hand on a timer. Let's go back and look at it." That suited me, and we started. He took the timer off, wiped out the dirt and grease and surveyed it critically, saying: "It's pretty well shot. When you get to Grants you better get a new one." He tinkered with it a little, put it back in place and Lizzie started with a rush.

I reached Grants without trouble, found a garage where they had timers in stock, drove Lizzie in, and the only mechanic went to work on her. She needed new transmission linings and some other repairs, and I intended to have it all done, but the fellow was so clumsy and stupid in changing the timer that I postponed the rest of the work.

Leaving Grants I drove to Blue Water, thirteen miles distant, without encountering as much mud as I left behind me. Blue Water was a small place, but there was a garage there which was highly recommended, and there

I stopped to have the brakes relined. The man was a very capable and painstaking mechanic, but he had never put in any of the quick-change linings and it took him most of the afternoon, fully as long, in fact, as it would have required with the old-style linings. In consequence, it was nearly five o'clock when I left Blue Water, and an hour later I made camp in a lonely spot just off the highway. I was now just west of the Continental Divide, elevation 7,200 feet, and that night the weather turned decidedly cold. I felt the change as I lay in my blankets, and the next morning the ground was frozen. I was considerably concerned about the radiator, for I had not thought of drawing off the water the night before, but, fortunately, it was not seriously damaged.

The weather when the sun came up was all that could be desired, so I broke camp and took the road early. I was now approaching Gallup, and the region around Gallup calls itself the land of enchantment. The mountains are of striking and grotesque shapes and brilliant colors. At one place the color scheme is gray, green, yellow and red. The distant peaks on one side are steel gray, flanked by a growth of dark green evergreens. Across the valley the perpendicular wall is bright red, and the meadows between are a mass of yellow blossoms. I passed that day several flocks of sheep and herds of goats tended by Indian girls. Reaching Gallup in the late forenoon, I stocked up with gas and oil for my final run of one hundred miles to Holbrook, Arizona.

Gallup has a population of about 7,000. This was not my first visit here, for in April, 1925, I drove in from the Grand Canyon and after a nine days' stay took the road north into southwestern Colorado. On this occasion I

did not tarry long in Gallup, for the day was fine, the road was in prime condition and the sunny slopes of Arizona were beckoning to me in the distance. At Manuelito, seventeen miles west of Gallup, I passed the headquarters of Mike Kirk, widely advertised as the "honest Indian trader" and authority on Indian arts and customs. It was a beautiful day neither too hot nor too cold, and without a cloud to mar the clear blue sky. About three o'clock I passed the Painted Desert and loitered long enough to obtain several views of the highly decorated locality. When I got within twenty-five miles of Holbrook I began to add to my depleted supply of wood, scanning the roadside and stopping for any stray material. I had been burning newspapers for fuel recently, but it was now past October 1st, the weather was likely to turn colder at any time, and I knew by experience that wood was scarce in some parts of Arizona. I was more than ordinarily successful in my lookout for wood and salvaged several dry boards and other combustible material. It was about five-thirty when I pulled into Holbrook and pitched my tent on a new and neat camp ground located in the northern suburbs of the city. The camp ground was owned and operated by two brothers, pleasant, accommodating fellows, who were trying to develop it into a paying proposition. They had a filling station and grocery in front and carried a stock which included provisions, milk, fresh meat and auto accessories. The camp ground lacked nothing but cabins, and that was the next step in the way of development. The four last games of the world series were played while I was in Holbrook. The Western Union provided a blackboard and supplied the details, inning by inning, and during the

last game they had a man with megaphone announcing the plays. In front of the blackboard, which stood on the sidewalk, gathered an interested audience of cowpunchers, miners, railroad men, clerks and storekeepers. And in the street seated in their cars, which were headed in toward the curb, were other members of the genus fan ready to honk their horns on the slightest provocation. When the game was in New York the returns began to come at twelve o'clock, and when they played in St. Louis it was one o'clock when they took to the field. There was one man seated in a large car who took in every game. He seemed to be a prime favorite with the crowd of onlookers—a tall, handsome man of sixty-five or seventy, wearing a wide-brimmed white hat and a gray mustache and imperial. He was always betting heavily on the Yankees, whereas the crowd's sympathies were with the Cardinals. The men of the crowd called him Senator and were busily engaged in trying to razz him, but never got away with it, for he was a master of repartee and could always turn the laugh on his opponents. And when he did he had the laugh himself, with an Ah-ha-ha-ha as clear and musical as a bugle call.

Whether the game was going with him or against him, he was seldom still and was always the life of the gathering. At one time when the game was going against the Yankees and the senator happened to be quiet a moment, a St. Louis rooter yelled, "It seems pretty quiet now. What's the matter with the senator?" "There's nothing the matter with me that whiskey or money can't cure. Ah-ha-ha-ha," boomed the senator. In the last half of the last inning of the crucial seventh game, when the man came out to mark up the final score he said to the

senator, "This is awful. You'd better take a bracer and prepare for the worst." "I've already taken one, thank you, and I'm prepared for anything. I Got an M. D. on either side of me and sky pilot sitting on my coat tails. Ah-ha-ha-ha" bellowed the Senator.

Fourteen miles southeast of Holbrook is the Petrified Forest, which is one of the great attractions of this region. Here petrified tree trunks, some of great size, are numerous—not that this is the only petrified forest in the southwest, but the largest one. And it is under federal supervision. Holbrook is interested in auto racing and maintains an excellent race course, rated as one of the best dirt tracks in the southwest.

Not since leaving Dixon, Illinois, where my tent was pitched in a shady grove facing a big strawberry patch, has my camp been in the shade, and in the intervening weeks the morning sun has been one of the killjoys of camp life, compelling me to leave my downy couch and cook my breakfast at unseasonable hours to avoid the heat, for the brilliant sunshine of this region goes through a tent like water through a sieve, and even now, though it is past the fourteenth of October and the air is crisp and cool, as soon as the sun strikes the tent, the temperature rises by leaps and bounds.

But I fooled Old Sol when I pitched my tent on the Holbrook camp ground, for I shoved it back next to the fence on the east side, a fence six feet high, and now it is nine-thirty before the sun can get a line on my recumbent form, and nine-thirty is a very pleasant time to think of getting up. While I was in Holbrook I attended a Democratic rally in the theater and had the pleasure of listening to Governor Hunt, seven times the chief execu-

tive of the state and United States senatorial aspirant. Governor Hunt is a very corpulent man, who talks in a confidential manner and is extremely witty. He spent most of his time in discussing the Boulder Canyon Dam project, stating his position and raking his opponent fore and aft. Senator Ashurst is tall and courtly, self-possessed and dignified. Possessing a good voice, a pleasing manner and a ready flow of language, he is a natural orator. His talk related to what congress had been doing of interest to the people of Arizona.

A few nights later I attended a Republican rally and heard the Republican candidate for governor denounce Governor Hunt as the head of the great political machine which had robbed the people of Arizona of millions of dollars; heard him deride Governor Hunt's views on the Colorado River and remind the Governor that when Arizona was admitted to statehood, the United States reserved the right to the control of the river water.

It is inevitable in a country as large as ours, drawing its population from such widely separated sources, that there should be a great diversity of names. And in my travels I frequently stumble upon a name which is new and out of the ordinary. As an instance there is a sheriff in the southwest named Dan Divelbess. Still there is undoubtedly a limit somewhere, and I have sometimes thought that the names used in the comic sections were many of them pure inventions. Take Cicero Sapp as an example. Cicero Sapp sounds like pure fiction, and it is hard to conceive a man actually possessing such a name. And yet only the other day I met a real estate and oil broker of this state doing business under the name of Sylvester Sapp. I have every reason to believe

that the name was legally his, and he certainly looked as if he were entitled to it.

While in Holbrook I had an invitation to go on a wild turkey hunt, but was obliged to turn it down. Arizona is one of the few remaining states where wild turkeys are to be found, and south of Holbrook they are fairly plentiful.

It was Wednesday morning, October 20th, when I pulled down the tent on the Holbrook camp ground and started for Flagstaff, one hundred miles distant, and my road was still the National Old Trails Highway. Early in the forenoon I passed through Winslow, a thriving place of about five thousand people. It was a perfect day, of which there are many in this part of the world, with the autumn sun shining from a cloudless blue sky. The leaves were turning, but few had fallen, and the occasional patches of corn along the way showed no signs of frost. Lizzie was feeling fine and going like a race horse.

Thirty miles west of Winslow our road crossed the Canyon Diablo, or Devil's Canyon, as the old forty-niners called it for the trouble it caused them on their mad rush to California, and a few miles further we came to the Canyon Padre, where the road gang was making improvements. Here we encountered our first setback, for the road was torn up and Lizzie couldn't make the grade. After a few spasmodic efforts on her part, which each time ended in failure, the road gang came to our assistance and boosted us over the top. It was mid-afternoon when we pulled into the city of Flagstaff, the old stamping ground of my Flagstaff lantern which still serves as the lighting system of my camp. That old

Dietz has seen some travel and some adventure since I made its acquaintance and rescued it from a Flagstaff second-hand store that Sunday afternoon in April, 1925.

Much water has gone under the bridge since then, and that old arc light has visited at least forty-seven of the forty-eight states, as well as the District of Columbia, in the time intervening, but unless it passed through Nebraska on its initial journey to Flagstaff I doubt if it ever set foot on Nebraskan soil.

It is a matter of surprise to me to discover what a wide range volcanoes had in this country of ours in ages past. The west, northwest and southwest are filled with the evidence of their activity. In Flagstaff, before pitching my tent on a grassy plot at the end of a blind street, I picked up and threw one side innumerable small pieces of lava which littered the ground. And I noticed that many of the houses, their chimneys, foundations and the walls in front were constructed of the same material. On the National Old Trials Highway near Grants, the right of way lies through lava beds. Here the country as level as meadow land was overflowed by lava to a depth of several feet, and the lava lies as level as candy poured in a tin. Where the lava stops, the level drops off six or eight feet and in places slender streams of lava extend from the main body to end in tapering fingers.

Flagstaff with a population of about 6,000 and an elevation approaching 7,000 feet, is said to be the highest town on the Santa Fe Railroad. It must hold this distinction by a very slender margin, however, if at all, for several places, including Raton, Las Vegas and Gallup, are of nearly the same elevation. Santa Fe is unquestionably higher, but singularly enough, the Atchison,

Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad does not approach within several miles of the city for which it was named.

North of Flagstaff and in plain sight are the San Francisco peaks, a cluster of high mountain peaks reaching an elevation of more than 12,000 feet, and from them the city gets its drinking water which enjoys the distinction of being as fine as any in the west. Flagstaff got its name, says an authority, from the fact that an old fort stood on a hill overlooking the present town site long before the town arrived, and this fort displayed an imposing flagstaff, visible from all directions. In consequence, it was customary to refer to that locality as Flagstaff, and when the town came it found the name waiting for it. It is the county seat of Coconino county. Coconino was a famous Indian chief. On October 30th the city celebrated the annual homecoming of the alumni of the Northern Arizona Teachers' College. The celebration was featured by the dedication of the new physical education building, a football game between the elevens of the college and the Phoenix Indian School, and a grand street parade. One of the speakers at the dedication exercises was George Grantham, first baseman of the Pittsburgh Pirates, a former student of the college. The street parade was a unique affair embellished by all of the buffoonry to be expected of a college offering, and in the football game the college players were victorious by a score of seven to nothing.

It was frightfully cold at the game, with an exceedingly bitter wind, but what made it seem colder was the fact that it was the first sharp day we had experienced. I went home that night with the feeling that winter was at hand and slept in my reefer and felt boots though I doubt

if the mercury was much under freezing. I had some misgivings about Hallowe'en. It had been my practice to stay down town until nine o'clock or after but in considering Hallowe'en I wondered if it wouldn't be prudent to get home early and stand guard. Dismissing the idea as foolish, I finally stayed as usual. When I did reach camp I found the tent down, the stove overturned and my kettle of Mulligan stew upset. There was no moon and it was as dark as pitch when I went to work to replace the tent and make things a little more habitable. I don't know how they manage it, but the streets of many of these southwestern towns are so much better paved than the streets of places of similar size in the east that there is no comparison.

Pool is a popular pastime in the west. Every small town has several pool halls, and pool halls with six or eight tables are quite the ordinary thing. One evening when I was sojourning in one of the largest and most popular pool halls of Flagstaff, Lo and a party of Indian friends, a dozen or more in number, arrived and engaged in a friendly session of pool. I don't mean that they all played pool, but those not playing were interested spectators, keenly alive to the players' merits and demerits, mostly the latter, for the red men were uncommonly clumsy exponents of the game, playing with great vigor and little skill. Sometimes a single game seemed destined to last an entire evening owing to the inability of the players to pocket the balls. The onlookers seemed more inclined to applaud their friends' misplays than their plays, and at certain stages of the game they giggled, chortled and whooped with delight.

Their laughter differed from the laughter of a crowd

of white men, in that it was pitched in a higher key, sounding more like the outbursts of a group of half-grown boys. There was one boy among the players who was clumsier, more uncertain and more erratic than his older companions. When it was his turn to play, the hilarity of the audience was unrestrained. He was no piker, however, for he always joined freely in the merriment which his appearance provoked.

The redskins were garbed mainly in the raiment of civilization. Their clothing was cheap looking, shabby and threadbare, and they wore shoes instead of moccasins, but when it came to hats, they were right there, for with few exceptions they sported the broad-brimmed, high-crowned, white monstrosities of which the west is so fond. There was one exception in an ancient warrior whose head was crowned by a fur cap, evidently of home construction.

The boy whose playing contributed so much to the gayety of the occasion was apparently the only sport in the party. He was a round-faced, wholesome looking boy, arrayed in high boots, the highest and biggest of white ten gallon hats and a sport coat of gorgeous pattern. It was a sharp evening, but there were no overcoats present. One old warrior wore a sheep-lined reefer and several carried over one shoulder handsome blankets in rich colors. Their hair, coarse, black and reaching to their shoulders, was usually tied back with a stout string. Evidently while an Indian may follow in the footsteps of the pale face in many directions, having a haircut is not one of them.

I planned to leave Flagstaff early on the morning of November 2nd, which was election day, and when I

reached camp the night before laid my plans accordingly.

My watch had been bothering me to the extent that it lost time every night and was undependable in the morning. To overcome that difficulty I located the big dipper and made a rough astronomical calculation, plotting its approximate position in the heavens at the hour I planned to rise, for as I have said, I planned to turn out early. It worked fine! I arose by the dipper, cooked and ate breakfast, packed up, and went to town, reaching the post office an hour before it opened.

It was a cold snappy morning with frost in the air, but it warmed up rapidly as the sun mounted the eastern sky. When the post office opened I got my mail, left a forwarding address and pulled out for Prescott, one hundred and ten miles distant. A few miles west of Flagstaff I reached the summit, elevation 7,235 feet, from which point the road to Prescott drops more than two thousand feet. I passed through Maine and Williams, where the roads turn off to the Grand Canyon, and reached Ashfork in the early forenoon. At Ashfork I left the National Old Trails Highway, which I had followed from Dodge City, Kansas, and took the road leading due south to Prescott.

Before dismissing the subject I must say a word regarding the National Old Trails Highway, for one reason, because it is the most dependable road crossing the Rocky Mountains, open for travel the year around; for another, because it is the oldest and most famous highway crossing the continent, a truly national highway. Here is its history boiled down. Immediately after the adoption of the American constitution steps were taken

by President Washington to inaugurate the building of a great national highway beginning at Tidewater on the Potomac and extending westward to the Ohio at Wheeling, Va. The financing of this road was begun when Ohio was admitted to the union. It was established by an act of congress approved by Thomas Jefferson on the 29th day of March, 1806; was known as the National or Cumberland Road, and was built and maintained by the government. It was extended by subsequent acts of congress from Wheeling to St. Louis, Missouri; from St. Louis to Ft. Osage, Missouri; from Ft. Osage to Santa Fe, and from Santa Fe to the Pacific. It thus became, and is today a national highway extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, established by successive acts of congress.

The road from Ashfork to Prescott was in fine condition. The autumn day was a beautiful one with blue sky and warm sunshine and as I neared Prescott many of the trees still displayed green foliage, and flowers were blooming in the dooryards. Prescott, once the capital of Arizona, is a very attractive city, situated in a valley surrounded by lofty mountains. It is one of the oldest places in the state and had the oldest bank and the first lodges of Masons and Odd Fellows chartered in Arizona. It was a prolific gold camp way back in the sixties, a placer camp where they panned out gold by the wagonload. In the course of time, the supply of gold diminishing, they turned their attention to copper, and it became a copper camp, though gold as well as silver and lead are important products. The streets of Prescott are broad, right angled and well paved. The buildings of the busi-

ness section are either brick or stone, and the city carries an air of substantial prosperity.

The plaza is the finest of any I have seen, with wide concrete walks and well kept lawn. In the center is the Yavapai County Courthouse, a large and handsome granite building. In front of the courthouse mounted on a large granite boulder, is the Bucky O'Neil monument, a bronze horse and rider, erected to the Rough Riders of Arizona who lost their lives in the Spanish-American war. Indians are not as numerous in Prescott as in Flagstaff, notwithstanding that there are some in sight most of the time.

In the pool hall in Prescott in which I watched a game one evening, a bright-looking young Indian was not an especially good player and no match for the company of sharks he was playing against with the stakes at a dollar a corner. But there was a player who intrigued me more than the young Indian. He was a tall, lanky fellow dressed in blue overalls and a sweater. His nose was long, his face was narrow and solemn and wore an air of settled melancholy. By all of the signs he was as patient and as humble as the donkey, who conversed with the pack horse in the ancient fable. They were crowding him hard and as the game progressed, he pulled off his sweater and got down to business. His shirt of faded blue was so short that only by stretching it, would it connect with his pants, and it required constant supervision on his part to keep it within bounds. Every now and then, making a frantic grab, he would get a strangle hold on the tail and twist it under his belt in seeming security and the next he knew it would whisk outside of his overalls, climb his back and start a flirtation with his back

collar button. I have been around some, but in all of my experience I never saw a shirt act so, and it is no exaggeration to say that it utterly wrecked his game, for after losing steadily for some time, he swore a succession of gloomy oaths, put on his sweater and withdrew to the sidelines, where he watched the game with sullen disapproval.

Blue overalls are quite the thing in this part of the world, especially those riveted with copper rivets, and it is no uncommon sight to see young men of undoubted standing, on the street in the evening attired in a pair of blue overalls and a sweater. The sweater may be of $10 or $15 vintage, but the overalls are of the ordinary garden variety. This partiality for blue overalls extends to the fair sex as well, and it is nothing out of the ordinary to see little girls, misses and big girls on the street clad in overalls. The orthodox costume in such cases seems to be a pair of overalls, a white sweater and a boy's cap. Lest my readers conclude that this is an ill-groomed section given to plebian expression, let me say that nowhere in Connecticut in places of similar size can you see so many well-pressed suits and neatly-creased trousers on the streets, afternoon or evening, as you can see in Prescottt, Flagstaff or Holbrook.

The papers of the present week tell of the death of Annie Oakley, the one famous rifle shot. Though I can claim no acquaintance with the departed, the notice of her death recalls the strenuous search I prosecuted in Colorado Springs five years ago for one Joe Bowler who was said to reside in the Annie Oakley house. It was only by chance that I located Joe Bowler for the populace had already forgotten Annie Oakley and her form-

er place of residence. As the poet truly says, "The path of glory leads but to the grave."

The election of 1926 is a thing of the past, the great struggle is ended, and after a week of suspense owing to the closeness of the contest, Governor George W. P. Hunt, commonly called George V. of Siam, has again secured the drop on his opponent by the narrow margin of 333 votes. The title, George V. of Siam, said to be the invention of jealous Republicans, signifies that Governor Hunt was elected governor of Arizona five times before President Wilson made him the United States representative to Siam.

The west takes its politics more seriously and more strenuously than the east. During the campaign every store window displays placards urging the voter to support this or that candidate. Telephone poles, trees and billboards blossom with beautiful portraits of would-be office holders, and the daily papers carry full page ads extolling the personnel of the party tickets.

In Prescott I attended the annual football struggle between the Prescott and Winslow high schools. Prescott won by the decisive score of twenty to nothing. The cheering section was composed entirely of girls, and when the combat was at its height and the doughty antagonists locked horns in a death struggle, high over the din of conflict swelled the same inspiring strains to which Gilbert has advanced to many a battle.

It was Tuesday morning, November 16th that I broke camp in Prescott and started for Phoenix, one hundred and ten miles distant and 4,300 feet nearer sea level. There are three main roads connecting Prescott and Phoenix, namely, the Black Canyon Road, the Skull Val-

ley Road and the Hassayampa Trail. The Black Canyon Road is the most direct, but it is not recommended, for it is rough, crooked and dangerous. The Skull Valley Road is a good road, thirty miles longer than the Black Canyon route, whereas the Hassayampa Trail, the latest arrival, is only two miles farther than the road through the canyon, and a regular boulevard in the eyes of its admirers. Phoenix is south and a little east of Prescott, but the roads leading there chart their courses on independent lines. The Black Canyon Road heads northeast from Prescott, the Skull Valley Road northwest, while the Hassayampa Trail starts in a southwesterly direction. So highly was it recommended that it seems needless to say that I took the Hassayampa Trail.

It was a pleasant morning, a little snappy early, but developing into a warm day. The road climbed by easy stages to a level several hundred feet higher than Prescott, then crossing the summit started down the mountain, winding in and out along the mountainside until reaching Wickenburg, it had descended toward 4,000 feet. This was not my first visit to Wickenburg, a place of a few hundred inhabitants, for I passed through the town in March, 1925 on my way to the Grand Canyon, and again with Bimbo during February of 1926. This time I stopped here for lunch and shortly after one o'clock took the road again. It was a warm, sunny autumn day, comparable to what New England calls Indian summer. Lizzie was feeling fine and the prospect was decidedly promising.

We had covered about five miles and were climbing a small hill, when just as we were within reach of the summit, the old girl coughed feebly a few times and quit.

That is the way many things happen in this "vale of tears," without warning and without provocation. I had no premonition that the case was serious but backed Lizzie down to the foot of the hill and held a post mortem. Then I found that one of the rear radius rods was broken, as well as one of the supports holding the motor to the frame, and the tilting of the motor had torn the hose connection from the radiator. That was surely enough.

Stopping a passing car I learned that Sulphur Spring Junction was eight miles ahead and had no garage and that Wickenburg, five miles back, had several. If I had to make the journey on foot, Wickenburg was clearly my best bet, but after tinkering Lizzie a while I finally got her started and hating to turn back, continued on my way. She could only travel in low, however, and before she had covered a mile she started choking and coughing and the water in the radiator got to boiling so furiously that I was obliged to turn around and head for Wickenburg. It was slow and tedious progress with frequent stops necessary to cool the motor and in consequence it was after three o'clock when we limped into town and pulled up in front of a garage. The garage man declared that he could fix us all right, but it was then so late in the afternoon that there was small prospect of getting much farther that day, so I pitched my tent back of the garage and spent the night in Wickenburg.

Arizona has a Hall murder mystery of its own. The day before I reached Wickenburg, a sportsman out after quail, which are very plentiful in this region, stopped his car near the point where Lizzie blew up on the Has-

sayampa Trail south of Wickenburg, and taking his gun, started in search of birds. Descending a fifteen foot embankment he stumbled over the body of a man riddled with bullets. It was clearly a case of murder, and it developed that the man's name was Hall, not Edward Wheeler, but plain Jim, and he was well known in Wickenburg. Few clews were discovered to connect anyone with the crime and last accounts indicated that it promised to be as much of a mystery as the affair in De Russey Lane.

The next morning I pulled out of Wickenburg in fair season on the last lap of my run to Phoenix. Along the road the willows and cottonwoods were resplendant in green foliage. Near Glendale, a few miles north of Phoenix, I passed fields of cotton where the pickers were busily at work, and at intervals heavy trucks and trailers loaded with bales thundered along the highway. I entered Phoenix on Grand Avenue, the main road from the north; got my mail, purchased a few supplies and spent the afternoon in town. Just as the shades of night began to close down, I returned to Lizzie and turning her around, headed back on Grand Avenue, turned west and then north, and presently found myself outside of the residential section on a bushy flat admirably adapted to camping. That is to say, there were plenty of smooth places to pitch a tent, surrounded by numerous clumps of bushes which insured a reasonable amount of privacy. The moon was just coming up over the trees as I began to make camp. Taking pains to pitch my tent so that my sleeping quarters were to the west where the morning sun would not rout me out at an unseemly hour,

I hurried the work along and soon had my supper under way.

The last game of chess I had played was with a lawyer in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin in June. Not that I had failed to make an effort to play in the time intervening, but in spite of a most painstaking search, I had failed to find a single antagonist. This lawyer was pleased when he learned that I hailed from Connecticut. His ancestral tree, he said, stood in Rhode Island, and most of the people of his name seemed to be able to trace their ancestry back to that source. On one occasion a woman of the same name accosted him in an Omaha hotel. She was strong on geneology and wished to know where his ancestors came from. If you are a true descendant of the old Rhode Island stock, she said, you can do one thing few people can do. You can touch the tip of your nose with your tongue. And to show me that he was the genuine article and no imitation, the lawyer deftly touched the tip of his long nose with his tongue.

Chess players may be scarce in some parts of the country, but that doesn't apply to Phoenix, where they are more numerous than the fabled sands of the seashore. I had scarcely arrived in town when they fell on me tooth and nail, and smote me hip and thigh. They played gambits and counter gambits, which are not in the books, and played them so skillfully that there was no escape.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I entered the Y. M. C. A. and asked the secretary if any chess players frequented the place. "We can sometimes scare up a limited number," he replied, and called in a loud voice, "Any chess players present?" A short, sedate man with a red face answered the summons, Mr. Angus of Cali-

fornia, like myself, a stranger in Phoenix. Mr. Angus took five out of six, an unusual experience for me, and that took up the remainder of the afternoon. At my next session, one evening, I played with an amiable fellow who took three straight. Spying Mr. Angus, watching a neighboring game, I called him over. "Take my place. This man is too much for me," I explained. Mr. Angus sat down and took six in a row from my late opponent. They played at the rate of about four games an hour. For two years I have had the greatest respect for the prowess of the Pike's Peak Chess Club of Colorado Springs, but this bunch of chess players could trim the Pike's Peak Chess Club without batting an eye.

There was one player in particular who attracted my attention. He was a sissified looking party who was usually addressed as "Doc." Always when he was playing he kept up a whimsical prattle like an amiable old maid. There was little sense in what he said, and the aimless way in which he handled his men did not make him look at all formidable. In spite of all this, he was one of the best players in Phoenix.

I am the proud possessor of a new sheet iron camp stove, and my old stove, the faithful companion of many adventurous months, has been relegated to the dump. There is a story connected with that old stove. When Lizzie No. 1 went back on me in a canyon in southwestern Colorado in April, 1925, and I knocked her down to the highest bidder, I gave away the folding camp stove with which I started on my travels and proceeded to Aspen, my old home town in Colorado, by rail. In Aspen after a strenuous search, I found in a stove store a sheet iron camp stove as large as the old folding stove, with a fine

large oven. As the price was only four dollars against a price of nine dollars for the folding stove, I bought it at once, proud of getting such a bargain. The folding feature of the old stove amounted to nothing in my estimation. As it was so much trouble to fold and unfold it, I soon got in the habit of carrying it ready for use. When I proudly showed the new stove to my friend Dooley, the second-hand man, he looked at it contemptuously and said, "My Gawd, did they gyp you four dollars for the like of that? I mind the time whin you could get wan of thim for two bucks." I didn't believe Dooley. I wouldn't say that he lied but I felt that his judgment was impaired by the fact that I had bought the stove from a competitor.

After I left Aspen that stove swung around a large circle with me and landed in Winsted in November. Continuous use had warped the top, leaving a depression. There had been a long period of rainy weather and the rain running down the stovepipe settled in the depression and rusted out the top. I had contemplated repairing the stove myself by putting a new top over the old one. I figured that by cutting the sheet of iron a little larger than the old top I could crimp the edges over the projecting edges of the stove and the job would be done. That was the way I planned it, but I postponed the execution of the plan so many times that finally I took it to a tinner. I told him what I wanted and when I wanted it, and as I started to leave asked how much the repairs would cost. "Don't worry about that I will use you right," he said, and I let it go at that. Later I called for the stove and paid the bill. Believe it or not, the charge was four dollars and fifteen cents, which was fifteen

cents more than the stove cost. As I started out, he tapped the top affectionately and said, "That's a good top but the rest is pretty well shot. You ought to leave it and let me replace the rest of it for you." Grabbing the stove, I made my escape, but even now, though years have passed and time has tempered my agitation, I cannot contemplate without a shudder the thought of what the bill would have been if he had finished the job.

Soon after this episode I started south and it was while Bimbo and I were frisking through the sunny southland that he called my attention to places where the sides were burning through. "What are you going to do about that?" queried Bimbo. I told him that I thought I could repair it, and as usual, Bimbo disagreed with me. Things didn't get serious until some time last summer when several small pieces dropped out, and as these places increased in size, the stove would smoke like a coal pit when the wind was right. I was heading toward Colorado then and didn't know but I might go to Aspen and replace my old treasure. I even thought of writing the stove store to ship me a duplicate by express for I had come to believe that that stove was a wonderful bargain, difficult to replace at any price.

But still I procrastinated and endured the smoke, rambling along and postponing the fatal day. One day after my arrival in Phoenix while passing a stove store I saw a sheet iron camp stove out in front. It had an oven, four holes, while mine had only two, and every improvement. In short, it was a peacherino and better than mine. I went in and confronted the salesman. "What is the price of that masterpiece?" I inquired.

"That is our No. 1 camp stove and a very superior article. We have a cheaper two-hole stove."

"Yes, but what is the price of that one?" I insisted. He walked over and inspected the tag. "That stove will cost you $3.50," he said impressively.

I have said that the twenty-second of February which I passed in Globe, Arizona was the most beautiful Washington's birthday that I have ever seen, and no less pleasant was Thanksgiving Day in Phoenix. It was a glorious day, with a cloudless blue sky. The lawns were green; roses and other flowers blossomed in the door yards, and the mercury hovered around 75.

CHAPTER XVIII

Bill Blansfield and Ten Gallon Hats

"In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling down a shady lane
With your baby mine."

November and December in Phoenix are vastly different from the same months of last year when Lizzie and I were jogging slowly southward on the roads leading from Connecticut to the Gulf. Then a succession of snow storms, biting winds and near zero days; now the blue sky and warm sunshine of the southwest, with the mercury up in the seventies every day. This part of Arizona which includes the famous Salt River Valley, produces oranges, lemons, grapefruit, figs, dates, olives, cotton and a variety of semi-tropical products. There are no handsomer grapefruit and oranges on the market than those grown in Arizona, and none which rate higher in quality. Phoenix, with its palm-lined streets, is the capital of Arizona and claims a population of 50,000. I assume that that is near the truth for the growth in postal receipts for a number of years have indicated a wonderful growth, but as a general proposition the people of the west are chronic boosters, and when you inquire the population of a city prepare to be surprised for the answer is the substance of things hoped for, and the product of their fondest dreams aided by a vigorous imagination.

It is almost uncanny how frequently Cannon Ball

Baker continues to cross my path. Shortly after my arrival, Cannon Ball blew into Phoenix, driving an Overland Whippet, on his way from New York to Los Angeles. It was his seventy-sixth trip from ocean to ocean. The car, it was claimed, had had only eight quarts of oil and eight quarts of water since leaving New York, and had averaged nearly thirty-five miles to a gallon of gas.

In traveling through the country one sees much of the different chain stores, and the foothold they are gaining. The Woolworth stores, with their red fronts are widely distributed in the larger places. In the west they are always 5, 10 and 15 cent stores. The Kress stores, also red fronts, are not so numerous. They are confined to sizable cities and are 5, 10 and 25-cent stores. The J. C. Penney stores, dry goods and outfitters for men, women and children, are scattered all over the country, and are found in comparatively small towns. The A. & P. stores which outnumber every competitor, are said to be the largest retailers of merchandise in the world. Although these stores are increasing in number rapidly, they are unknown in the southwest, northwest and in much of the west. Two years ago when I was in Iowa City, Iowa, I was told that the local A. & P. was the western outpost of that company. Last January in Mobile, Alabama, I visited an A. & P. store. After that I did not see half a dozen stores of that company until I landed in Wisconsin about June first.

In many sections where there is not much money and business is largely a matter of credit, prices of merchandise are outrageously high. This is notably true in the southwest and northwest. In some places it is impossible to buy common soda crackers for less than thirty

cents a pound, and such articles as corn flakes, Campbell's soup and evaporated milk retail for 15 cents. With the coming of the cash stores all this is changed. Through the southwest the Piggly Wiggly, Cash and Carry, Self-Serve and Pay'n Takit stores flourish. In all of these stores the customer passes through a turnstile, and going the rounds, collects the desired merchandise. The way leads out through a narrow passway to the cashier's stand where the goods are checked up, bagged and pay collected. The Piggly Wiggly stores are of southern origin and widely distributed in the south, southwest, west and northwest. The Pay'n Takit stores which I have seen only in Arizona, are very attractive new stores and very conveniently arranged. They own their own store buildings, and these are so constructed that the entire front, including the doors and windows, slide up in sections, making the front wide open, with chains separating it from the sidewalk. These stores always have a really wonderful display of fruit and vegetables occupying almost the entire front and in this display are included many varieties not seen in New England. There are many stores in Phoenix in the fruit and vegetable line which are wide open and apparently have no permanent front. There is a roof over the sidewalk protecting the stock from stormy weather and when it comes time to close up, they stretch a folding steel or woven wire fence across the front, padlock it and go home.

The last Saturday of my stay in Phoenix was a rainy day. It was raining when I turned out in the the morning and fearful lest the adobe flat where my tent was pitched would turn into a quagmire before night I

brought in a few two by fours selected from my stock of firewood and jacked up the war chests to a point above the probable water level. Along towards noon the rain let up and I managed to get to town without getting wet. It rained most of the day and as the evening advanced continued with increasing vigor. On the return trip I had an armful of eatables so it seemed advisable to go as far as I could by trolley. Shortly before nine o'clock I made my way to the corner of Central Avenue and Washington Street and stood under an awning waiting for a Grand Avenue car. The usual Saturday night crowd was on the street in spite of the rain, which was falling steadily, and yet look where you would, there wasn't an umbrella in sight. The Chief of Police in his snappy khaki uniform, the young bucks in fashion's latest, and the girls in their best bonnets, paid no attention to the rain whatever. Whether it rains so infrequently that people do not consider it worthwhile to carry umbrellas or whether the rain is considered so great a blessing that they do not mind the discomfort, I cannot say.

It was a long quarter of a mile from where the trolley left me, to my camp,—a seemingly endless stretch of inky blackness, without street lights or sidewalks and the last hundred yards across that adobe flat. I got there eventually, plastered with mud and well scratched by the thorn bushes I had encountered in the darkness, and breathed a sigh of relief as I ducked under the friendly shelter of the tent.

The men are on the run here as elsewhere in our beloved country, with no cover in sight. There is no place where they are safe or can enjoy the seclusion which was theirs in days gone by. The barber shop as an exclu-

sively masculine rendezvous is a thing of the past. The smoking car once a safe refuge, now offers no protection. More women and girls than men hang around the Y. M. C. A. and even the men's clubs have been invaded. It is true that the pool halls still remain, but there is no guaranteed future.

The Republican candidate for governor, opposing George W. P. Hunt was a Prescott lawyer, a man in the sixties, tall and handsome. His son, who is also a lawyer, is neither. In fact he is one of the smallest and plainest men I have ever seen off the stage. After asking several people concerning his height without result, I measured him myself one day when I stood in line behind him at the stamp window of the postoffice. The top of his cap barely came to the belt of my sport coat and that belt is exactly forty-four inches from the ground. The most astonishing thing about him besides his size is his voice, which is big and gruff enough to belong to a bear. If a half-grown kitten could contrive to roar like a lion, the effect would not be more startling.

In commenting on Phoenix weather a recent issue of the *Phoenix Republican* says: "There was a snowstorm of some proportions here in January, 1893. There have been since perhaps three winters when persons reported that they saw snow flakes flying in midair. But not in thirty-four years has a snow flake survived to reach the ground in Phoenix." My departure from Phoenix was delayed three or four days beyond the appointed time by a rainy spell which broke all Arizona records, for protracted rains are almost as rare in Phoenix as snowstorms. At last on Saturday morning, though the weath-

er had not definitely cleared, I pulled down the tent and loaded Lizzie for the road.

When I undertook to start the old girl, she wouldn't budge and then I discovered that the gas was out. That necessitated a trip to a filling station five blocks away. The gallon of gas I brought back produced no beneficial effect and it was not until I enlisted the services of a nearby Ford owner that Lizzie reluctantly and leisurely got in motion. That adobe flat though it looked quite dependable, was still very treacherous and in spite of all our efforts kept us there until late in the forenoon. Our spirits rose after making our escape and filling up with gas, oil and water at the next filling station, we set out with high hopes for Miami, ninety miles distant. At Mesa, a few miles east of Phoenix I picked up a passenger wearing a light overcoat and displaying a mouthful of gold teeth. He was going to Tucson.

It was a comfortable day though the sun was obscured, and the clouds indicated more rain. Lizzie was not in her usual good form, and when we had covered about fifty miles I spotted Bill Blansfield's wayside garage. I drove in and invited Bill to look her over. Bill was a genial soul and I fell in love with him at first sight, but after I had watched him operate a while, I was forced to conclude that he was no prodigy as a car doctor. The passenger with the gold teeth hung around patiently, making all of the valuable suggestions he could think of, but as time went on, despairing of getting any action he hailed a passing truck and resumed his journey. This unquestionably was a wise move on his part, for the junction where the road to Miami parted company from

the road to Tucson was only two miles beyond the garage.

It was so near night when Bill announced that Lizzie was ready to resume her journey that I decided to camp right there and start fresh in the morning. The filling station which was in front of the garage also belonged to Bill and specialized in serving meals. My breakfast had been light, with no lunch, and I was hungry. I therefore postponed making camp until I had dined. Bill was married and Mrs. Bill prepared a very appetizing dinner, consisting of a slice of very delicious ham with eggs, French fried potatoes, lima beans, corn bread and a pot of tea. About the time I sat down to dinner, it began to rain vigorously and by the time it had finished, the adobe yard beside the garage where I planned to pitch my tent, was covered with water. I regretted then that I had not made camp before the rain and thus kept the ground under the tent dry. It was dark before I finished making camp and returned to the filling station.

The public room of the station was not only a large room, capable of accommodating a good-sized gathering, but it was a very cozy place to spend a wet night, sitting in an easy chair before a big stone fireplace, with a fire of logs roaring up the chimney, while Bill's bloodhound pups, about the size of half-grown kittens, frolicked about the floor. Bill was an entertaining soul, had traveled extensively and as he was blessed with a good flow of language and a vigorous imagination, the evening passed pleasantly.

At intervals cars would arrive out of the darkness, stop for coffee and sandwiches, gas or oil, and resume their journey. One car containing four men came in

about ten o'clock when it was raining the hardest. They had tipped over, smashing the top and windshield and were without protection from the weather. Bill let them drive under cover where after a lunch, they rolled up in their blankets and slept in the car. The filling station, though it was on a main highway, was not very convenient to the postoffice, but this didn't seem to worry Bill any. "We get our mail in Mesa," said Bill. "Most generally we have to drive in two or three times a week for supplies anyway so it don't bother us none."

"How far is it?" I asked.

"Thirty-three miles," said Bill.

It was raining when I woke in the morning in my tent pitched in the lea of Bill Blansfield's roadside garage, and as it rained most of the day, I tarried another day and enjoyed the easy chair in front of the big fireplace in the filling station.

The following morning was clear, however, so I turned out in fair season and took the road without waiting to cook breakfast. At the junction where the Miami road turns off from the Tucson highway I found another passenger waiting for a ride, a ruddy-cheeked young Texan who was on his way to Globe. The day was somewhat cooler than the weather to which I had become accustomed, due in part to the clearing skies and in part to the higher elevation, for we had left the plains country behind and had entered the mountains. In mid-forenoon we reached Superior, a sizeable mining town, and here my passenger suddenly decided to stop over, so I slowed down and let him off. Coming to the end of a street where a road sign was missing I asked a red-faced Irishman standing on the street corner the way to Miami.

"Sure, and that's it, sor," he said, pointing out a road, "and would ye mind if I went along?" And in a moment he had clambered in and we were on our way.

The million-dollar Miami-Superior Highway winds and twists and climbs as it leaves the streets of the little city until it reaches the summit more than 4,700 feet above sea level. On a tablet beside the road at the high point, and in the papers it is referred to as the million-dollar highway, at which my Irish friend was highly indignant, "I'm telling you that there's nothing to it, not a dom thing. 'Twas built wid convict labor and more like it cost a million cints instead of a million dollars," he said in his rich brogue. He was a real Irishman, much as he was when he came from the "ould dirt," be the time long or short.

It was about noon when we rolled into Miami and parted company. Miami, with a population of about 7,000, calling itself the Copper City, is the home of the great Inspiration and Miami Copper Mines. As you pass along the street you are confronted by numerous advertising signs reading "The Copper City Bank," "The Copper City Hotel," "The Copper City Filling Station," "The Copper City Barber Shop," etc., etc. Miami is located on a flat surrounded by nearby mountains, and these mountains, displaying no rock formation, are so bare of vegetation that the coarse gray soil lies exposed. So limited is the area of the flat that little but the business section of Miami finds a foothold there, while much of the residential section seems to have climbed the precipitous hillsides and hangs suspended, looking curiously like the homes of the cliff dwellers. It is a typical mining town of frame construction, where substantial

store buildings mingle with one-story frame structures of primitive design.

A postal employee is authority for the statement that eighty-five per cent of the population is Mexican. I cannot vouch for the estimate. It seems like an exaggeration, although Spanish is in common use here and many of the store signs are in that language. I have learned since I took the road that a *botica* is a drug store, a *carneceria* is a meat market, a *panaderia* is a bakery, and a *zapateria* is a shoe shop. The high-crowned white hats are very popular here and any of my readers who covet a ten-gallon hat would do well to communicate with me. A clothing store which I pass has a window full of them priced at $18.50 each.

On my arrival at Miami, after getting my mail, I stopped at a restaurant and sampled a meat pie before driving to the public camp ground, which is not more than a hundred yards off the main street, answering to the classy name of Sullivan street. This camp ground, which is owned and maintained by the Inspiration Consolidated Copper Company, is a narrow strip of land lying between two streets. It is a level, graveled and surrounded by a woven wire fence. My first night there the ground was fairly well patronized, but some nights my tent was the only one in the enclosure. As soon as I had established myself I paid a visit to the Y. M. C. A. which is a well-equipped and popular institution in Miami.

Y. M. C. A.'s are not as numerous in the west as in the east. Of the larger places I have visited in Arizona, Phoenix, Tucson, Bisbee and Miami are the only cities maintaining Y's. In New Mexico, Albuquerque has one

but Santa Fe, Las Vegas and Gallup are unsupplied. Different regulations are in force in the association rooms in different parts of the country. In some sections the rooms are open all day Sunday. In some they are closed. In some associations those present are permitted to wear their hats and smoke; in others such practices are frowned upon. Here in Miami it is not only good form to smoke but those in charge often indulge in a pipe or a cigaret, and the "Y" itself sells cigars, tobacco and smokers' supplies. In Phoenix and Miami the chess and checker players are at liberty to play all day Sunday, and the rooms keep open until the regular closing time. In Albuquerque the association rooms are equipped with billiard and pool tables. In Phoenix although they have a large handsome building, I saw no equipment for either game. In Miami in addition to cushioned seats along the side walls of the main room and numerous chairs for use at the various tables, there are approximately twenty-five large rocking chairs of one pattern, which stand in three rows in the center of the floor.

In the evening most of these chairs are occupied by men reading the papers and magazines, of which there is a goodly supply. At ten some of the lights are turned out, but enough remain so that the room is fairly well lighted. I have stayed until midnight and always when I departed late, the number of men curled up on the cushioned seats and in the rocking chairs convinced me that they are permitted to spend the night. To settle any existing doubt on that point, I decided to try staying one night and see what came of it. At ten o'clock the lights were dimmed, and by twelve o'clock a dozen men were still scattered about the room in various attitudes of re-

pose. Some were stretched out on the sidewall seats, several were reclining in the chairs, and as many more were on the floor. One man lay on the floor in front of a radiator, with his overcoat for covering. One man lay on the floor back of the rocking chairs, rolled in his blanket. One man on a cushioned seat snored incessantly with the short, sharp rattle of musketry, and when he wasn't snoring he was coughing with a hollow tubercular cough. At intervals other men came in, some going upstairs to the dormitories and others taking their places in the room. About two o'clock a man and two boys entered. They had just arrived from Phoenix on the stage and had stopped in to get warm. About two thirty a big man with high boots and an air of authority arrived. He carried a book in his hand and starting with the sleepers on the far side of the big room, plied them with questions, recording certain things in the book.

He seemed to cross-examine them rather sharply, I thought, but it might be that some of the men were so near asleep that they did not answer intelligently. When he came to me he looked puzzled. "Tourist?" he inquired. "Yes, a camper," I volunteered. "Municipal camp ground?" he asked. I nodded, and that was all. He recorded nothing in my case. After he had finished with the men he walked around back of the counter. "Lights out," he called, and switched off the remaining lights with the exception of those in the corridors leading to the lavatory. This done, he took his departure. At six o'clock the lights flashed on. Another man stood at the desk, and the Miami Y. M. C. A. was officially open for business.

Miami is undoubtedly colder than Phoenix but still

quite different from New England. Christmas week geraniums in flower beds near my camp showed no signs that winter was at hand, and an occasional bare-footed boy could be seen on the city sidewalks.

Lying snugly in my blankets while the sun rises in the heavens, I have ample opportunity to count the holes in my tent through which slanting rays of sunshine find their way. My first tent, which I carried when I left Winsted July 1, 1924, on the first lap of my trans-continental journey, was a Sears-Roebuck product costing approximately $25. That tent I lost off the load between Springer and Santa Fe, New Mexico, about the first of January, 1925. I had it when I left Springer but when I pulled into Santa Fe, it was missing. As it was zero weather, with three or four inches of snow on the ground, I piloted Lizzie to one of the city camp grounds where I camped comfortably in one of the little cabins during my two days' stay. Then I drove to Albuquerque, where for five weeks I made myself comfortable in a cabin on a camp ground located on North Fourth street.

The man from Kankakee and I left Albuquerque for Globe on Lincoln's birthday, and shortly before our departure I bought my present tent from an army store. It has, therefore, been in constant use for nearly two years. It is an eight by ten wall tent, designated an officer's tent. Before the man from Kankakee and I had been on the road many days, the side wall of the tent blew against the stove, and a good-sized hole was burned in the canvas. As time went on, this hole became bigger and in addition the tent began to tear where the stovepipe goes through the roof. In consequence, by the time I reached Lake Geneva, Wisconsin in June of 1926 my

canvas house was sadly in need of repairs, and the dry goods store where I applied had no suitable canvas on hand.

One Sunday when I left the camp ground to go to town, a drunken man lay under a tree not far from my tent. There was a tremendous shower during my absence and when I returned, the inebriated gentleman had departed. Not far from where he was resting I found a section of awning cloth, eight feet long by five feet wide, of excellent quality. Whether or not it was the property of the drunken man, I have no idea. At any rate, I took possession of it and as no one ever claimed it, I used it to patch my tent, and if I do say it myself, I did some very clever work. I have used the last of the cloth since coming to Miami, and the tent is in fairly serviceable condition.

To be sure, the roof is pitted with small holes where sparks from the stovepipe have fallen on it and burned through, but it does not leak in those places, and it seems safe to say that with reasonable care, it will round out a full two years of active service. Some time during the coming spring or summer, I shall doubtless be compelled to consider the purchase of its successor.

The morning I planned to leave Miami I awoke with the rain beating on the tent. It evidently had been raining most of the night. Considering the duration of the rainfall while I was in Phoenix, and on the road to Miami, this last outbreak was something phenomenal, and according to the papers, it constituted the greatest precipitation in the state in many years.

As I lay in my blankets, I could hear the splashing and rippling of water and when I stepped to the flap of the

tent and looked out, I discovered that a turbid stream as wide as the road and a foot deep was flowing down the highway, west of the camp ground. This interested me and when, after postponing my departure from Miami, I went to town that morning, the first thing I did was to go down and take a look at the river. The day I arrived in Miami, though the Miami-Superior Highway was flooded and the streets of the city were wet enough for overshoes, there was absolutely no water in the river. It was as dry as a bone, and I wanted to see if water ever touched it. On this occasion I had the satisfaction of seeing a substantial volume of water flowing down the channel.

As I have stated previously, in the six weeks or more I have spent in Globe included in the winters of 1925 and 1926 I have never seen a drop of water in Pinal Creek, although it has the channel and bridges of a substantial stream. So I fell to wandering if it was as dry as of old. This morning in a Phoenix paper I found a Globe dispatch announcing that following a heavy rain, Pinal Creek contained two feet of water.

The day of my departure from Miami was an exceedingly cold one, classed by the *Arizona Republican* as the coldest day of the winter. Neighbor meeting neighbor passed the word with bated breath that it froze ice last night, which indicates that it was a regular humdinger. The run from Miami to Globe, my destination, is only seven miles, and the road is concrete and a good one. In talking with a concrete man in New England some years ago, I remember his saying that the reason the old Roman concrete roads had stood up so much better than concrete in this country was because of the volcanic ash

in the mixture. This section is volcanic and that may account for the fact that roads and sidewalks here appear finer and more durable than those in New England.

It was the day before Christmas, shortly before noon, when Lizzie and I pulled into Globe, good old Globe, where we had many friends and acquaintances, and where we were at home on the little camp ground beside the dry river. And despite the recent downpour it looked just as dry as ever.

Across the river from the camp ground is the massive dump of the Old Dominion Mine. The Old Dominion is a great institution in Globe and the name Old Dominion, or its abbreviation, O. D. greets the visitor at every turn. As witness, the Old Dominion Bank, the Old Dominion Commercial Company, the Old Dominion Barber Shop, the Old Dominion Grocery, and the Old Dominion Boarding House. This by no means exhausts the institutions transacting business under that trade mark, in fact, it is merely a beginning.

Leaving Lizzie at the camp ground I made a trip to the post office and on my return made camp and about six o'clock prepared my evening meal. We were alone, there was not another car or tent on the ground. Later in the evening I went up town. It was Christmas eve and Globe was engaged in celebrating. Shortly before midnight I was sitting in a crowded pool hall watching a game of draw poker, when Smithy appeared. Smithy was an old time friend of mine and his was the first familiar face I had seen since my arrival. After we had talked a while, nothing would do but that I must go up to Smithy's bachelor quarters and have something to eat.

In vain I protested that I had already eaten my fill.

Smithy overruled me, bought a pail of chili and some other eatables at the commissary department of the pool hall, and we started. It was shortly after three A. M. when I left Smithy and started for home, after a lively session at cribbage which followed a banquet consisting of chili con carne, potato croquettes, rye bread and coffee with fruit cake for desert. Detours are apt to be extended in this country. Two days after my arrival in Globe the city was visited by the first snow storm of the season. Not more than an inch fell in Globe, but on the higher level of the million dollar highway between Miami and Superior, the depth was estimated at eighteen inches. Here the snow with numerous icy spots where water had flowed over the road, made driving extremely hazardous. A number of cars were wrecked and one man was killed when his auto went off the road and fell two hundred feet.

At this stage a Miami man returning from Phoenix reached Superior homeward bound. Miami is only twenty-one miles from Superior, but he was warned that the road was impassable, turned back, detouring through Tucson and Safford. About ten o'clock the next forenoon he arrived in Miami, having driven according to the Miami papers more than four hundred miles after leaving Superior. Doubting the correctness of that statement, I discussed the matter later with several filling station men. There was some uncertainty as to which road the man took from Tucson to Safford, but all were agreed that he covered not less than three hundred and fifty miles. Imagine a Winsted man returning from Bridgeport or New York, on getting to Thomaston and

finding the road closed, obliged to detour three hundred and fifty miles to reach home.

During that cold spell, returning to camp one night at supper time I found a new party of campers located near my tent. They had a car but no tent, and were seated around an open fire. There was a man and woman and a small baby. I went back to town and when I returned they were asleep on the ground before the fire. At intervals through the night I heard the baby crying, followed each time by the sound of the man breaking up a fresh supply of wood for the fire. Wood is a scarce article in the vicinity of the Globe camp ground and where they managed to get enough to keep that fire burning all night is a mystery. They were gone when I turned out in the morning, but the generous supply of egg shells on the ground indicated that they breakfasted before their departure.

In Globe we sat down to our Christmas dinner, and that dinner was all that a Christmas dinner ought to be, the table groaning under a load of good things of the kind which makes the partaker cheerfully content. The holiday season is a merry one and nowhere more so than in Globe. But we know, whatever the place or time, that grief follows gladness as night follows day, that

"The smile and the tear and
The song and the dirge;
They follow each other like
Surge upon surge."

As I think of those Christmas festivities I am reminded of the saddest of all sad things, the sundering of family ties. I refer to the day when Lizzie went on the auc-

tion block. Much as I shrank from the ordeal, I had decided months before that when Lizzie and I reached Globe, we would part company by the route of the auctioneer. She went to her fate on her own feet just as she had negotiated the hilly highways of the U. S. A.; went with all of the swagger and easy grace which are hers by inheritance, despite unmistakable symptoms of a wheeze in her bellows and a crick in her back. And when she had clambered up and faced the auctioneer, she winked saucily, as if to say, "Well, here I am, do your stuff."

That was a sad moment and one destined to linger in my memory, the parting from an old companion of many adventurous months, who had plowed the sands of the desert and the snowbanks of Vermont, who had crossed the continental divide so often that it was an old story, and who knew her way about the United States as well as a blind beggar knows his way to the post office. Of what was she thinking as she stood on the auction block, showing off her shape and carrying on a flirtation with the auctioneer, I confess I do not know, but I do know that her departure will radically change my way of life. Henceforth when I desire to change my place of residence, instead of turning out before daylight, spitting on my hands and cranking until my palms are blistered and the sweat runs off my nose, I have only to persuade an expressman to take my stuff to the nearest station, buy a ticket, and lolling in luxury follow the trail blazed by the "iron horse."

"What did she bring?" you ask. I had hoped to avoid the sordid details, but it is evident that I must drink my cup to the dregs. She was bid in for an even fifteen dol-

lars which, according to my estimate was fully fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents more than she was worth, a generous profit surely, and comparable with the estimate of the returns from the sale of circus lemonade as detailed in verse three of the Rube's Rubiayat:

"I sometimes think that never glows so red
The lemonade, as when we yaps are bled
Ten cents a glass, which puts the circus man
About nine cents and seven mills ahead."

Lizzie is gone. May she rest in peace with Heaven's blessing. And I have folded my tent and moved into a little cabin where a cheery fire blazes on the broad hearth. The days are near their shortest now and the long nights set in early. But when the twilight shadows deepen, I love to sit in my easy chair before the fire, watching the flames swirl up the chimney, and while the firelight casts its rosy glow about the room, I dream of happy days and sunny climes when I was on the road with Lizzie.